



November 1933

A Complete Novelette by Dorothy Thomas. See page 349

A Glance at the Newsreels. See page 263

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

Patent Medicines and the Law

Tribute to a Hero

Murder Story

People Come to Cape Cod

Whoopee Hall

Nostalgia for the Vienna Woods

Poor Little Black Fellow

Madison Lane

Common Colds

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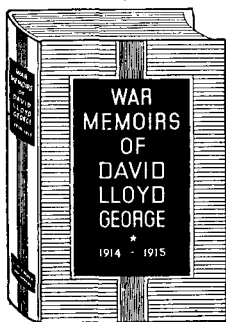
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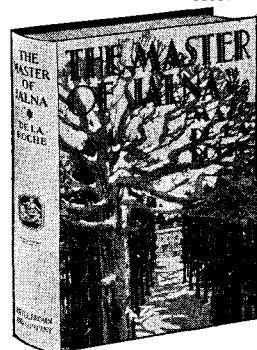
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXX

November 1933

NUMBER 119

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H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

GREAT LIVES.

William Blake, *by Alan Clutton-Brock.*
 Edward VII, *by H. E. Wortham.*
 Robert Burns, *by Catherine Carswell.*
 Thackeray, *by G. U. Ellis.*
 Sheridan, *by W. A. Darlington.*
 H. M. Stanley, *by A. J. A. Symons.*
 George Eliot, *by Anne Fremantle.*
 Charles II, *by John Hayward.*
 Shakespeare, *by John Drinkwater.*
 Wesley, *by Bonamy Dobrée.*
 Gladstone, *by Francis Birrell.*
 Beethoven, *by Alan Pryce-Jones.*
 Cecil Rhodes, *by J. G. Lockhart.*
 Joshua Reynolds, *by John Steegmann.*
 Wagner, *by W. J. Turner. The Macmillan Company*
 4 3/8 x 7 1/4; from 122 to 144 pp.

75 cents each *New York*

These well printed, well bound and on the whole well written volumes are of English provenance. As is always the case with such a series they show a considerable variation in merit. Some of them barely escape being hack jobs, but others are by competent authorities and include new material. Some, again, are almost colorless, whereas others (for example, Mr. Turner's Wagner) are full of amusing prejudice, and even indignation. One of the best in the lot is Mr. Darlington's Sheridan, which has to deal with a great mass of discordant testimony, and manages to deal with it fairly. The volumes run from 30,000 to 40,000 words, or say the equivalent of six or seven magazine articles. Save for the Wagner, they all have brief bibliographies, but indexes are missing. There are no illustrations. Volumes on Nelson, Milton, Cobden, and Byron are to follow, and there will be others.

MELLON'S MILLIONS. *The Biography of a Fortune.*

By Harvey O'Connor. The John Day Company
 \$3 5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 443 pp. *New York*

The Mellon family began its fortune building in the real estate market of Pittsburgh about the time of the Civil War, and at the turn of the century it entered "into the choice circle of multi-millionaire money lords." Unlike the Rockefellers, the duPonts, the Vanderbilts, or the Morgans, it did not specialize in one commodity. "It embraced the widest diversity in the methods of accumulating wealth that acquisitive art had yet attained." It drew gold out of almost

everything: real estate, steel, railroad equipment, oil, coal, aluminum, plate glass, and paint. The present Andrew Mellon has always been a very shrewd business man, with a sharp eye for the right man and the best opportunity. "His cold, amoral spirit could not be swayed by those warm considerations that halted many on the march to millions." Mr. O'Connor, who is manager of the Eastern Bureau of the Federated Press, has small admiration for his subject's business or political career, but he writes about him calmly. There are several appendices of statistical material, and also an index.

LAWRENCE & BRETT: *A Friendship.*

By Dorothy Brett. The J. B. Lippincott Company
 \$3 6 x 8 1/2; 301 pp. *Philadelphia*

Miss Brett, the daughter of a viscount, was the secretary of D. H. Lawrence from 1924 almost until his death in 1930. In the present book she describes him mainly as she knew him during his visit to New Mexico in 1924-1925. She does not attempt a formal biography, but offers an ecstatic evocation of his personality. Throughout she addresses him as *you*, and her paragraphs are composed, not of ordinary sentences, but mostly of jerky phrases. Life in New Mexico was probably far from pleasant for Lawrence. He had to endure a strange conflict among three women: Frieda, his wife, Mabel Dodge Luhan, and Miss Brett. Frieda often flew into violent rages. On one occasion she exclaimed to Lawrence: "You want to make a god of yourself! You are no more important than I am. I am just as important as you!" The quotation is from Miss Brett. Her dedication page reads: "This book is written for the potential lover." There are several illustrations.

THE BOOK OF TALBOT.

By Violet Clifton. Harcourt, Brace & Company
 \$3.50 6 x 9 1/4; 440 pp. *New York*

Talbot Clifton was born in Scotland in 1868, and at the age of sixteen inherited the immense estates of his father. He was a very sensitive and restless person, and before he was twenty he had twice circled the globe. The rest of his life he spent in further travel: Mexico, Alaska, California, Peru, the Barren Lands, Burma, Africa. He married in 1906, and died in Africa in 1928. He seemed to be utterly lost in the civilized world, and he sought peace in the company of strange peoples and strange animals, but in vain, and finally he tried the Catholic Church, which

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

apparently satisfied him. Here his widow writes about him with vague and sometimes fine feeling. What she portrays is not a great person, but a great love, for their devotion to and understanding of each other were almost otherworldly. There is a lot of mystical rubbish in the book, but there are also a few pages of artless and moving writing. There are several illustrations, but an index is missing.

THE JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Edited by Van Wyck Brooks.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4.50 6 x 9½; 560 pp. Boston

Mr. Bradford began this journal in 1883, shortly after he decided to make a career in letters, and kept it up with a few intermissions until the last year of his life. In July, 1930, he estimated that he had already written 1,400,000 words. The present volume offers only a small part of the whole, but even so it runs to more than 250,000 words. The stuff is extremely interesting. Mr. Bradford always seems to have had in his mind the possibility that his diary might be printed some day, and so he did not let himself go altogether, but none the less he often wrote with considerable frankness, and his notes upon his own books and upon his methods of work are well worth having. Few men have labored more diligently or in the face of greater difficulties. His shelf of volumes is a monument to a brave spirit that faced and surmounted a very cruel physical handicap. There is an excellent index.

REMINISCENCES (MAINLY PERSONAL) OF WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER.

By A. G. Keller. The Yale University Press
\$2 6½ x 8¾; 110 pp. New Haven

Part of this book was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for November, 1932. It is here greatly expanded, and makes an interesting and charming souvenir of one of the most original Americans of the Nineteenth Century. Dr. Keller was associated with Sumner at Yale for many years, and is his successor there now. What he has to say about the author of "The Forgotten Man" thus comes very close to the real man. Sumner's methods of work are described in detail, there is a full account of his private interests and recreations, and he is defended vigorously against some of the misunderstandings of the ideas that have got about. There are three portraits, and several reproductions of Sumner's notes and MSS. An index is lacking.

vi

KING EDWARD VII. *An Appreciation.*

By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green & Company
\$3 5¼ x 8¾; 307 pp. New York

This is not a contribution to biography, or to history, or to literature, but it has its uses. Mr. Benson presents all the salient facts in the life of Edward VII, and in the main he discusses them fairly and intelligently. He does not become indignant at the King's well-known lapses from sound Christian morals, but instead tries to explain them as the result of the cold and Puritanical training of his youth. As sovereign he certainly was not a shining light, but equally certainly he was not stupid. "By virtue of a detached fairmindedness he could both disagree and appreciate," and unlike his mother, he always differentiated between persons and politics. Altogether, he was probably a good change for England after Queen Victoria. There are many illustrations, and also an index.

FIGHTING THE INSECTS.

By L. O. Howard. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 333 pp. New York

Dr. Howard joined the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture in 1878, and became its chief in 1894, retiring in 1927. During his long service he played a principal part in the warfare upon a long series of insects pests—the mosquito, the house-fly and the boll-weevil among them. His services to agriculture were of immense value, and his services to the public health were scarcely less so. Now, at seventy-six, he reviews his long and useful life. His scientific work has been discussed at length in other volumes; here he devotes himself mainly to reminiscences of his associates, and to his own extensive travels. He writes pleasantly and has an interesting story to tell. There is an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

IN PLACE OF PROFIT.

By Harry F. Ward. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 460 pp. New York

Since his analysis of the Soviet Constitution in 1919 Dr. Ward has been a close student of Russia, and has made two extensive visits there, in 1924 and in 1931-1932. His present book is a sort of résumé of the political, economic, and cultural achievements of the Soviet Union. He plainly writes from a thorough knowledge of his subject, and he frequently quotes at length from the writings of such authorities as Lenin, Stalin, Bucharin, Yakoklev, and Zava-

Continued on page viii



CARLETON BEALS

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By RICHARDSON WRIGHT
Editor, HOUSE & GARDEN

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

dovzky. He does not come out wholeheartedly for Communism, but he is obviously very sympathetic with it. He says that Communism in present-day Russia "is in fact government of the workers, by the workers, and for the workers." He admits many of the things that have been said about the dictatorship of the proletariat, but he adds: "The repressive aspect of the dictatorship is only instrumental; its main objective is constructive." There is a brief bibliography, but an index is missing. Lynd Ward contributes some poor drawings.

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS IN CHINA.

By C. F. Remer. *The Macmillan Company*
\$5 5¼ x 8½; 708 pp. *New York*

Dr. Remer, who is professor of economics at the University of Michigan, put in four years upon this laborious and important study. Its materials had to be gathered from many sources, for the Chinese do not seem to be interested in statistics, and thus do not publish the elaborate reports which issue from all of the Western governments. In many areas it turned out to be impossible to establish the precise facts, but Dr. Remer spared no pains to come as close to them as practicable. Contrary to what seems to be a general view, he finds that the American investment in China is not large. It was \$196,800,000 in 1931, or 6.1% of the total foreign money in the country. At the same time the English investment was \$1,189,200,000 and the Japanese \$1,136,900,000. In 1930 the Chinese took in \$2,058,200,000 from abroad and paid out \$2,416,500,000, leaving an unfavorable balance of \$358,300,000. Against this should be set \$202,000,000 in new investments, but even so, \$156,300,000 was unaccounted for. The book is carefully documented, and has an excellent bibliography, followed by an index.

THE CRIME OF CUBA.

By Carleton Beals. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$3 5¾ x 8½; 441 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Beals, who knows Cuba as few other people know it, has here written a complete account of the notorious Machado régime. The former chief executive of the Republic was known among the populace as "the President of a thousand murders," and Mr. Beals shows how true this characterization was. Machado, in fact, was one of the most cruel of Latin-American dictators. His rule was prolonged by the Platt Amendment, by the supineness of the former American ambassador, and by the maneuvers of the

Chase National Bank and the National City Bank. The Coolidge and Hoover administrations acquiesced, and it was only with the coming of the Roosevelt administration and Ambassador Welles that the Cuban people had any hope of help from Washington. "Our major purpose in Cuba has been profits, not justice." There is an index, and at the end there are thirty-one excellent illustrations.

SEEDS OF REVOLT.

By Mauritz A. Hallgren. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 369 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hallgren, who is associate editor of the *Nation*, here deals with the adventures of the American people during the Depression. The Coolidge Golden Age, he says, really meant nothing to them. Even in 1929, in the midst of "prosperity", there were "22,000,000 Americans with purchasing power so low that they could properly be classified as paupers." As time goes on, he thinks, the number of such paupers will be increased by accretions from the lower middle class. The NRA is primarily an attempt to bolster up the middle class, but it is doomed. "*Laissez faire* is dead, gone beyond hope of resuscitation. . . . A revolutionary crisis is inevitable. *The* revolution is not," because the radical labor movement is without leaders or a definite philosophy. As for the immediate future, Mr. Hallgren makes no prediction. There is an index.

PUBLIC UTILITIES & THE PEOPLE.

By William A. Prendergast. *The D. Appleton-Century Company*
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 379 pp. *New York*

Mr. Prendergast was formerly comptroller of New York City and for nine years was chairman of the Public Service Commission of the State of New York. He discusses all the leading problems presented by the public utilities, such as valuation theories, holding companies, "fair" rates, and public ownership. He thinks that, on the whole, regulation of utilities by State commissions has been effective. "It is an institution clearly indispensable if we are to cope successfully with the present economic and business organization of the country." As for public ownership, he is against it. He says that government should confine itself "to the true functions of government." These functions "do not include the production and distribution and sale of goods, commodities, or services." There is a table of cases cited, and also an index.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

THE UNTRIED CASE.

By *Herbert B. Ehrmann.* *The Vanguard Press*
\$2 5 x 7½; 252 pp. *New York*

The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti on August 22, 1927, left a problem unsolved, to wit, Who actually committed the double murder for which they were condemned? Mr. Ehrmann, who was associated with William G. Thompson in their defense, believes that he has the answer. He is completely convinced, and here undertakes to prove, that the crime was planned and executed by members of the Morelli gang, of Providence and New Bedford. The only direct evidence that he has is the confession of one Celestino F. Madeiros, who was electrocuted for another murder the night that Sacco and Vanzetti went to the chair. But investigation has unearthed a host of circumstances that bear out Madeiros's story, and it must be said that Mr. Ehrmann's case, as he unfolds it, shows a great plausibility. He writes much better than most American lawyers. In appendices are the speeches made in court by the two men at the time of their sentence, Governor Alvan T. Fuller's memorandum denying them executive clemency, Mr. Thompson's record of his last conversation with Vanzetti, and other like documents.

THE FRAMEWORK OF AN ORDERED SOCIETY.

By *Arthur Salter.* *The Macmillan Company*
75 cents 5¼ x 7½; 60 pp. *New York*

Sir Arthur thinks that *laissez-faire* capitalism "can never again be relied upon to function as easily and frictionlessly as it did in the past." As for alternatives, he has many doubts about Communism, Fascism, and State Socialism. He thinks that "planning is now necessary to supplement the working of the competitive price system. . . . This task cannot be carried out by government alone, but needs the coordinated action of unofficial institutions." He develops this thesis in a very general way. His "planned control" seems to be what Continental economists would probably call Social Democracy.

OUR MOVIE-MAD CHILDREN.

By *Henry James Forman.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 7½; 288 pp. *New York*

This is a summary of the findings of the Motion Picture Research Council, which carried on its investigations during the four years 1929-1933. The council did not unearth any startling information, but it did bring together some interesting figures. It found

out, for example, that at least 80,000,000 people go to the movies every week in the United States, that 28,000,000 of this audience are minors, and that 11,000,000 of them are thirteen years old or younger. There is an index.

HISTORY

MEXICO BEFORE CORTEZ.

By *J. Eric Thompson.* *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$2.50 5½ x 7½; 298 pp. *New York*

A large part of what we "know" about the pre-Columbian civilizations of America comes to us from the reports of the early Spanish priests, and is very unreliable. These holy men were not always honest, and even when they were honest they were usually prejudiced and stupid. Fortunately, the archeological record may be employed to check some of their statements, and the surviving customs of the Indians throw light upon the remainder. Mr. Thompson, who has had long field experience in Spanish America, has here brought within the compass of a single volume a summary of what is really true, or, at all events, probable. He disposes of Aztec history in a single chapter, and then proceeds to deal with the Aztec religion and government, and the Aztec arts, sciences and crafts. He writes clearly, and his book is pleasant to read. There are thirty-three plates, some of them including illustrations of six or more objects. The volume lacks a bibliography but has an index.

MODERN ITALY: A Short History.

By *George B. McClellan.* *The Princeton University Press*
\$3 5½ x 8¾; 319 pp. *Princeton*

Dr. McClellan, who is professor emeritus of economic history at Princeton, says: "This book makes no claim to scholarship, for I have relied entirely on the researches of other men as contained in their writings, and on a considerable knowledge of Italy and the Italians acquired during many visits to the peninsula." His history begins with the Congress of Vienna and ends roughly with October 30, 1932, the tenth anniversary of the Fascist revolution. Mussolini, Grandi, and Pius XI, if they ever read it, will like it. Dr. McClellan whitewashes Il Duce almost completely, clearing him even of the Matteotti murder with the words that "it is inconceivable that any responsible leader" would have so much as thought of it. What he says about Pius XI might almost be said about the Twelve Apostles. A bibliography, a chronological table, and an index are appended.

Continued on page xii

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Continued from page x

THE AGE OF ARSENIC.

By W. Branch Johnson.

Robert O. Ballou

\$3

5½ x 8¾; 260 pp.

New York

The sub-title of this book describes it fully: "Being an Account of the Life, Trial, and Execution of Catherine Montvoisin, known as La Voisin, and of her Vile Associates and Credulous Clients of both High and Low Degree: together with a Relation of their various Transactions in Poison, Abortion, and Black or Satanic Masses, with other Details Concerning Sundry Manners and Habits of the Times and with but Little Moralizing thereon: the Whole Comprising a Curious and Momentous Episode in the Reign of King Louis XIV of France." The court of Louis XIV was one of the most corrupt in all European history, and it was particularly distinguished by the wide use made in it of arsenic and its compounds to kill off undesirables. La Voisin was the most celebrated poisoner, abortionist, and bawd within the circle. Mr. Johnson tells her story soberly.

CHECAGO. *From Indian Wigwam to Modern City, 1673-1835.*

By Milo M. Quaife.

The University of Chicago Press

\$1

5½ x 7¾; 212 pp.

Chicago

This is a pretty good local history. It begins with 1673, the year of the coming of Joliet and Marquette, and ends with 1835, the year of the last war dance staged by the Indians in the town. The book is full of such odd and interesting information as that the father of James A. McNeill Whistler lived in Fort Dearborn from 1803 to 1810, that in August, 1833, the entire electorate of the village of Chicago was twenty-eight in number, that thirteen of them were candidates for office, and that Chicago's first citizen was Jean Baptiste Point Sable, a mulatto. Mr. Quaife makes no pretensions to profound historical or sociological insight, but he has written a readable and useful volume. There is an index.

AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

By Erik McKinely Eriksson & David Nelson Rowe.

W. W. Norton & Company

\$4.75

5¾ x 8¾; 527 pp.

New York

Dr. Eriksson is associate professor of history at the University of Southern California, and Dr. Rowe is a member of the research staff of the University of Chicago. They have written a very useful college history of constitutional theory in the United States. They take full account of the political and economic background, and whenever they offer judgments they are intelligent. They make no pretence to origi-

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nality, but they have achieved comprehensiveness and lucidity.

A HISTORY OF CZECHS (BOHEMIANS) IN NEBRASKA.

By Rose Rosicky.

The Czech Historical Society of Nebraska
\$3 6 x 9; 492 pp. Omaha

The first Czech to enter Nebraska was Joseph Francel, but he was in search of gold, and that quest presently took him further westward. The first permanent settler of the race was Charles Culek, or Zulek, who arrived in 1856 and lived in the State for forty years. At present it boasts the largest group of Czech farmers in the United States. They are settled in nearly every county, and their children, moving to the towns, are very important in the life of the State. Miss Rosicky calls the roll of immigrants by counties, and has unearthed a great deal about them from diaries, the reminiscences of old settlers, and other unprinted sources. She appends chapters on the Czech religious organizations, schools, newspapers and secular fraternities, and on the part played by Nebraska Czecho-Americans in the World War. Her book is illustrated.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

Edited by Charles A. Beard.

Harper & Brothers
\$3 6¼ x 9½; 452 pp. New York

Fourteen contributors here attempt "to summarize for the lay reader . . . the outstanding events and achievements in their respective fields during the past century of American history." The fields dealt with are invention, industry, transportation, agriculture, labor, banking, government, "the process of social transformation," "the changing position of women," natural science, medicine, education, the arts and literature. Among the authors, beside the editor, are "Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther," Edward Hungerford, Frank O. Lowden, William Green, Jane Addams, Grace Abbott, Fielding H. Garrison, and John Erskine. They are all eminent in one way or another, but few of them have anything to say. With the exception of Colonel Garrison's fine chapter on medicine, and one or two of the others, the papers are poorly written and lacking in mature deliberation.

*Continued in back advertising section,
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The American MERCURY

VOLUME XXX



NUMBER 119

NOVEMBER

1933

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

IN SUCH crowded and epileptic days as those we now enjoy it is a difficult business, technically speaking, to keep up with the procession of events in a monthly magazine. Between the time an article designed for this place goes to the printer and the time the issue containing it comes off the news-stands there is, at a minimum, an interval of ten weeks, and in ten weeks, with a Roosevelt in the White House, even the most golden philosophizing on public themes may turn into what Isaiah calls dross and Al Smith bolony. It is most embarrassing, believe me, and I offer my fear of blushes as sufficient excuse for my frequent omission, since last March, of these notes.

I recall sitting up for five very hot nights to write a treatise on the immutability of the law of supply and demand, only to discover, just as THE AMERICAN MERCURY was going to press, that it had been repealed by Executive Order, and

was taught no more. That was a narrow escape, and I had something approaching the jitters for a week afterward. But when, a month later, I composed another piece arguing that what goes up must come down I fared even worse, for THE AMERICAN MERCURY was already on the press when word came from Washington that this ancient law had also been expunged from the books, and I had to yank out a form and substitute something else. This was my second strike, and I had one to go. I made it by filling four pages of typescript with a gloss upon the immemorial politico-economic principle that it will never get well if you pick it. Here, though I fanned again, I ran in some luck, for the news of its repudiation by the Brain Trust came out before my copy got to the printer, and so there was no loss save my own labor.

In view of these upsets I shall venture upon no formal prophecy as to the success

of the New Deal, whether in the long run or in the short run. For all I know, it may be abandoned before these lines get into print, or, on the other hand, greatly embellished and intensified. The original Brain Trust, as I write, appears to be disintegrating, and before another month has come and gone it may be displaced by another of much greater virulence, composed of even younger and bolder pedagogues, and supported by a gang of even tougher generals, more daring uplifters and labor skates, and richer widows. So I must proceed somewhat warily, and all I care to say without equivocation at the moment resolves itself into two propositions, to wit: (*a*) that being saved is going to run into a lot of money, and (*b*) that it is strange that a great nation of 125,000,000 people could not manage to assemble a more appetizing set of saviors.



The money first. We are in for a sharp rise in prices, and for an even sharper rise in taxes. The former is on us already, and the latter is only around the corner. The notion that the billions now being poured out by hordes of experts in spending other people's money—to still the unstillable yowls of the farmer, to feed and clothe the indigent, to cut down whole forests and plant others in place of them, to build more and more roads, bridges, dams, docks, airports, schoolhouses and what not—the notion that these billions will be snatched out of the air is palpably false: they will be snatched out of the taxpayer's pocket. Nor is he likely to get any material relief from the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, for in order to produce enough revenue from booze to pay even a fifth of the bill every man, woman and child in the United States would have to start lushing like a dry Congressman.

Nay, the taxpayer will be the goat (*Capra sapiens*). When, as and if Congress meets again he will find himself facing an income tax with long, razory teeth in it, and simultaneously he will be mulcted far beyond the limits of his philosophical endurance by the publicans of his town, county and State. The local politicians everywhere are falling upon the grants from the Federal Treasury with yells of delight, and preparing to spend them swiftly and lavishly. There is no township so remote and meagre that its statesmen do not step up with schemes for grabbing their shares. A year ago they were forced into economies that almost ruined their trade, but now patriotism has delivered them from that ignominy, and a glad light is again in their eyes.

Just what the New Deal will cost during its first year seems to be unknown to any of the press-agents now in practise at Washington. Their estimates of its results are extremely vivid, but their estimates of its costs are correspondingly vague. Whether the farmers, for example, will collar a billion or two billions seems to be any man's guess. All that is certain is that they will collar as much as they can, and that the collaring is easier for them than it has ever been before. They have been saved from bankruptcy and cannibalism at least four times since the war, but they still whoop for succor, and they will go on whooping to the end of the chapter, even if wheat soars to \$10 a bushel. Two great streams of gold now surge upon them—one coming from the housewife who finds her market-basket ever lighter and more expensive, and the other coming from her husband, the taxpayer. It is an almost ideal existence that they lead, for if they plow and reap they are well paid for it, and if they plow without reaping they are paid even better.



But the farmers, after all, are not likely to bust us, for their takings, individually, are mainly small, and even though there are millions of them the sum will scarcely match the monies pouring out in other directions. Their voracity, indeed, is a kind of self-limiting disease, bound to yield soon or late to the fact that all of them hate farming and would abandon it if they could. If the mumbo-jumbo of paying them to destroy their crops were given over, and each of them were offered, say, \$1,500 in spot cash and bidden to get the hell away from the trough, it is probable that two out of three would retire to Los Angeles at once, leaving their plows in the furrow and their cows extremely uncomfortable. No one hates his job so heartily as a farmer, and none is so easily lured from it by a little cash money and the promise of salvation *post mortem*.

The other immediate beneficiaries of the New Deal will operate more earnestly and scientifically, and the cost of saving them will run to much larger figures: in fact, the lowest estimate currently bruited about is \$3,300,000,000 for the first year—roughly speaking, about as much as the operators of the public-school racket were collecting in their Golden Age, two or three years ago. The most ravenous of these beneficiaries are the local politicians aforesaid, whose pickings, for the past two years, have been extremely lean. During the decade preceding they had been wallowing in money, some of it raised by direct taxation and some of it by loans, but all of it dedicated gloriously to grandiose public “improvements”. There was scarcely a county town in the United States that did not build at least a new schoolhouse, ten or twenty times as large and costly as the old one; there was not a big city that did

not double, triple and quadruple its annual expenditures, whether for so-called necessities or for palpable luxuries; there were not half a dozen States in the Union that did not begin to borrow money in the prodigal manner of Uruguay and Ecuador.

The money went for new schools, new parks, new sewerage systems, new water-works, new public buildings; it went for hundreds of thousands of miles of new roads; it went for docks and airports, convention halls and monuments; but most of all it went for the fattening of politicians and their friends. Ten jobs bloomed where one job had bloomed before, and the salary list, in every town of any pretensions, began to take on astronomical proportions. So much money, of course, could not be raised by direct taxation; it would have run, in many cases, to half the total local income. But the genial investment bankers were always ready to float loans, and they were floated with such assiduity that, in the years between 1914 and 1932, the total of them increased from less than five billions to more than twenty billions.

Then came the Depression, and the end of the politicians’ Utopia. The taxpayer, confronting the appalling cost of interest and amortization, began to yell for relief; worse, he began to refuse to pay his tax-bills. The result was that practically all of the towns of America, whether large or small, went bankrupt. Some of them, by dinting of Christian Science bookkeeping, managed to conceal the fact, but the rest had to admit it openly. There ensued a sort of reign of terror for public job-holders. Thousands of them were turned loose upon a demoralized labor market to scratch or starve, and all the rest had their emoluments cut down. There were no more juicy contracts to let. Work stopped upon all “improvements”. And the taxpayer, not content with thus ruining politi-

cal science, added insult to injury by damning all its chief ornaments as thieves, and by swearing that he would never let them rook him again. His bellow was now for the most rigid economy, and he swore that he would have it if the heavens fell. There was no holding him while the fit was on him. In many American cities public expenditures were actually reduced.



But that nightmare is now over, and politicians everywhere eat, sleep and believe in God again, and if not in God, then at least in the New Deal. It has delivered them. Its great contribution to human wisdom, from their standpoint, is the discovery that the taxpayer has more than one pocket. The one they formerly quarried remains closed, at least for the moment, but the other is wide open, and idealistic men at Washington are shovelling billions out of it—billions for more roads, bridges, dams and docks, billions for more and grander schoolhouses, billions for “improvements” hitherto unheard of—in brief, billions for more jobs, more jobbery. The politicians look about them with a wild surmise, like Cortez on his peak in Darien. They leap and exult with loud hosannas, like crusaders shinning up the walls of Jerusalem.

But the taxpayer? Alas, the taxpayer seems to have been overlooked. His pocket gets active attention, but the fact that it belongs to him, and that he must fill it when it is empty, is somehow forgotten. The Brain Trust is too busy with credits to give any thought to debits. Where is the *mazuma* coming from that its bright young men are now lending to every State, city, town, county, railroad, bank and building association that applies—and not only lending to, but pressing on? Who is to pay for this new doctrine that every freeborn American deserves his whack at

the public treasury, and must have it in a hurry? The bills, you may assure yourself, will go to the same old address. John Smith, taxpayer, will find them, as always, in his morning mail. They will begin to roll in upon him come Whitsun next year. Nor will all of them issue from Washington. There will also be plenty from points nearer home.

This last fact, indeed, seems to be one of the principal reasons for the confidence that all politicians, regardless of party, are showing in the New Deal. It not only provides them with an unprecedented flow of pap from the Federal Treasury; it also encourages them, as a patriotic matter, to make new forays upon the treasuries of city, county and State. Is it a fact that these treasuries, in most cases, are already quite empty, and that the bankers, having learned caution at last, refuse hunkerously to replenish them? Then the taxpayer still remains, and though another squeeze may set him to yelling damnably, there are yet high hopes that it will yield some juice. And if one squeeze doesn't suffice, then it will be in order to try two.

Unfortunately, he has had notice of the projected operations against him, and in consequence he may prepare himself for resistance, patriotism or no patriotism. Already, in fact, he is a much less rich milker than he used to be. In less poetical language, he simply refuses to pay his taxes. Most of them, in the States and cities, are levied on real estate, and where the decline in its value has put its upkeep beyond reason and beyond his means, he lets the tax-gatherer take it. But against this treason all the local Brain Trusts are proceeding with more subtle taxes, much harder to escape. They are being levied on things and services that he simply *must* have, and so far he has found no way, short of suicide or emigration, to evade them.



Most of the Federal taxes are of this sort, and the fact explains the eagerness of all the chief bands of tax-eaters—for example, the pedagogues—to saddle themselves upon the Federal Treasury. They realize that it will be hard, during the next few years, to get enough money for their altruistic enterprises out of the States, cities and counties, for the law of diminishing returns (which, somewhat curiously, remains unrepealed as I write) is already greatly reducing tax collections, and the limit of borrowing, in most cases, was long since passed. But the Federal government's credit, despite its late repudiation of its solemn promise and contract to repay its debts in gold, continues good enough for Wall Street, and even if the public refuses to absorb its next bond issues it will still be able to raise the wind by inflation, which is to say, by setting its printing-presses to manufacturing phoney money.

So the pedagogues make bold plans to turn themselves into Federal jobholders, with one of their master-minds in the Cabinet to watch over them. Back in September they met in Washington to get the movement under way. "The Federal government," they then informed the country, "must come to the aid of the public-schools. It can collect taxes. It can borrow money. It can make grants in aid or loans to the States." The charity boys make haste to join the procession. Down to a year or two ago their business was very precarious, and they had to spend at least three-fourths of their time and energy cadging money from private givers, most of whom coughed up only under the most brutal pressure. But then, under cover of the Depression, they began to thrust themselves delicately upon the State and city payrolls, and now, by grace of Article

XXXIVa, Section 759 of the New Deal, they have both forefeet in the Federal trough. There they will linger, consuming the taxpayer's substance to the glory of God, until the sun grows cold, and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

But what they make off with during the next few years, and what their colleagues of pedagogy make off with, will be puny beside what the professional politicians make off with. Practically all of the \$3,300,000,000 so far appropriated by Congress for public "improvements" will be at their disposal, and in addition they will have the spending of the immense sums that the States and cities must find to match the Federal grants. How much this will run to altogether I do not know, but it will undoubtedly make the largest ball of catnip that American politicians have ever rolled in, and you may be sure that a great deal of it will stick to their hides. To dissuade them from stealing too much the Washington Soviet has provided two watchmen, the first being the Hon. Harold L. Ickes, J.D. *cum laude*, who put in thirty-six years in Chicago being rolled, bounced and made a mock of by the local experts, and the other being the Hon. Louis R. Glavis, LL.D., whose career has been even more unfortunate.



My second proposition remains: that the quality of the saviors in action at Washington is much less reassuring than it might be. For all I know, it may be a felony, by the time these lines get into type, to raise any doubts, however academic, about the wisdom of such gifted men, and so I had better proceed circumspectly. Perhaps the best plan will be to fall back upon a saying by the late F. W. Nietzsche, who has been in Hell since 1900, and is

thus safe from the catchpolls of the N.R.A. In his "Human, All-Too-Human," II, 468, you will find his words, to wit:

To scholars who become politicians the comic rôle is usually assigned; they have to be the good conscience of a state policy.

If Professor Moley has ever read Nietzsche, it may be that these words sometimes occur to him now. They enjoyed a brilliant proof at Versailles in 1919, when a professor of political science had a memorable bout with a squad of practical politicians; they will have another in Washington, I suspect, before we reach the end of the present chapter. That much may be said for the fundamental scheme of the N.R.A. must be obvious, for more than 500,000,000,000,000 words have been said to date. It may very well turn out, in the end, that it actually helped on the Recovery. I have myself signed with easy grace; in fact, I might have signed just as well back in Hoover's day, or even Coolidge's, for I cannot recall ever having employed anyone in my modest literary sweatshop at less than \$15 a week, or for a longer week than forty hours. But it is one thing to

have a grand idea, and it is quite another thing to try to execute it in the manner of a corn-doctor harrying yokels at a county-fair.

Can it be that the American people are unreachable by any other means? Can it be that they are so used to quacks, and so fond of them, that they demand a holy show of quackery, even when the business before them is the simple one of swallowing a dose of castor-oil? On no other theory is it possible to account for the way in which the N.R.A. was launched in most American communities. Nearly everywhere its whooping up was turned over to a gang of incandescent nobodies—Grover Whalen in New York, and ever smaller and smaller Whalens, down to the dimensions of a flea-circus ballyhoo man, elsewhere. Rotary and Kiwanis, in cold storage since 1929, were released and revived to furnish the wind music. The women's clubs poured out their 200-pound houris. All the town nuisances were set loose to bore and afflict their neighbors.

It was 1917 all over again. Let us hope that the bills, when they come in, will not be much larger.

H. L. M.

A GLANCE AT THE NEWSREELS

BY ROBERT LITTELL

I AM told that film cannot be pickled or embalmed, that the millions upon millions of feet of it upon which are recorded the violent deaths and even more violent kissings of Hollywood will, at a not very distant date, dissolve, deliquesce or rot away, depriving posterity of a good laugh at one of its ancestors' greatest contributions to the art of wasting time.

Our descendants, however, will probably not be altogether grateful for our foresight in allowing celluloid to be so perishable, for they will know that while we spent billions of dollars filming sentimental romances and adventure stories we also spent a few hundred thousand every week taking visible, audible notes from contemporary history in the form of what were known, in the Twentieth Century, as sound-news-reels. Would not we ourselves be willing to give what is left of our shirts to be able to catch, today, a flickering glimpse of Napoleon reviewing the Grande Armée, of Lincoln debating with Douglas, of Betsy Ross sewing away at Old Glory, of Washington refusing to tell his father that lie about the cherry tree?

It is barely possible, of course, that I have been misinformed, and that the life span of celluloid is longer than I have been led to believe. In which case the curious-minded sons of the year 2133 will be able to select from their archives a battered, flattish tin can, and adjust it within a projector of by-that-time prehistoric construc-

tion, and sit down in front of a silver sheet and treat themselves to a brief view of the great things that were happening in the age presided over by Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, Dr. Raymond Moley and William Randolph Hearst.

Let us suppose that the little group which gathers a hundred years from now to watch this antique newsreel is a class of students in history. "We have seen," says their professor, "how the decade following the first of the great world wars was a period of paralysis of the collective will, when man wept and faltered at the task of making all the marvelous machines he had just invented into a workable economic whole; when man suddenly found himself the victim of his own ingenuity, the slave of his own mechanical miracles rather than the master of them—a flaming, fluid age, and one of the most momentous of the many treated in this semester. And now, comrades, let us look at these baffled, tragic ancestors of ours through their own eyes."

Whereupon, as a whirring noise begins behind them and a square of light bursts on a screen before them, the students of 2133 will take out their notebooks, and gaze with growing bewilderment (not to say disillusion) upon the following items rescued from the newsreels of the flaming, fluid, fate-laden 1930's:

A parade of babies, some of them dressed as butterflies.

Several hundred adolescents in white

uniforms throwing their visored caps in the air.

A man in tights, leaping feet foremost at another man, also in tights.

Three dozen girls in bathing suits, sliding down a snow slope on their tails.

A very ordinary looking young man, playing the piano with black mittens on his hands.

Several polar bears, breaking cakes of ice inside of which are frozen fish.

Automobiles going around and around and around an inclined track.

Horses running around and around and around a track which is not inclined.

A pair of midgets, one male, one female, dressed as bride and groom.

A middle-aged citizen in horn-rimmed glasses, talking haltingly about some unintelligible aspect of government.

A small and rather frightened boy, with a crown on his head.

Two dozen girls in rompers high-kicking on the deck of a battleship.

Thousands of sad, ugly people holding hands and hopping down a narrow, rainy street.

And this, say to themselves the student sons of our great grandchildren, is what our ancestors found interesting to record of the age of Gandhi, Stalin and Einstein. We may forgive them for thinking ill of us even though, buried in this medley of Jackson Heights baby parades, Luxemburgian St. Vitus Day dancers, polar bears, wrestlers, Albertina Rasch girls and boy marbles champions there are a few glimpses of Clio¹ in a more serious mood—President Roosevelt explaining some feature of the New Deal across a White House desk, Amelia Earhart stepping out of the cockpit after flying the Atlantic alone, Joseph Stalin saluting as he watches Soviet infantry marching across the Red Square, Adolph Hitler pounding the air at an open-air meeting of ten thousand Brown Shirts.

¹ The Muse of History. Name the other eight Muses.

But glimpses of history caught off guard at the moment of creation, Clio in her birth throes, Clio with her hair down her back, will be extremely rare. For President Roosevelt's talk is carefully staged and pre-arranged, Stalin may be photographed in the same pose every first of May and seventh of November, Hitler is only a loud speaker in human form, and Amelia Earhart, some hours after her first landing, is climbing out of the cockpit for the second time to show the sound-reel cameras, which are practically never present when aviators land or hell breaks loose, how it was done.

II

As history, as bottled samples of what is happening now, to be handed down to our great grandchildren, the newsreels are more often than not trivial, lazy, and misleading. As witnesses of great contemporary events, as impartial eyes and ears which wander over the world to record red-hot actuality, they have degenerated rather than improved with time. Even as entertainment, as something served up to the public between Mickey Mouse and Greta Garbo, they are too often silly and dull. The men who make a living by testing sound apparatus and telling the cabinet minister to look into the camera and speak a little louder would probably insist that in the past decade the technique of newsreels has taken enormous strides and reached something approaching perfection. I beg to disagree. I insist that the newsreels have not so much adapted themselves to the world of men and affairs as coached and adapted men and affairs to their own limitations. I wish, indeed, to indict the newsreels on three counts, viz:

They have largely abandoned the service of history and set up shop as enter-

tainers, with the result that the bulk of their offerings is no longer news, but a collection of stale, recurring athletic events, dare-devilties and sideshows such as can be seen to better advantage at any circus or county fair.

They have ceased to run after history or to try to catch her unawares, preferring to consult the calendar and wait until, as in a St. Patrick's Day parade, she marches past the corner with a brass band.

Third, they have formed the lazy habit of prearranging and rehearsing events, and, instead of going hunting in the jungles where history lurks, or even waiting until she goes by, they have tamed the once camera-shy muse so that she will now turn up and show her profile at the studio by appointment. Which inevitably results in a portrait that does not do her justice.

There is a physical explanation for some of these shortcomings. A sound-newsreel camera is an enormously complicated machine, a battery of fantastic tubes and gadgets, delicate, bulky, and not fond of travel. If it was your job to track down Clio with a cross between a machine-gun and an x-ray outfit on your back you would soon give up and wait until she came to the water hole. This is a partial explanation—not an excuse. What has happened to the newsreel has also happened to reporters and newspapers. Politicians and the public generally have learned the value of publicity and the laziness of human beings (reporters included), so ours is the epoch of the "handout," of the mimeographed "hay" given to the reporter, who no longer has to dig as hard as he used to for a story. The newsreel likewise is seldom at a loss to find citizens great and small with a case to state, a cause to advance, a product to sell, a personality to din into the ears and eyes of its multimillion audience.

Technically, the newsreels may be better, but otherwise they are not as good as they were when history was haughty, and great men unapproachable; when the camera men were hardy, inventive, brazen pioneers; when their films had an artlessness, an impromptu accidental freshness far more interesting than the staged, posed and prearranged interviews, sometimes almost comic shorts, of 1933.

Early in the war some enterprising movie photographer caught the Kaiser and several members of the German General Staff greeting each other on a station platform. It was only a few seconds of hurried, jerky photography in bad light, and the unconscious subjects were merely saluting, and bowing stiffly and shaking hands and nervously turning their heads as they talked (silently, for those were the happy days before sound), but the brief glimpse was unforgettable. Then there was a less accidental half minute of the Tsar walking down some steps and mounting a horse. Fifty stolid, stuffy officials in magnificent uniforms stood staring ahead of them, while the stony-faced little man with the pointed beard put his left foot in the left stirrup and swung up with a careless, infinitely practiced motion. That was all—yet it was thrilling. The Tsar and the Kaiser did not deign to recognize the lowly newsreel camera—they probably didn't even know it was there. Yet the glimpse of them was unforgettable—thousands of words would not have given one the same effect of splendid stupid swank.

But that was way back in 1916. A dozen years later the world had changed enormously, kings and ministers knew perfectly well the value of this new door to their subjects' hearts, and Alfonso XIII, without seeming more than slightly ridiculous, could stand up in front of the camera and the mike and sell his kingdom

to American tourists with an invitation to speed as fast as they liked over the roads of Spain. If the methods of 1916 had been as thorough as they are now, the Kaiser, glancing up occasionally into the lens, would have read from a prepared statement held just below the camera's limit of visibility; and the Tsar, in answer to the bromidic questions of some off-stage interviewer—a sort of unseen minstrel-show end-man—would have announced that he was very happy of this opportunity to send a message of greeting to his American friends.

For some time I have been methodically attending the newsreels, in the hope of coming upon Clio when she wasn't looking into the camera; in a desire to confirm, or correct, my impression that the newsreels were somehow inadequate as historical sources and had developed to a fine point the dreadful technique of cooking the news themselves before serving it to us. I have come back, after many months' hunting in the air-conditioned caverns of the movie cathedrals, with several hundred specimens, which it may be profitable to sort out into little heaps—not a difficult job, for newsreels, probably by the design of those who make them, fall into grooves, like the contents of Sunday newspapers and vaudeville theaters—both of which they closely resemble.

But first a word or two about the newsreel announcer, who is invisible, and whose voice (grade C radio in diction) seems to come from under a sofa. He is seldom (and how can one blame him, poor fellow?) very excited by his subject matter, regarding it chiefly as a vehicle for the complacently cheery and atrociously facetious brand of humor bred by the discovery of wave lengths. He has a patter not unlike that of magicians, and just as the magician sputters along with

his stale jokes and puns, while his fingers perform marvelous tricks, so does the newsreel announcer vaguely mesmerize the audience, which gives most of its attention to the camera and the sounds made by the visible performers. Which is just as well, for the announcer is not very funny and an incurable punster.

When a water sport festival is held in Paris, and a very fat man is toppled into the water, the announcer calls out "Yes *sir*, halitosis wins" (he says "yes *sir*" every two minutes). When the midgets get married in Chicago he remarks "Everything's midget size at the wedding except the kiss." When the American Davis Cup players are winning from the Australians, his confidential, breezy voice says "It looks like that old mug is coming back to poppa." When Italian trades unionists, carrying the emblems of their patron saints through the streets of Gubbio, pause for a drink, he tells us they are taking on "some of that special high test gas called Chianti." When we are shown pigs feeding at a Berlin nature fair, he hopes that "they won't make hogs of themselves." When the picture is one of a dog show, he remarks that the dogs "are making their bows and bow-wows." And the announcer who can get off the worst puns and allude to Mr. Pig and Mr. Dog in the oiliest bedtime story manner is probably the one who draws the highest salary (or perhaps somebody else writes the drivel, and he only speaks it—for this is the age of specialization).

My collection of items from the newsreels may be classified roughly as follows:

- (1) Animal acts
- (2) Kute kiddies
- (3) Sport and daredevils
- (4) Aviation
- (5) Midgets, bearded ladies and other sideshows

(6) Girls, usually in bathing suits or rompers

(7) Personalities and events of the day

(8) Parades, processions, recessions, occasions, dedications, commencements, junkets, funerals, field days, flower fêtes, outings, reviews, ceremonies, tattoos, cornerstones and jamborees.

I forgot battleships. The newsreels show almost enough shots of cruisers laying down smoke-screens, of destroyers cleaving waves, to fill a separate pigeon-hole. This may be Big Navy propaganda—more likely it is merely filler.

III

Look for at least one animal picture in every handful of newsreels, just as some newspapers, on the front page of the second section, invariably print a story about a cat that found its way home to Brooklyn or a faithful dog that saved its master from a leak in the gas range. "Society's Doggies Strut for Élite": a dog show in New Jersey—terriers posed on stands with their legs wide apart, children astride sheep dogs, long-haired toy dogs weighing one pound ("including the draperies," says the announcer) on the back of drooling St. Bernards. Pigs being fed in Berlin; great turtles swimming under water in New York; circus lions scrapping in a cage, roaring and cuffing each other with lightning strokes of their great paws. And the inescapable comic short: an angry swan rises from a lake and pursues a fake poacher through some woods. The swan is real but the poacher acts the part and is probably paid for it.

The appeal of the kid pictures is closely akin to that of the animal acts. Statistics are lacking as to the number of prize baby parades and contests held annually in the United States, but a large proportion of them must eventually find their way into

the newsreels. Here is the Jackson Heights "home products" parade, with hundreds of children dressed in flags, butterfly wings, rigged up as clowns or as Mickey Mouse, and a master of ceremonies who asks the winner, aged five, to please give him a kiss. Here is Aaron Butash, of Throop, Pa., wearing the crown of Boy King of the Marbles World. Here are a thousand orphans on an annual outing to Coney Island—shrill voices, and a stream of thin little girls with identifying tags tied to their chests.

Somewhere out West a street car company, to avoid disputes about age, has ruled that only children under forty-four inches in height shall be admitted fare free. A little comedy goes on inside the street car, with the conductor measuring the children against a mark. A certain amount of rehearsal and prearrangement was necessary for this item. Then a race of toy boats across a pond, a romanticized old swimmin' hole; a field day of Brooklyn school children: pictures of dozens of little girls sprinting frantically. At the end, one of them appears for a close-up. "This is the twelfth medal I won," she begins shyly, then breaks down and grins. She tries to say something more, and her eyes turn helplessly to an invisible prompter who is probably signalling to her from behind the camera. But she remains speechless, and her natural, childish embarrassment is refreshing, for most of the newsreel's subjects are only too ready to talk.

Sport and daredevils: one out of every six newsreels falls into this category. Twelve to one shot wins at Belmont: the jerky, elongated motion of horses racing, ungraceful and rather hard on the eyes. Outboard motor boats, with slow motion pictures of the flat-bottomed little water wasps jumping over obstructions. Automobile races at Indianapolis—another item

that is painful to the eyes, but relieved by the inevitable skid and crash at the north turn . . . Somewhere in Illinois persistent young men are trying to ride their motorcycles up a steep bluff. One of them, with a bounce and a roar, makes the top, the others stall, overturn and slide downhill in a cloud of dust.

A battle royal of police rookies stripped to their undershirts; girls in bloomers paddling like mad, a dozen to a canoe; U. S. cavalry jumping their horses through screens of smoke and fire. (This reappears constantly, and seems to be an old standby). A walking race in Central Park: the slow-motion pictures make the excruciating sideways motion ridiculous, and the audience laughs at the contestants' squirming gait and waddling backsides.

Abe Coleman leaping feet first, over and over again, at Jim Londos; Gene Tunney in an exchange of gentle wisecracks and political dope with Senator Barbour; Republican and Democratic Congressmen in their annual ball game; John J. McGraw, lined up with his wife and his physician and his physician's wife, telling the fans why he resigned as manager of the Giants; Memphis Bill Terry giving an unnamed interviewer his message to the fans of New York; Helen Wills Moody and Davis Cup tennis, with an amusing shot of four hundred heads turning back and forth, back and forth, as they follow the ball. And here is a perfect product of the newsreel canning factory: Carnera boxing with a kangaroo, which wraps its paws about the slightly embarrassed giant with what looks like clumsy affection. Perfect, because it is sport, sideshow and animal act rolled into one.

The distance from which the film is taken, and the impossibility of giving the audience a sense of speed and scale, make most of the aviation newsreels dull in

comparison with the pictures of ski jumping, or even the pictures of the bright young men who hurl their automobiles through board fences. There are always shots of hawklike objects turning and twisting in the air; shots of army planes soaring above the cotton wool clouds of Yosemite Park, of daredevils tap dancing on wings or diving to within a few feet of the ground, but the staple fare is faces and interviews, the remarks of the aviators as they prepare to take off or a few hours after they have landed from some record-breaking flight.

The Mollisons are shown standing beside their plane, in a duologue which is prosaic in comparison with their achievement. Balbo's young men are seen lined up in front of their armada while a priest gives them the blessing of the Church of Rome. Post, with a white patch over one eye, rides up Broadway on the folded top of a touring car. Amelia Earhart sits in the American Embassy in London, surrounded by potted plants, answering the prearranged questions of an English interviewer. Only her naturalness, and the casual flatness of her voice, and the way she breaks into a modest smile at the end of each sentence keeps the posed talking portrait from being just like an appointment at the family photographer's.

Every newspaper, like every county fair and circus, has its sideshow department, and the newsreels follow the procession with their own abysmal collection of five-legged calves. There are the blind boys playing cricket in Australia by means of a ball that makes a musical noise as it flies through the air; and Shri Meher Baba, the Parsee mystic, black eyed, white robed, who is going to break a seven years' silence with a message of great spiritual import to America; and a young man who can actually play the piano with mittens

on his hands; and the owner of the longest whiskers in Germany; and a restricted view of a garage owner in Long Island who buried himself alive in a coffin and stayed underground for forty days (when we see him he is shaving); and the grimaces of a rubber-faced sandwich man, and a great Dane wired for sound: "The biggest dog-gone radio hound in the whole world."

The animals, the kids, the daredevils, the aviators and the side shows change (a little) from week to week, but there is one newsreel item that is never missing and that is evidently so popular that it is almost exactly the same: the dancing girls. Occasionally they are society girls, once in a while Chinese or Geisha, usually American and of the chorus. Sometimes they are in bathing suits, sometimes they are on roller skates or bicycles, sometimes they are in filmy veils and leaping through the air, sometimes in underclothes and lying on a couch, but whether the act is staged, on a beach, a showboat, a battleship, a skyscraper roof, the slopes of Pike's Peak or the landscaped estate of Samuel Untermyer, their shapely legs are always the same, and there is always a final shot, taken from near the ground, showing a forest of rhythmic legs and prancing buttocks. The omission of these legs (the girls' faces are unimportant and seldom clearly visible) from one week's newsreel would probably be followed by a sharp decline in box-office receipts.

IV

Every day things happen that are interesting, exciting and important—things that are "news." But by the time the newsreels have caught up with this news, the event itself is so distant that the screen gives us only a staged recreation of it, or a pre-

pared statement by an eyewitness. For fresh, direct reporting, the stills of the newspaper photographers are usually superior to the all-talking newsreels; motionless, dead newsprint is often more truthful than living, flickering celluloid.

As I write, I am looking at a New York *Herald Tribune* containing some photographs of striking dairy farmers and State police, startling photographs of violence caught and frozen by a lens: an angry cop with a gash in his head standing over a farmer, who is obviously trying to get up and hit him again; a welter of figures in the frightened, ungainly attitudes of real men in the middle of a dangerous scrap. I am willing to bet that the newsreel camera never came within a mile of this rumpus, that what we shall see of the milk strike will be farmers lined up before the camera to talk for publication, and shots of milk long after it has been spilt. Newspaper reporters and photographers still manage to get to a fire along with the fire-engines; the newsreels arrive only when the fire has been put out, and their ingenuity consists chiefly in starting, and filming, a little synthetic studio blaze of their own.

Once in a long while the red paper tongues of the studio blaze burst into real flame. Somewhere in New Jersey a small boy's father has killed his mother, and shortly afterward the father was killed while resisting arrest. A husky policeman, not unkindly, asks the boy to tell (for the horrified entertainment of the million talkie spectators) how it happened. The kid starts in bravely, but after a few sentences his head hangs, his lower lip trembles, and his puzzled, frightened little face is twisted in a grimace of pain and tears. Staged, and rather rough on the poor kid, but one of the few moments in the newsreels that rings true.

For genuine newsreel reporting, which catches the subject in unselfconscious action, is extremely rare. One of the very few instances I came across was a newsreel of the bonus marchers. Veterans by the hundreds sitting on railroad tracks, veterans being shoved about by Ohio railroad bulls, veterans camping out in Washington, or sitting and waiting on the steps of the Capitol. Telling glimpses of hardy, determined, impenetrable faces. And one memorable shot of a man washing his feet in a wooden box.

The items that come under the head of personalities and events of the week are scarcely more than a capably edited speakers' bureau. Some headline hero is scheduled to speak, and the newsreel men line up their batteries well beforehand at a strategic spot. Or he said something or did something important when the newsreel men were not around, in which case—the commonest—he is asked to make a restatement, or explain what he did and why, for the screen. He stands in front of the camera a little stiffly, as if it were a friendly firing squad. He may speak impromptu; more often he is obviously refreshing his memory by glancing down at a prepared script which the audience cannot see; sometimes he does not even pretend, and frankly turns the sheets of paper as he reads.

And so that part of a newsreel programme which is least like vaudeville consists of such items as these: President Roosevelt, on a balcony at the White House, telling a delegation of farmers that while they may never be rich, the chances are a thousand to one that they will never starve; President Roosevelt greeting old friends from the back seat of an automobile at Campobello; President Roosevelt looking square into the eye of the nation across a desk and reading from manu-

script; Adolph Hitler, against a background of enormous swastikas, sawing the air and shouting "etwas über sechs Monate regieren wir jetzt"; Secretary Perkins, very deliberate and cultivated, talking about labor and taking her pince-nez off and putting them on again; Al Smith, seated in the center of a group of Smiths, dandling his first grandchild; Al Smith at the New York State repeal convention, urging his audience "never to let anything like the Eighteenth Amendment get into the Constitution again" (a big sign in the foreground ironically says "smoking prohibited"); and Roy Howard and A. P. Sloan and Relief Director Hopkins and Senator Wagner and Viscount Ishii and Secretary Roper and Hamilton Fish and William Randolph Hearst, on their feet or across desks, spouting or talking calmly or lecturing us or reading and glancing up once in a while, on Japan and the sales tax and foreign debts and other subjects near their hearts. (Mr. Hearst has the floor longer than anybody else—including Hitler and the President. This may be because he owns the newsreel company, and one just doesn't edit the boss.)

Most of this, you will notice, is not so much news as propaganda. Legitimate propaganda, for the most part, and well presented. But it is not Clio we are listening to; these people have gone more than halfway to meet the newsreel. They are making pleas and putting their best foot forward. They are getting across to us an idea, or a personality; they are on the lecture platform—one might almost say in the advertising columns.

What counts—and here is a valuable function of the newsreel—is the faces, the voices, the gestures, the personalities rather than the words spoken. For no matter how well prepared a politician's newsreel turn may be, no matter how care-

fully his thoughts and hair have been brushed, the camera and the soundtrack will record him with cruel lack of flattery, and ultimately the impression he and his cause make on the vast newsreel public will be good or bad according to whether or not the public likes what this glimpse of his face and voice reveals of the man himself. When a cohort of prominent Drys lined up before the camera recently, the earnestness of their argument was completely nullified by their faces, which were mean, pinched, obstinate and rodent-like beyond the wildest hopes of the most unfriendly caricature.

A good third of any newsreel consists of processions, parades, and ceremonies of various kinds which required of the newsreel staff nothing more resourceful than a reading of the calendar. The parade starts at the corner of Main and Elm at twelve o'clock, and all the newsreel boys have to do is be ready to shoot from the corner of Center and Pine at twelve-forty-five . . . Outdoor mass for the Philadelphia police, indoor mass at the Vatican; graduation day at Annapolis, ditto at West Point, Columbia or Yeshiva College; Victory Day in Sofia, Bulg., Corpus Christi Day in Berlin, Germ., Constitution Day in Rome, It., Flower Day at Stroudsburg, Pa., Procession of the Holy Blood at Bruges, Brave Fire-Eaters Get Reward in Brooklyn; Stalin reviewing troops, Bolan reviewing cops, Rhinelanders reviewing new wine; Tattoo at Aldershot, Boy Scout jamboree in London, Lloyd George at a Welsh festival, Mussolini in a funeral procession; the Prince of Wales welcoming golfers, the Prince of Wales opening a cattle show, King Carol and Prince

Michael opening a canal, Prince George laying a wreath, Italian aviators laying a wreath, Ambassador Edge laying a cornerstone, President Roosevelt opening a bridge, the Prince of Wales opening three bridges. . . .

V

And all this time, in the back streets where the blare of the band is faint, on farms where no one has ever seen a mannequin in her undies, in factories and offices and sweatshops where men and women are too busy pulling levers and sewing thread at about seventeen cents an hour to think about sporting kangaroos or midget marriages or dogs wired for sound; and even in more public and official places where frowning professors and frightened employers and storming generals and hopeful politicians are hanging on to the tail feathers of the Blue Eagle lest it fly giddily toward that place where the sun rises red with revolution, or pumping the poor bird with gas so that it will soar, and stocks will soar, and wheat and copper and wages will soar too, and fly far away and bring back the olive branch of speculation and silk shirts and radios at two dollars down and eleven dollars a month until the thousandth anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx—all this time, while history is digging twenty-four hours a day in her garden and hope and worms and the future squirm together in the upturned sod, the newsreel camera continues placidly, lazily to feed us a diet that is mostly marbles champions, prepared statements, parades, puns, and young men who can play the piano with mittens on their hands.

PATENT MEDICINES AND THE LAW

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

The people of the United States spend annually . . . \$165,000,000 for non-secret home remedies and \$360,000,000 for "patent medicines" of secret composition.—*Report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care.*

THERE is under consideration at Washington the problem of so extending the powers and scope of the National Food and Drugs Act as to serve better the public safety and conserve the national health. No one familiar with the workings of the law during the past quarter-century will doubt that some extension of its powers is needed. The excuse for this article is the fact that persons who have not followed its workings do not realize its limitations and weaknesses, especially as it applies to the control of drugs sold for self-medication. Its failure properly to protect the public lies not with the officials whose duty it has been to enforce it, but mainly with the impotency of the act itself, and to some extent with the failure of Congress adequately to finance its enforcement.

Until 1907 the American people got no protection at all from their national government against the fraudulent exploitation of drugs and foods. The medical profession, some State officials, and others interested in the public health had for nearly twenty years attempted—unsuccessfully—to get on the Federal statute-books a law that would give the public some measure of protection against sophisticated foods and fraudulently advertised drugs. But the

huge vested interests in the sale of such products were too strongly entrenched, and the public itself, with an apathy born of ignorance of the facts, was not interested. Not until it had been aroused by articles appearing in such popular magazines as *Collier's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* did Congress begin to consider the consumer's interests as of any importance as compared with the interests of the manufacturer. Finally, on June 30, 1906, a bill put forward by Senator Heyburn became a law, to go into effect the following January. It is known technically as the National Food and Drugs Act, but colloquially it is usually called the Pure Food Law.

For nearly twenty-seven years this law has been in effect, and, taking it by and large, it has been enforced with a vigor that compares favorably with the enforcement of other laws. Those who have followed its workings and have some knowledge of the influences that have been brought to bear against its enforcement in special cases, while sadly conscious of its shortcomings, have reason to feel well satisfied with the integrity and singleness of purpose of those whose duty it has been to administer it. Not until recently has the American public waked up to the fact that, in some ways, the law exhibits a much more tender solicitude for the producer than for the consumer. This is true especially in the protection that it gives the public in the field dealt with in this article, that of self-medication—a field in which

the people of the United States spend over half a billion dollars annually.

Let it be admitted at the outset that in the present economic system there is a legitimate place for home remedies for the self-treatment of the simpler ailments. This has been admitted frankly by even so conservative a publication as the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. On this point that leader of medical opinion has said:

Simple home remedies, proprietary or otherwise, are legitimate articles of trade. . . . We cannot too often assert that the medical profession does not believe that there is no place in commerce for simple home remedies.

All physicians and most intelligent laymen know that there are certain dangers inherent in self-diagnosis and self-treatment, but it is still true that nowhere outside of Utopia will the ailing human being always go to his medical adviser. He will, instead, frequently go to the drug-store.

Should he call for an official drug—that is, one that is listed in the United States Pharmacopeia or the National Formulary—the harm he may do himself may not be great, and, should his indisposition persist, his physician, when called, will be able to differentiate between the symptoms caused by the drug or drugs of known composition and action that the patient has taken, and those caused by his pathologic state. Unfortunately, the chances are more than two to one that instead of calling for an official drug—that is, a non-secret drug or drug combination whose action, strength and purity are known—the ailing person will call for one of the widely-advertised proprietary mixtures of secret, or essentially secret, composition—those package medicines, extravagantly or fraudulently advertised, that are commonly but incorrectly called “patent medicines.”

Most such medicines, of course, are not patented. If they were, there would be infinitely fewer of them, they would not be the menace they are, nor would the advertising of them have been debased to its present low estate. A real patent medicine is, as its name denotes, non-secret; its formula is recorded at the Patent Office. The difficulty of lying whole-heartedly about the therapeutic virtues of a product whose formula is thus known is obvious. It is the unknown, said Tacitus, which inspires awe—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*. With secrecy of composition and the inevitable mystery that secrecy creates, the stage is well set for the best efforts of the members of the tribe of Ananias.

To illustrate: The manufacturers of a powder of secret composition sold under a trade-marked name found it not difficult to make the obese believe that by putting a small quantity of their preparation in bath water it would be possible to remove adipose tissue. Said the directions:

Dissolve one package each day in a full hot bath. Remain in it fifteen minutes or more, dry thoroughly, and watch results. The hot bath will open the pores, and the action is to draw the fatic [*sic!*] and uric acids out through them. You can see the fat float.

It would hardly have been possible to get even the most gullible seeker for a sylph-like figure to accept such claims had she known that the powder was nothing more mysterious than dried washing soda with a trace of common salt. Had this preparation been patented—the Patent Office, alas, has issued patents on products hardly less preposterous—the public could, by the expenditure of ten cents, have obtained from Washington a copy of the patent specifications which would have laid bare the naked absurdity of the thing.

Again to illustrate: For many years a concern that put out a long line of nos-

trums advertised and sold a Blood Cure. It was, of course, not patented, although belonging to the class of preparations known popularly as patent medicines. Among the claims made for it were:

Will positively cure all forms of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, pimples, syphilitic affections, mercurial taints, blotches, liver spots, tetter, and all skin diseases.

When it was analyzed by government chemists they reported that this positive cure for syphilis and other such serious conditions was nothing more marvelous than sugar!

As a national law, the Food and Drugs Act, of course, can control only those products which enter into interstate commerce. A patent medicine made, for instance, in Chicago and sold only within the State of Illinois could not be brought within the purview of the Act. This is one of its weaknesses, but under the Constitution it cannot be remedied. It is, however, more theoretical than practical, for any nostrum whose sale is of sufficient size to make it a menace to the public is likely to have an interstate distribution that brings it under the national law.

II

Reduced to its simplest terms, the National Food and Drugs Act, in so far as it applies to drugs, has these powers and limitations:

1. Under the act a drug is defined as any medicine or preparation recognized in the United States Pharmacopeia and the National Formulary, as well as "any substance or mixture of substances intended to be used for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease of either man or other animals."

2. A drug product is misbranded under the law if there appears *on* or *in* the trade package any statement regarding its composition or origin that is "false or misleading."

3. Similarly, a drug product is misbranded if there appears *on* or *in* the trade package any statement regarding its curative effects that is "false *and* fraudulent."

4. A drug is also misbranded if the label fails to show the presence and amount of any alcohol, morphine, opium, cocaine, heroin, alpha or beta eucaine, chloroform, cannabis indica, chloral hydrate or acetanilid, or any derivative of any such substance, that the preparation may contain.

The weaknesses of the law become obvious when one begins to study the limitations just set forth. By confining the definition of drugs to preparations that are used only for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease, the entire cosmetic industry is exempted from the provisions of the act. The exploiters of drugs sold as cosmetics can make the most false and fraudulent claims for their preparations, even on the trade packages, with impunity. The need of extending the powers of the law to cover cosmetics will be dealt with a little more in detail later.

The weakness of the law in controlling claims made for drug products lies mainly in the fact that it covers only those claims that appear *on* or *in* the trade package. This means that in the use of the avenues of publicity that bring him the greatest returns, namely, newspaper and magazine advertisements, billboards, radio, circulars distributed by druggists, etc., the "patent medicine" manufacturer is subject to no legal control. It is only *on* or *in* his trade packages, which the public does not get until its money has been passed over the counter, that the nostrum maker must keep his claims within reason. The law has made the claims on the trade packages of most "patent medicines" reasonably conservative, but that this conservatism is due to no feeling of moral obligation on the part of the manufacturer is obvious from a study of the collateral advertising.

When the act first went into effect, the observant layman learned several surprising things about patent medicines. For instance, he learned that the product that he had for years purchased as a "pepsin anodyne" claimed to be "absolutely harmless" really contained chloral hydrate and morphine sulphate. He found out that the widely-advertised medicated wine that had been specifically sold him under the claim that it was not a cocaine preparation really contained a definite amount of that habit-forming substance. And he learned that a nostrum which had been previously recommended on the ground that by using it one could "avoid acetanilid poisoning" actually contained acetanilid.

Most of the headache cures whose therapeutic action had depended on the presence of acetanilid now bore labels declaring the presence and amount of that drug, though some of the manufacturers, rather than admit the presence of acetanilid, changed their formulas and substituted for it drugs of essentially similar action that were not so well known. And the powders that had been sold nominally as snuffs for the cure of catarrh but actually for the purpose of making and exploiting cocaine addicts were put completely out of business by the national law and by certain State laws and municipal ordinances that followed close on its heels.

The greatest change that the observant layman found on the "patent medicine" labels was in the therapeutic claims. An alleged "cure for consumption" which, of course, never cured a case of consumption, under the exigencies of the new law became, more conservatively, "a medicine for coughs, colds, etc." A "consumption cure," largely alcoholic, which before the law had had a wide sale as an "infallible remedy for consumption" became, following the

passage of the law, first a "wonderful remedy for consumption" and finally a mere "tonic appetizer and aid to digestion." Dr. Blank's Epilepsy Cure, since it was not a cure and Blank was not a doctor, became Blank's Epilepsy Treatment.

A widely-advertised "female weakness" remedy was long sold as a "sure cure for prolapsus uteri or falling of the womb, and all female weaknesses." When, after the law came into effect, the company putting it out was given the opportunity to prove to the satisfaction of the courts that a mixture of alcohol, water and bitters poured down a woman's throat would change the position of a misplaced uterus and do the other things that the label listed, it discreetly entered a plea of *nolo contendere* and paid a fine. Following this, the label underwent a series of changes, until it finally reached its present state of innocuousness, in which suffering womanhood is told that the remedy is merely "recommended as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted"! But a study of the newspaper advertisements of the same nostrum will convince any fair-minded person that the claims made today, while implied rather than direct, differ but little from the old claims on the trade package under which the product was declared misbranded.

In 1924 a brand of "kidney pills" was declared misbranded because of what the government declared were false and fraudulent claims to the effect that the pills were an effective remedy for "kidney trouble." Following the prosecution, such claims disappeared from the trade package, but the newspaper advertisements still continue to urge the public to take the pills for "disordered kidney or bladder conditions."

A nostrum that has been exploited to the medical profession for many years was declared misbranded because the label

falsely and fraudulently claimed that, if dropped in the eyes, it would cure cataract and various other pathologic states. The manufacturer pleaded guilty and the claims disappeared from the trade package. This was in 1916. But so late as December, 1932, the exploiters were still sending out booklets reporting cases of cataract allegedly cured by the preparation.

III

Despite all its weaknesses the Food and Drugs Act has worked for honesty and fair dealing in the drug field. Its chief weakness lies in the fact that the collateral advertising, which is really what sells "patent medicines," is under no control. It is absurd to suppose that the public can be protected against fraudulent claims by a law which governs no advertising save that which appears *on* or *in* the trade package. All claims, wherever made, should be covered.

A further weakness of the law as it stands lies in the inadequacy of the information that the manufacturer is required to give regarding the composition of his product. In the form in which the law was first drawn it required him to declare the presence and amount of "any alcohol, or of any opium or *other* poisonous substances," but this broad requirement was modified so as to demand declarations of the presence and amount of only the eleven drugs and their derivatives already specified. That list is hopelessly inadequate, for some of the most dangerous poisons known are not in it. Drugs such as strychnine, arsenic, aconite, prussic acid and corrosive sublimate, to mention but a few, can be put into "patent medicines" for the public to buy in any quantity it sees fit and without a word of warning as to their presence.

In order to give adequate protection, the makers of "patent medicines" should be required to publish really informative formulas. The layman, when he undertakes to prescribe for his own ailments, should be given the same information that every reputable physician requires of a drug product before he prescribes it for his patient—a precise knowledge of its composition. The names and quantities of every drug for which any therapeutic effect is claimed should be set forth on the trade package of every remedy sold for self-drugging. Nothing has been harder fought by the "patent medicine" interests than the various attempts on the part of those interested in public health to require this disclosure. They argue that it would mean confiscation of their property, because their competitors would immediately adopt their formulas.

The argument is patently fallacious. If a prospective competitor of a widely-advertised "patent medicine" wants to learn its composition he may do so by the simple device of hiring an analytical chemist to analyze it. There is not a "patent medicine" on the market today that cannot be successfully duplicated whenever it seems worth while. That fact has been admitted even by the "patent medicine" interests themselves. About ten years ago, when there was talk of national legislation requiring the publication of formulas, the following significant statement appeared in a trade journal that has been looked upon as a mouthpiece of the industry:

It should be remembered that while a developed formula has a great value, *it is the trade name, the advertising, the merchandising skill applied in connection with it that creates its valuable good will.* Ten to one a thorough search through books of formulæ will reveal that your own is already known to the medical world. But no one can get the same benefit from it that

you have gained *unless they spend in merchandising it the same money you have spent.*—[Italics mine.—A. J. C.]

It was also admitted in the same article that “the ingredients of some of the biggest-selling proprietary medicines are duplicated in one way or another by imitators, usually without profit.” In other words, it admitted what every person who has studied the subject knows to be a fact, namely, that the commercial success of a “patent medicine” lies but little in the formula and much in the way in which, and the extent to which, it is advertised. It is the advertising, plus the monopoly that is obtained under the trade-mark laws, that permit individuals and companies to build up huge property values. Yet many manufacturers would have the public believe that their formulas are sacred secrets, and that to force them to disclose them would be a violation of their rights.

On this matter the United States Supreme Court has had the opportunity to express an opinion—not, it is true, in connection with a proprietary medicine, but in connection with proprietary foods. The case arose over the sale of a syrup mixture containing 85% of synthetic dextrose (corn syrup), 10% of molasses, and 5% of sorghum. The company sold this stuff in Kansas, among other places, a State which had a law requiring venders of such mixtures to publish the percentages of the different ingredients on their labels. The corn syrup concern appealed to the courts and the matter was carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, which delivered itself as follows:

It is too plain for argument that a manufacturer or vender has no constitutional right to sell goods without giving to the purchaser fair information of what it is that is being sold. The right of a manufacturer to maintain secrecy as to his com-

pounds and processes must be held subject to the right of the State, in the exercise of its police power and in promotion of fair dealing, to require that the nature of the product be fairly set forth.

To the non-legal mind it would seem clear that if the manufacturer of a harmless food product has no constitutional right to sell his goods without giving his customers “fair information” regarding them, then certainly the manufacturer of a remedy sold for the self-treatment of a self-diagnosed ailment may be required to “fairly set forth” the “nature of the product” which he expects his customers to pour down their throats.

Certain proprietary medicine manufacturers make a show of frankness by publishing the names of the ingredients of their preparations, but without giving the quantities. Such information is essentially worthless. Other manufacturers attempt, apparently, to confuse rather than to enlighten. A widely-advertised clay poultice is described by its manufacturer as having for its base “anhydrous and levigated argillaceous mineral.” With the aid of a dictionary, the inquiring layman will discover that the advertiser has, in the words of Disraeli, been intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and simply refers to dry and finely-powdered clay.

Then there was a product, exploited mainly to members of the dental profession, but also to some extent to physicians, that was described as an “activated tablet.” The poor dentist who wanted to know what was in it was told that it was “an activated, balanced combination of the mono-acetyl-derivative of para-amidophenetol together with a feebly basic substance in the alkaloidal state from *Thea sinensis*.” Thus do our old friends acetphenetidin and caffeine appear when bedecked in verbal finery.

A headache remedy widely advertised on the billboards and in the newspapers is declared on the trade package to have the following composition:

Acetylsalicylic acid $2\frac{1}{2}$ grs.
 Dimethyl-amino-phenyl-dimethyl
 pyrazolone $2\frac{1}{2}$ grs.

Of course, to the layman this means nothing. The average physician would immediately identify the first ingredient as the chemical name for aspirin, but he might have to refresh his memory by his textbooks to bring to mind that dimethyl-amino-phenyl-dimethyl pyrazolone is merely a highly technical name for the well-known drug, amidopyrine.

IV

Reference has already been made to the fact that the Food and Drugs Act, by defining a drug as something that is intended to be used for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease, has exempted all cosmetics from its provisions. Yet in some cosmetics we have drugs that are a serious menace to those who use them. It is true that most of the cosmetics on the market, comprising face powders, face creams, compacts, etc., are as harmless as many of the claims made for them are absurd. Yet there are others that possess potentialities for great harm.

Few of the commercially-exploited hair dyes can be called harmless. Those with an aniline base may produce a severe dermatitis; the continued use of the lead acetate and sulphur groups may bring about a chronic lead poisoning; and the bismuth-base dyes and the pyrogallol type each carries its own menace. While it is quite true that, considering the untold gallons of hair dye used daily in these United States, there are comparatively few cases of poisoning that come to the public's attention, this

does not mean that a menace does not exist. It simply means that the average person who uses hair dyes shrinks from the publicity that is likely to follow legal action should damages be sought for untoward effects following their use.

In the alleged freckle removers we have another group of cosmetics that may be harmful. Nearly all preparations of this type have for their essential ingredient a caustic poison, ammoniated mercury, which, if left on the skin too long or applied to a skin that is sensitive, may produce nasty burns. Then there are superfluous hair removers of the chemical type, of which there are probably hundreds on the market, and which nearly all depend for their action on the presence of certain alkaline sulphides, which have the power of dissolving horn-like substances such as hair. As the outer skin has the same general structure as the hair, these sulphides obviously may attack the skin when they are used for the removal of hirsuties. Here again, it may be admitted that of the total number using freckle removers and chemical depilatories, those injured by them are comparatively few. But the danger exists, and in common decency the fraudulent claim, "absolutely harmless," should be banned from the labels and advertisements of preparations of this character.

In this connection, a brief recital of what happened in the recent past in regard to one widely-advertised depilatory may be of interest: Two or three years ago a concern put on the market a preparation for the alleged removal of superfluous hair, advertising it under the claims that it was harmless and would permanently remove the hair. It was sold at an outrageously high price. The facts are that it would not permanently remove hair, and that it was not only not harmless, but viciously dangerous.

When it first came on the market, the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association asked the Chemical Laboratory of the same association to analyze it. The stuff was found to contain more than 7% of thallium acetate. It was a matter of medical knowledge that an ointment containing even 1% of thallium acetate and applied in very minute quantities, even under medical supervision, was likely to produce serious cases of poisoning. With this fact in mind, an article was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* warning against the use of this new alleged depilatory. Better Business Bureaus all over the country were notified of the dangers inherent in its use, and magazines to whom the advertisement was offered and department stores that were urged to stock it were given, at their request, similar information.

In the meantime, serious cases of thallium poisoning began to be reported following the use of the preparation. In spite of this, its exploiter was able to get from a commercial laboratory a report giving it a clean bill of health. A similar whitewash was obtained from a man high in the faculty of a pharmacy college of one of the leading Eastern universities. These reports the depilatory concern used to persuade magazines—that were none too anxious to turn down advertising contracts—to accept its advertising, and similarly to persuade department-stores to stock its preparation. Meanwhile, case after case of poisoning accumulated, and by the end of July, 1932, the Bureau of Investigation published a résumé of over thirty. Damage suits began to accumulate also, due to the serious and in some cases nearly fatal illnesses following the use of this product.

The outcome was that the exploiters filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, listing liabilities of \$2,448,745 and assets of

\$2.93. While this article is being prepared the newspapers report that one victim of this vicious cosmetic who has lost the sight of an eye and partially lost the sight of the other, has been awarded \$15,000 damages against the department store which sold her the preparation.

It may be argued that even did cosmetics fall within the provisions of the Food and Drugs Act, the public would not have been protected against this thallium depilatory. Under the law in its present form that is possibly true, but the case certainly demonstrates the need of bringing cosmetics under the law and then so extending its powers as to make it a criminal offense to advertise as “harmless” products that contain deadly poisons.

Summed up, it should be clear that the National Food and Drugs Act needs serious changes and extensions if it is to give the public a fair amount of protection against nostrum exploitation. First, it needs to be so changed as to get away from the present limiting definition of what constitutes a drug. Second, any false or misleading claim for composition or origin should constitute misbranding, no matter where such claim appears, whether on the trade package, in published advertisements, or over the radio. (Incidentally, certain radio stations have been putting on the air medical “copy” of a type that even newspapers with the lowest advertising standards cannot stomach.) Third, any false and fraudulent claim for therapeutic effect should constitute misbranding, no matter where it appears. Fourth, every “patent medicine” should show on or in the trade package the names and quantities of each and every ingredient for which therapeutic effects are claimed, and every cosmetic that contained any poisonous substance should be also made to declare the presence and amount of such substance.

TRIBUTE TO A HERO

BY JAMES M. CAIN

IN THE year 1903 my father was elevated to the presidency of Washington College, at Chestertown, Md., having previously been vice-president of St. John's College at Annapolis. So that Summer he put us on a steamboat, took us across Chesapeake Bay, and invited us to survey our new place of residence.

I think we all felt the same way about it. It had, to be sure, certain agreeable features. There were rose bushes in our yard, and pear trees, and a walnut tree, and a grape arbor; there were neighbors with horses, who came with grins on their faces and invited us to take a ride; there were farmers with peach orchards, who told us to help ourselves, and apparently meant it. But when all this had been duly inventoried and marked on the pleasant side of the ledger, there were other entries in red which gave us great uneasiness, and which struck at parts of our natures much deeper than could be reached by flowers, horses, or the freshest of fruit.

There was, for example, the matter of the lower campus. At St. John's, to say nothing of the Naval Academy, the grass was mown to the semblance of green velvet. But here it grew as high as your knees: daisies were mixed with it, as well as bumble bees, and altogether it presented a distressingly unkempt appearance. Two or three weeks after we got there a man showed up and announced that he had the contract to cut it for the hay. He cut it, and Brown, the college janitor, trimmed

around the trees with a scythe. In the hay I caught a young rabbit. After feeding it lettuce and pondering its destiny, I turned it loose. A rabbit is a big event in the life of a boy of eleven, and yet I couldn't help reflecting that it was an odd sort of beast to be gamboling on a college campus.

Then there was the windmill, with an auxiliary engine in its basement. The college was perched high on a big hill, so high that it couldn't make use of the town water-supply. This explained the windmill, but it didn't dispose of the windmill's bucolic appearance. Nothing could dispose of the boardwalk that led down the campus to the town. Even the smallest of us children knew that a college walk should be of brick. There were the stoves in the students' rooms, which betrayed that this college didn't even have steam heat. Then there were queer things about the town itself. It had no saloons. My father seemed to understand, but the rest of us had never heard of local option, and it seemed strange to see the family liquor arrive by boat in a five-gallon demijohn.

My sister Virginia named this the Dominus Vobiscum. The neck of the demijohn, where it stuck out from the box, was protected by two pieces of wood, nailed at an angle to form a little tent. She said they looked like the hands of the priest, as he stood ready to dispense the blessing. This struck us all as a nifty, and even now any liquor *en gros* is referred to in the house as a Dominus Vobiscum.

There were no cabs. There was the Voshell House hack, which met the trains and the steamboat, but it was built like the Toonerville Trolley, and it had no magnificent fellow with crashing whip and high silk hat on the front seat. Simon, the colored gentleman who drove it, beat his single horse with a stumpy buggy whip, and wore a cap with a patent leather visor.

There was no boathouse. At Annapolis, I had done all my swimming at the Severn River Boat Club, where we dived off the springboard and climbed out on the float, disdaining anything but deep water. Odd as it sounds, in all these years of swimming I had touched bottom only once. It was at low tide, and I had swum around to the shoreward side of the float, where there was a sandbar. My foot scraped sand, and it almost scared me to death. I think it was the first time it had occurred to me that a river had a bottom.

But at Chestertown it was all bottom. You undressed in the bushes, with flies and gnats buzzing around; you waded in, limping over shells, stones, mud, or grass; you started to swim with no crisp plunge to begin with; you came out and shook the ants out of your clothes before you dressed. The other boys didn't seem to mind, but I hated it. I was annoyed, too, at the way they swam. If, perchance, there did happen to be a boat that they could dive from, they went off holding their noses, came up swimming dog fashion, and in other ways showed that they had no idea how the thing should be done.

Then they had customs that didn't make sense to me. When they met you they said "H'y." "What in the world," we asked each other at home, "is this 'H'y' that they yell at you?" We said "Hello," and mulishly stuck to it. It was years later before I realized that "H'y" was supposed to be "How are you?" They went down every

night to see the steamboat come in. I went down, too, but when the exciting business of landing was over, with the hawser in and the gangplank out, I was ready to go up for a chocolate soda. I couldn't understand why they stuck around to see the passengers come off. I didn't know then that it was news if Dr. Twilley came home with a steel fishing pole, or Mr. Bacchus with a new suit of clothes.

What I got out of it, in addition to the landing, was the lights of the boat as she came into view below the town. They were pretty, but they got me in trouble. Having grown up around Annapolis harbor, I innocently referred to them as the port and starboard lights, causing some mirth among my companions. They began to bandy the words around, but with an annoying confusion as to which was which. I suggested they could remember the port light by port wine. This drew a blank. They had never heard of port wine.

At parties they permitted themselves to be shoved out to tread an idiotic measure called the Virginia Reel. In Annapolis we had been dressed up now and then and sent to things called germans, where we marched around and got ice-cream if we kept in line. They were unpleasant, but not insulting to the intelligence. But this thing was a palpable phoney. My father, however, seemed to understand it, and out of his snickers I got the explanation. These people, although they held their noses when they dived, and said "H'y," and raced home from the steamboat to tell who had been to the city that day, and in other ways exhibited the familiar symptoms of yokelry, all prided themselves on their fine Southern blood. If there was one thing my father detested it was fine Southern blood. I do, myself. It gives me the pip.

Then there was the church, which brought us presently to the decision to pull

out of it, as at heart we weren't Catholics at all, but merely *Feinschmecker* of Catholicism. In Annapolis we hadn't thought about it, for there the faith was professed in an impressive way, with a convent on one side of the church and a monastery on the other, and all services mounted in a manner worthy of Ziegfeld. But here High Mass was a farce painful to behold. The priest was tone deaf, and did nothing but harangue the congregation about money. The choir couldn't sing, and was always muffing its cues. Once, when the organ started the introduction to the offertory, the lady who was to sing it whispered in panic to my mother that it wasn't the one she had learned. My mother picked up the music, adjusted her glasses, and sang it at sight.

It was the first time it dawned on me that she must be good. I knew she had a voice, an enormous thing that could trill and do acrobatics that other ladies apparently couldn't do, and I knew that for years she had been a professional singer. These, though, were facts I had grown up with and never thought much about. But when she stood up there that time, and put on a show that to me was black magic, I knew she must have something. What got me wasn't that she could do it, but that she knew she could do it. If that got me, the other side of it got me too, in reverse. For that woman, her face chalky and her voice quacking from fright, I had nothing but contempt. She was like all the rest of these people. She couldn't do anything right. She couldn't even learn the right offertory.

This place, then, made us uncomfortable. It violated all our ideas of how things ought to be done, and in obscure ways was at odds with our scheme of life. It was a hick place, while we were incorrigibly of the city, with all of the city dweller's love

of agreeable superficialities: smartness, competence, and class. Alas, I fear it still is a hick place. My father got it policed up after a while, with the grass cut and the windmill removed and steam heat installed and brick walks all around, and a couple of new buildings to fatten its leanness, and Henry Powell Hopkins, an architect of real attainments, invested it with a great deal of charm.

But these changes, apparently, were all on the surface. After my father left, it reverted to type at an appalling rate of speed. Co-education, which he despised as the first earmark of the Methodist ethic, and managed almost to extinguish, has got the upper hand again, and the place is over-run with a lot of twittering girls. The climax of the year, I judge from the literature that reaches me, comes when the college is host to a convention of preachers. Mark one up for my father on that. He never wanted anybody around that wouldn't take a drink.

II

After the pears had been eaten, the swimming sampled, and the steamboat given the once-over, all business was suspended, so far as I was concerned, until one paramount point had been settled. Did this college have a football team or didn't it? And boy, I was hard to fool there! I came from a place where footballs grew on every tree, and I knew the stuff when I saw it. So when I went down to the field, the afternoon they held the first practice, I knew what to look for.

What I saw was a dreadful shock. Only two or three of the candidates were what I considered the proper size, and even these didn't have the right look on their faces. The suits were appalling. Several canvas jackets were on view, although canvas

jackets had been obsolete since the Battle of Manila. Some of the stockings were black with maroon rings, some were maroon with black rings, some were plain maroon, and some were plain black. This was truly alarming. Football is a peculiar sport. Cost what may, it must have class. For this, there is good reason. As the mettle of a regiment can be estimated by the condition of its equipment and the way it salutes, so the mettle of a football team can be estimated by the condition of its gear and the snap with which it goes about its work. This outfit had no gear, and God knows it had no snap.

It practiced with a lot of noisy gabbling. It tackled around the neck. It hit the line with its belly. It took big slugs of water between scrimmages. And the cheering section, when it was assembled for a workout some days later, was even worse. Girls were admitted to the rite, and ruined it with their shrill yipping. The place didn't even have a song. St. John's had a song. Adolph Torovsky, leader of the Marine Band, had seen to that, and composed a beauty. But not this place. Only some miserable version of "A Hot Time in the Old Town," with allusions to the Maroon and Black.

Presently my father went down to have a look at the practice. And if I was hard to fool, he was impossible to fool. He had learned his football at Yale, in the days when Camp really had his mind on it, and he had vastly increased his knowledge at Annapolis. For years, as a sort of sideline to his teaching, he had coached the St. John's team, and St. John's was pretty good then, as any old-timer will tell you. I take exception to many of my father's notions, for example his notion that he can make a speech. But one thing that I have to hand him is that he knows football. Even now, at the age of seventy-three, he

could take charge of a squad of gorillas in September and bring home a winner. So when he spoke, God was talking.

"They're a sad lot," he said, as he twisted a lemon peel over his drink before dinner. "St. John's will murder them."

"Why do they talk so much?" I asked.

"That's something you'll learn when you stay on the Eastern Shore a while. All these towns have some kind of bush-league baseball team, and most of these boys play ball in Summer. In bush-league baseball, you're supposed to talk it up, as they call it."

"What for?"

"God knows."

"Haven't they any suits?"

"The suits are bad, but maybe we can fix that."

"Why do they tackle around the neck?"

"Ah, why do they? But all that, that's not the worst of it. They don't play hard. That's the toughest thing to teach a football team. Plays are easy. One play is as good as another, so far as that goes, if you can execute it. But to get them to jump into every play with every ounce they've got, that's something else. I've nagged teams till they cried, but you can't win football games taking it easy. That's what this gang hasn't found out yet. They'll find out."

He sipped his drink, shook his head, and sighed. In justice to him, I must say he always tried to regard football as nothing more than a game, but down deep inside, he loved it.

"Still," he said after a while, "there's one boy out there that might be a football player."

"Which one is that?"

"His name is Moore. I like the way he goes about it."

That was the first I heard of Mr. James Garfield Moore. I was out there next day

and spotted him. He had none of the big, raw-boned look that I associated with football. He was compactly made, with the neat, precise movements of a tightrope walker. His head was smallish, and round, and covered with silky sorrel hair. Even in his football clothes there was a touch of fastidiousness about his get-up. His manner was one of bored fretfulness, and altogether he seemed as unpromising a candidate for fullback as I had ever seen. I so reported before dinner that night.

"That," said my father, "is because you do nothing but watch the man with the ball. There are eleven men out there, and you must learn to see them all. Didn't you notice how he helped Hitch through the line that time he went down for a touchdown?"

"Were you out there?"

"I dropped by for a minute."

"Hitch is fast."

"Hitch is fast, but that won't help him if he doesn't shake loose. He made the touchdown, but Moore put him through the hole."

This, I have to explain, was before guiding the runner through a hole was prohibited under the rules. At that time, it was an important part of the play.

"But he's a little guy."

"He's not as little as you think. That skimpy suit makes him look small, but there's a good stocky boy inside of it. Always notice a man with those sloping shoulders. They come from big ropes of muscle leading down from the neck. He's got good powerful legs too. And he plays hard. He's got that quick, nervous energy that a football player has to have. There never was a good one without it. And God in Heaven, he keeps his mouth shut."

All that season, both before and after the predicted St. John's fiasco, I watched him, and I couldn't see anything. Oc-

asionally, I would note a quick plunge through the line, but beyond that nothing. It wasn't until the next season, indeed, in a game with Western Maryland, that I saw what my father saw. I was within a few feet of the sidelines, and a Western Maryland runner started around, toward where I was standing, on a wide end run. Moore, from his fullback position, came up and forced him out and back. The runner cut in, or as the modern newspaper jargon has it, reversed his field. Moore left his feet. I think it was the hardest tackle I ever saw. They landed with a terrific thud at my feet, and both men were out cold. As they jerked Moore's headgear off and sponged his head, my first feeling was of paralyzed, frightened wonder. It seemed amazing that such a sleek little pate could command an act of such electric ferocity.

Then, after play was resumed and my wits returned, this was succeeded by a surge of gratitude, of exultation, of downright worship. Here was a guy who could do it the way they did it at Annapolis. Here was a guy who could do it so it lifted you, gave you that incomparable ecstasy, made you feel that man after all was a god. Here was a guy, *one* guy in this whole God-forsaken, lousy hick country, that could do it right.

III

That was the year he was captain. He wasn't a senior, you understand. As I recall, he was a special, which meant he was so twisted up on his studies that the faculty couldn't classify him. But this college was so benighted it had never heard of electing a senior as captain of the team. It did that the way it did everything else. It elected anybody at all, and then wondered why it didn't win any games.

So the next year he was back, but then the most dreadful rumors began to circulate about him. It seemed there were dark matters the year before, which had been kept secret by the team, for the sake of appearances. It seemed that he had been something less than an inspiration to his men. It seemed he had been all right on the field, but that before the games he was so "nervous" he was a demoralizing influence. And it seemed, most horrible of all, that "nervous" wasn't exactly what was meant. I fought this off. I wouldn't believe it. I got into acrimonious wrangles, and quoted my father, who ought to know, to the effect that this was one of the really great football players, and how could such a one be "nervous"? Alas, it was only too true. I heard it from the great man himself. He sat on the steps of West Hall one day, and explained to all within earshot why he wasn't going to play that year.

"What the hell?" he demanded to know. "I don't like the game. I hate it. It gets me so bad I can't even sleep nights. Why should I go out there? I had to do it last year, because I was captain. But I'm not captain any more. All I do is set the rest of them crazy, and it's better if I quit. I'm not going out any more. I wouldn't go out for a million dollars."

He encountered a stony silence. But my father, that night, seemed strangely unmoved by his perfidy. "The trouble with Moore," he said, "is that he doesn't like football. I suppose that's what comes of being a voluptuary."

"What's a voluptuary?"

"A voluptuary is one to whom the Fall of the year means Indian Summer instead of football. He'd rather sit in the sun with some girl than go out there and take it on the shins."

"They say he's yellow."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody."

"I bet you the team didn't say so. Well, you tell them to find me ten more men as yellow as he is, and I'll beat Yale. Yellow, for God's sake! That guy—yellow!"

That didn't help any, and there was to be worse, and more of it. Our big game that year, the one we were to wind up our season with, was with Maryland Agricultural College, what is now the University of Maryland, at College Park. St. John's, for some reason, wasn't scheduled. And two weeks before the game, an ominous piece of news appeared in the papers. Maryland had not only cleaned up the other teams it had met, but had actually beaten St. John's. St. John's, the invincible, had been drubbed by the incredible score of 27-5. And some days later there appeared an item to the effect that while Maryland regarded the Washington game as more or less of a foregone conclusion, it was going to bring the whole squad over as a reward for faithful practice. These would not be required to put on suits. They would function merely as rooters. There would be thirty of them, count them, thirty. And when I read that, I could hear their teeth grinding, and their ugly snouts chanting fee-fie-fo-fum.

They came. They came on a special boat, tumbled over the side, fell smartly into line, and marched up through the town. They wore gray uniforms and blue overcoats. It was the first I knew that Maryland was a military college, and it was a disturbing discovery. For St. John's, gallant St. John's that had been lately licked by this outfit, was a military college too, and so was the Navy. The brass buttons, somehow, knew how to handle leather. Behind the rooters, at a more leisurely pace, came the team. They looked like giants, and some of them I had heard about. There was Church, the center, and

Bowland, one of the guards, and Barney Cooper, a halfback. Barney lived at Worton, near Chestertown, yet he had treasonably gone to Maryland instead of Washington. Years later, talking with him, I learned with complete astonishment that he had gone there to study agriculture.

And there was Curley Byrd, now coach at Maryland, and a terrifying apparition. He was tall, and as the saying goes, built like a whip. He had a startlingly handsome face, with big, flashing eyes, a splotch of florid red on each cheek, and a mane of black curly hair, from which he derives his nickname. His real name is Clifton Byrd, but he has long since bowed to the inevitable and become Curley. He looked like Rupert of Hentzau, and had all of that worthy's cold, sinister resolution about everything that he did.

After the team came Professor Richardson and Professor Spence, and then I escorted up to the house for the football lunch. It was a gay occasion, with the air full of the aroma of Turkish cigarettes and spiced cocktails, to me still the football smell. My mother, with fine bravado, bet Professor Richardson a box of candy on the outcome of the game, and he, after a show of hating to take such easy loot, accepted the wager. We children were awe-stricken at my mother's audacity. Even Professor Spence seemed a little impressed.

But after all, why not? For James Garfield Moore had consented to play. He didn't consent with any great grace, to be sure, but on the Thursday before the game he had come out, and stood around sourly while Henry Wilson tried to explain to him the signals, and infuriated Halbert, the coach. Halbert had been imported from St. John's that year, and he wasn't used to any such goings on. But Halbert had never seen Moore play, so it made no difference what he thought. The main point

was that he was to be in the game, so I left the house in a happy frame of mind, even with a slight tingle over the box of candy.

When I got out on the upper terrace, the team was there, dressed and ready to take the field. Halbert was there, his face white with rage. And Moore was there, all dressed up in the new suit that had been ordered by wire from Spalding's. But what a shocking spectacle! His face was green, and it twitched as though some invisible battery were shooting charges into it. He was slumped against a tree, as though unable to stand up. His mouth was half open, and around it foamed white, cottony spit. And he kept saying, in a dull, whining monotone:

"I can't do it. I can't play, I tell you. Oh, for God's sake, let me alone. I can't play. I can't do it. Why can't you leave me alone? . . ."

I walked on. It wasn't his face. It wasn't the way he leaned. It wasn't what he said. It was the spit. That awful foam around his lips told its own story. It made me sick.

IV

WASHINGTON—17

Rasin	L. E.
White	L. T.
Maddox	L. G.
McMaster	C.
Voss	R. G.
Gibson	R. T.
Long (capt.)	R. E.
Wilson	Q. B.
McGinnes	R. H. B.
Hitch	L. H. B.
Moore	F. B.

MARYLAND—0

Byrd
Russnar
Hatten
Church
Bowland
Iglehart
Bosley
Galt
McNutt
Cooper
Firor

Referee: Neilson. Umpire: Massey. Linesmen: Maryland, Parker; Washington, Porter. Touchdowns: Moore, McGinnes (2). Goals after touchdown: White (2).

I went down to the field, and stood around miserably during the preliminaries,

which seemed to take intolerably long. Our team trotted through signals, and no sign of Moore. The Maryland team trotted through signals, and still no sign of him. Maryland lined up to kick off, Washington to receive. And then, all of a sudden, there he was, down under the goal-posts, spacing them out, getting them ready, with all his old fretful impatience, just as he used to be before this miserable business started.

Something had happened up on the terrace. I wasn't there, but I found out later what it was. The team had gone down. Long, the captain, and McGinnes lingered, hoping still that they might be able to get him out there. And then my father, late as usual, came bustling along on his way to the game. Moore looked at him, as though here at last was one who would understand, who would touch him on the shoulder and say Go thou to the showers, who would give him the pity that he so deeply craved. And this is what he got:

"Well God damn it, Moore, make up your mind. Don't stand there slobbering like a baby."

He wheeled around, stared after my father, wiped his mouth. Long and McGinnes seized him, to rush him down on the field by main force. He shook them off. He buttoned his headgear and charged down on the field under his own steam. And as he went he snarled, "I'll show the — — long-legged — — — — if I'm a baby or not."

The few seconds before that kick-off are high tide in all my recollections of football. I can't convey to you the effect of those hands, as he spaced the men out where he wanted them, nor the obedience they commanded. Mind you, he didn't know a signal, for Wilson's efforts to explain them to him had been a complete flop. He was barely familiar with the plays,

and he was quite out of condition. That made no difference. All authority on that field, Halbert's authority, Long's authority, had dissolved into his authority. Stories of the Little Corporal and his hold on his troops have been credible to me since then. Such leadership is not based on inspiration, or on any of the gaudy things that the layman always imagines. It is based on trust, that simple, childlike faith which knows it is not going to be let down.

The kick was a little to one side. McGinnes took it, and ran it out to about the twenty-yard line. Washington's ball, first down, five yards to go. Then there was a hitch. From the sidelines, we couldn't tell what it was, but afterward we learned this was it:

WILSON: Eighty-five, ninety-seven, forty-one, sixty-two.

MOORE: Signal!

WILSON: Eighty-five, ninety-seven, forty-one—

MOORE: Quit yelling them goddam numbers and gimme the ball! I'm going through right guard.

Through right guard it was. If the Maryland line had been made of paper he couldn't have smashed it quicker. He wasn't a hurdler, or a twister, or a dodger. He was a true line plunger, a very rare breed. He came up to it, there was the impact, he was through, he was driving straight ahead, a string of tumbling tacklers behind him, he was down. He did it, my father said, by his unerring instinct for the hole, that place between two struggling players which could be struck, and if properly struck, would yield.

Ten yards that time, and once more the hands were spacing them out. This time McGinnes took it, the hands on his hips, shooting him off tackle for five yards. McGinnes once more, and another five yards. First down, five to go, the ball about on the

Washington forty-yard line. The hands took command again, and Moore plunged the line. There was the same impact, the split second of suspense, the catch of the breath as he went through, the line of tumbling tacklers behind. But this time he didn't go down. He shook clear, and was off down the field. The Maryland quarterback dived, and tackled empty air. Moore was down under the goal-posts, hugging the ball for the first touchdown of the day. George White kicked goal. Score: Washington 6, Maryland 0, and the game not yet five minutes under way.

Maryland kicked off again, and once more their line was crumpled. But this time Moore let McGinnes, Hitch, and Wilson do most of it. McGinnes and Hitch, brother of the first Hitch we had had, would go slicing off tackle, and always the hands would be at their hips, guiding them, helping them, shooting them through the hole. Under those ancient rules, Wilson, as quarterback, had to go out five yards when he carried the ball, and Moore would be ahead of him, taking him around. He was a beautiful blocker. He could take a man out with neat precision, then go on, still in the play himself. Once he took Byrd out, and that was the last of Byrd. Byrd, one of the greatest athletes that ever put on a suit, had to be replaced with a player named Wilson.

McGinnes made a second touchdown, and George White again kicked goal. He made a third, but this time George missed. The score at the end of the first half was: Washington 17, Maryland 0. Then, however, a bad thing happened. Moore, being all out of condition, folded up. He couldn't play any more, and was replaced by Bob

Gill. Maryland sensed that the change meant weakness, and started a desperate battle to score. Three times they drove for a touchdown, but they had as well have tried to make it through a cage of wildcats. The power, the cunning, the skill for offensive play might be gone, but the spirit was still there. After what Moore had done for them, that team wasn't going to wash out on him. They didn't. It was almost dark when the game was over, but at the end the score was still 17-0.

V

So ended the first chapter of my life at Chestertown. Washington College at last had done it. It had beaten the brass buttons. Nay, it had beaten the brass buttons that had beaten the brass buttons. But more importantly, a great man had come through, had proved he was really great. Did you ever have that happen to you? It is like nothing else in this world. It can happen only when you are young, for when you get older there are no more great men. Yet if it does happen to you, it stays with you through life, and warms you when you think of it. To me now, football is of as little consequence as anything I can imagine, and a football player rather less than a superman. Just the same, I lay this wreath at his feet unashamed, as he still seems great to me.

P. S. Charley Richardson, when you read this, you had better come across with that box of candy. It will be twenty-eight years late, but even so it will greatly improve your standing in certain quarters. The address is 201 Hawthorne road, Baltimore, Md., and the acceptable brand is Whitman's Sampler Package.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

ÆSTHETIC meditations of an editorial writer on the *Arizona Republic* of Phoenix:

In a Midwestern college some girl students requested the removal of a plaster reproduction of the Venus de Milo which had been installed in the room where they received young men who came to call upon them. The president of the college refused to suppress the offending image which he defended as being a work of art. The girls replied even if it were, the presence of that naked woman inspired evil thoughts in the minds of the visitors. The president, however, stood his ground and the girls instituted a strike from their studies.

The president's defense of the image is a commonly accepted one by devotees of art, though we believe the saloonkeepers of an earlier day did not take the trouble to offer it in defense of the lurid paintings with which their places of business were sometimes adorned. But in this controversy there seems to have been raised a question which we believe has not yet been discussed by the proponents of art and those who believe that some moderate restraint in the interest of decency should be laid upon public displays of art in painting and statuary.

If a creation by a painter or sculptor may be so exposed in the name of art, though an image, why may not the work of the Great Creator Himself? We feel sure the president of the college would have drawn the line at that.

ARKANSAS

THE Christian life in Jonesboro, as disclosed to the world by the Associated Press:

The law took over the Jonesboro Baptist Tabernacle today in the interests of harmony.

Yesterday two opposing factions held services in the church at the same time. They sang different hymns simultaneously. Then some of the congregation fell to fighting. When police took charge, they confiscated three shotguns loaded with buckshot, which they found near the choir platform.

Doctrinal differences between followers of the Rev. Dale Crowley, pastor, and the Rev. Joe Jeffers, evangelist, had been brewing. Despite a temporary injunction, obtained by the Rev. Mr. Crowley, the Rev. Mr. Jeffers decided that one of his followers would preach yesterday and 2,000 people came to the service.

Officers took charge, arresting five men. Four were charged with assault with deadly weapons, mainly guns. A guard was placed on the tabernacle and services were ordered abandoned until a court settles the dispute.

CALIFORNIA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the *Alhambra Express*:

FREE CLINIC

FREE \$10.00 EXAMINATION
by the wonderful

ELECTRON-O-METER

*This Marvelous Scientific Electrical
Instrument discovers and locates
any illness.*

No matter what you say, or what you think, the ELECTRON-O-METER will show you with scientific accuracy what is causing your illness.

You need not say a word except to let us know you want an examination.

I Don't Have to Ask You a Single Question!

This Radionic instrument will show WHERE the CAUSE is, exactly HOW SEVERE it is, and will point out the way to DESTROY It. Isn't that what you want? To be certain of what is causing your trouble?

This instrument will also tell you what to EAT and what foods to avoid.

The week of Aug. 18, I will give all who call at my office—

A FREE \$10.00 EXAMINATION

Examination by Appointment Only.

Phone Alhambra 6153 for Appointment

DR. MARIE SORG

CHIROPRACTOR AND DIETITIAN

1129 EAST MAIN STREET

ALHAMBRA

Male Technician Closed Thursday

COLORADO

PUBLIC notice in the Boulder *Daily Camera*:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I believe in Jesus Christ.

I believe our President to be a God-sent man.

I do not understand his policies, but believe him sincere in thinking them just.

I have not signed his N. R. A. pledge because: My business intelligence tells me if I do, I must immediately start cheating in order to exist in my particular business.

I prefer to keep a clear conscience.

I will keep the prices and hours imposed by the majority related organizations.

TOWNSEND & TOWNSEND
BARBER AND BEAUTY SHOP

By W. Elwyn Townsend.

ILLINOIS

LATEST improvement in the mortician's art, as advertised in the Peoria *Star*:

THE WILBERT

World's Only Sweatproof Burial Vault

PRICE \$100

Sold by All Reputable Morticians

KANSAS

ADVERTISEMENT in the Pittsburg *Headlight*:

NOTICE

To ALL ancient young widows, who are slightly on the blink and would like to be young again, embarked on the road to matrimony. Just come to the TEMPLE OF HEALTH. TAKE HEED, old bachelors.

DR. PLATTER

121 East 3rd St.

MARYLAND

THE Mountain Lake Park correspondent of the *Mountain Democrat* of Oakland, chief town of the Maryland Himalayas, indulges in some profound sociological reflections:

The foundations of a new Library for Mountain Lake Park were laid Tuesday afternoon when the Woman's Civic Club gave a tea at the Bowling Alley to initiate the project. This is a forward step in the cultural, intellectual and entertainment aspects of this community. Usually, as soon as a community sheds its swaddling clothes, the next step is to provide a community center and library. Until then those who are hungry for the broadening influence of a good book, or desire to spend an hour or so on a wintry night before the fire with some good but light fiction, are denied the advantages and opportunity, and, consequently, may spend the evening in a less desirable environment. But moralizing is a mighty poor occupation. In short, the Library movement is a fine one. But its success will depend not so much on the promoters as upon the people themselves. Unless advantage is taken of the opportunity, then the idea might as well have died aborning. And unless the patrons treat the Library and the books with as much consideration as they would their own property, then the project will die.

PUBLIC NOTICE in the *Times* of Boonsboro:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I am asking the persons that gave my husband drinks Saturday past, and those

who sell liquor, to kindly keep it to themselves. I have stood back and said nothing in the past, and I want no trouble now, or to make trouble for any one, or insult anybody. I just mean that I want it stopped. My husband is in business and in business to stay. I want it known that I know where he has got his drinks every time he has had them before. I also wish to thank those who have been so kind and assisted my husband in his business and for all work given him. No hard feelings to any one.

Respectfully,

MRS. JACOB FOREMAN.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D., poet laureate of Baltimore, comes out flat-footed for the New Deal:

1776-NRA-1933

We've got to get together,
Like Patriots long ago,
When Washington was struggling
To make our Country go;

When freemen were courageous,
In Seventy-Six to fight;
We've got to get together,
And work with all our might.

Coöperation's needed,
And sacrifices, too;
We've got to get together
Blue Eagle now pursue.

The victory lies in striving;
We'll win like Washington;
We've got to get together,
For now the battle's won.

Brave Roosevelt's in the saddle,
And no one needs to fear;
We've got to get together;
Prosperity now is here.

He'll have the People working;
He'll fix the things gone wrong;
We've got to get together,
And pass Good Times along.

Come! Drink Good Will, our Nation!
Praise God! our Country's free!
We're bound to win triumphant,
Through love and liberty.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM *This Week in Nantucket*:

CAPT. FOLGER'S SIGHT-SEEING LINE

I give you a wonderful ride, covering the whole Island of over 40 miles, and the history from 1659 to the present time. No other line has my complete history.

I am the originator of this sight-seeing trip, and my history is all the best and true. Ask anyone about me on the boat. Be sure and take the orange-colored bus marked Capt. Folger and not Admiral Folger, as he has nothing to do with my line. My bus is stationed next to the library, not on the wharf.

ADMIRAL FOLGER'S SIGHT-SEEING LINE

Gray Bus, I give you a wonderful ride covering the whole Island of over 40 miles, and the history from 1602 to the present time. Be sure and take the Gray Colored Bus marked Admiral Folger and not Captain Folger. As he has nothing to do with my line. This is the only line going to Quidnet and across the moors to Wauwinet, the prettiest part of the trip. An additional feature is a delightful luncheon at the Ships Inn where good food, service and atmosphere accompany a moderate price. See driver on dock for information.

MICHIGAN

SCIENTIFIC announcement from Detroit:

MOTHER'S WHITE BONE LINIMENT

HUMAN OIL—75 YEARS IN MY FAMILY
Shake Well

For Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Goitre, Stiff Joints, Swellings, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Broken Limbs, Sprains, Chapped Skin, Cramps, Mosquito Bites, Blood Circulator, Corns, Callouses,

Bunions, Bronchitis, Varicose, Headache, Toothache, Warts, Pleurisy, Ringworm on Face or Feet, Frost Bites, Chilblains. *Rub till dry. Will not burn or blister. Let someone else rub if you can. Always keeps its strength. We give treatments.*

PRICE 50c

STEPHEN B. G. CURRIE

1119 CANFIELD AVE. W.

TELEPHONE GLENDALE 3813

DETROIT, MICH.

BUSINESS card of a celebrated establishment of Sault Ste. Marie:

ALL MY LIFE

I have been bawled out, bawled up and held down, bull-dozed, black-jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched; stuck for war tax, dog tax and syntax, liberty bonds, baby bonds and matrimony, Red Cross, green cross and double cross; asked to help the Society of John the Baptist, G. A. R., Women's Relief Corps, men's relief and stomach relief. I've worked like hell. I have been drunk and got others drunk, lost all I had and part of my furniture; and because I won't spend or lend all the little I earn, and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason that I am alive today is that I

EAT AT THE HARRIS CAFÉ

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Member of American Automobile Club.

MINNESOTA

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Ortonville on the South Dakota frontier:

For the third consecutive year Ed Kottwitz is receiving the tributes and plaudits accorded annually to the champion sweet-corn eater of the Northwest. Kottwitz retained his gustatory title here late last night by munching fifty ears of corn before he grunted, shook his head at the ears of gleaned corn piled before him, and moved away from the contest table. Sharing the honors of Minnesota's annual

harvest festival was Mrs. L. W. Lindstrom, who defeated Pauline Lewis for the world's championship for women by eating forty-four ears. The former record for women was twenty-five ears.

Kottwitz's victory was a decisive defeat of two other champion eaters. He left Guzzling Gus Comstock, of Fergus Falls, S. D., and Pancake Bill Meyer, of Groton, S. D., far in the rear. Comstock holds the coffee-drinking championship of the world at sixty-five cups. Pancake Meyer stuck it out for twenty-seven ears before he shirked at tackling another ear. Meyer is claimant of the world's championship in pancake and egg eating.

THE Associated Press correspondent at Henderson unearths some sad news for the Nazis:

The Irish walked away with the laurels in Henderson's annual sauerkraut eating championship here Sunday. Michael Smith, Irish farmer, was crowned 1933 kraut king, eating twice as much of the pickled cabbage as his nearest competitor. He consumed 8½ pounds of kraut in eight minutes.

MISSOURI

MEDICAL advertisement in the Hot Springs, Ark., *New Era*:

BURCHFIELD'S LOTION—Recommended for eczema, ivy poison, athlete foot, giggers. Prevents wrinkles. 4-oz. 60c, prepaid. Burchfield Co., 304 Grand ave., St. Louis, Mo.

MONTANA

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Red Lodge:

Crickets, large and carnivorous, are swarming in increasing hordes in the Pryor region of Southeastern Montana. Dave Good, a ranch foreman, Wednesday told of crickets descending on the carcasses of two cows and devouring all but the hides and bones. Others relate they have witnessed attacks by the large, snapping insects on live rattlesnakes, the latter having been killed and eaten piecemeal.

NEW YORK

THE eminent *Herald Tribune* on the voluptuous luxuries of a new hideaway for the well-heeled:

At 7 A.M. yesterday the doors of the Union Club's new building at Sixty-ninth street and Park avenue swung open to welcome those of its 1,400 members who were awake at that time. They found themselves in an elegantly-appointed, air-cooled interior, done mostly in Colonial of the Adams period, but with dashes here and there of French Eighteenth Century, old English, Russian and Modernistic.

The fifth floor of the building is devoted entirely to squash courts, electric reducing cabinets, steam-rooms, rubbing-rooms, showers, hot and cold douches, ultra-violet lamps and a vast and luxurious dressing-room. The dressing-room, which is so decorated as to represent the interior of a Russian marquee tent, is the especial pride of Colonel Edward J. Hynes, the manager. Here the members will undress in little cubicles that line one side of the long room. While they are in the steam-rooms and showers valets will remove their clothing and slip upstairs to the sixth floor. There they will press the suits and shine the shoes. When the member returns to the dressing room he will recline on one of the many divans, sofas and chaise longues with which the room is liberally equipped, and wait for the valet to return with his clothes.

Another gadget which delights Colonel Hynes is a push-button set in the wall of each private bathroom on the fourth floor. So many men, the Colonel pointed out, forget to look to see if there are clean towels before getting into their tubs. Such forgetfulness often means a dripping trip back to the bedroom to telephone downstairs for towels. The little button will eliminate this annoyance, according to Colonel Hynes. All the Union Club member has to do when he has forgotten his towel is press the button. The signal means just one thing, and without further action the member may return to his warm tub and there await the appearance of the valet with the towel.

The third floor contains the main library

and the main dining-room. The kitchens are equipped in the most modern fashion. The swinging doors leading into the pantries fly open in response to the operation of a photo-electric cell, and without the assistance of human hand.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch:

Three couples qualified for the final round of Coney Island's world championship kissing marathon Monday by remaining locked in each others arms for more than an hour. Seven teams entered the contest, in which no holds were barred, but they began dropping out after the first three minutes. The only married couple were Mr. and Mrs. George Newcombe, who observed their golden wedding anniversary two years ago, and who held out for nineteen minutes.

NORTH DAKOTA

THE New Pedagogy at Fargo:

WHY PAY MORE?

WHEN YOU CAN GET IT FOR LESS . . .

Your State College of Agriculture and Mechanics Arts costs less, but offers a large variety of courses. And a fine thing about it is that you can obtain a Bachelor of Science Degree at the end of four years without having gone to a great expense.

The regular student body of 1500 now attending the State College have figured it this way—why pay \$1000 to \$1500 each year to attend institutions in the East and Far West when practically the same college education can be obtained at a cost around \$400 and \$600 per year at your own State College?

Write Today for Free Booklet

A. H. PARROTT, REGISTRAR

STATE COLLEGE STATION, FARGO, N. D.

OKLAHOMA

News dispatch from the rising town of Stilwell:

The spread of a fantastic doctrine among hill dwellers of Eastern Oklahoma linking the NRA eagle with a biblical beast of doom was described here today by the Rev. W. E. Rockett of Sallisaw, who has

studied the strange situation while conducting a revival meeting here.

Hill people, visiting Stilwell stores in the last few days for periodic purchases of supplies, have quoted the Book of Revelation at length to explain the doctrine and have threatened to withdraw their patronage from "stores that are marked by evil."

Meanwhile, Mr. Rockett asserted, frenzied meetings have been held throughout the hills to spread the belief that the emblem of national recovery is the many-headed beast described by St. John as rising out of the sea.

Saying the Blue Eagle has ten wing points on one side and seven on the other, the hill folk contended that this phrase from the thirteenth chapter of Revelation was significant:

And I stood upon the sand of the sea and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

TENNESSEE

WANT-AD appearing in the eminent *Times* of Chattanooga:

WANTED—Three carpenters, 2 painters, 1 electrician; only Christian men belonging to some evangelical church and who believe in Jesus Christ, Hell and the Bible will be considered; answer, giving name, address, telephone and pastor's name. C. J. L., care *Times*.

TEXAS

THE Beaumont correspondent of *Brewing Industry* records another great triumph of the Beer Trust over the Bible Trust:

A brewery operating at the rate of 200 barrels capacity daily, will be serving the city of Beaumont within sixty days, it is announced by Michel Manteris, president of the Beaumont Brewing Company. Mr. Manteris said that the old Y. M. C. A. building at Main and Forsythe streets, and the adjoining vacant lot on the east, have been purchased, and the brewery will begin operating as quickly as the building

can be remodeled, and improved machinery installed.

CANADA

FROM the department of Thanksgivings and Petitions of the Montreal *Beacon*, a Catholic weekly:

Last Wednesday I went out with my family to spend the day near the waterfront. As we were going down a slope I hurt my foot but it did not bother me until I arrived home and I could not stand on it. I placed a Picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on it that night and the next morning I was able to attend Mass without the least possible trouble.

ANOTHER from the same:

My little girl seven years of age was not feeling well. I took her to the doctor and after undergoing examination her doctor ordered an x-ray of her lungs immediately. I started a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, also one to St. Anthony. Thanks to both of them the x-ray showed her lungs perfectly alright, much to the surprise of the doctor.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the American section of *La Informacion*, Bluefields, Nicaragua:

On Saturday last it was a surprise to us to encounter with several sailors of the Ultramar intoxicated, which is a very unusual occurrence. This was due to the fact that their worthy steward, Mr. Philip Hodgson, who got the wedding bells in motion; selecting as his lifetime partner, Miss Gertrude Hodgson, daughter of Mr. John Hodgson. We wish the newly married couple lifetime happiness.

Mrs. Maud Beer, wife of the well-known custom broker, Mr. F. Max Beer, who has been ill for some time, is gradually climbing the step-ladder of recovery.

Young Lee Bodden who is now convalescing from a very serious attack of intestinal fever; left on the last Ultramar for Puerto Cabezas with the intention of reimbursing his health.

PEOPLE COME TO CAPE COD

BY JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

SUCH *characters* you have in this town.” So exclaim the Summer People, old ladies fat and lean. “Why——!”

And then will follow an amazed description of an ancient, ancient man who looked up with bright, bird-like eyes and recited poetry in an unknown tongue. Or of the mossy man who continued to dig clams during the totality of a solar eclipse, refusing to look at it. Or of the store-keeper who defeated Professor So-and-so in an argument about Economics. Or of the white-bearded, quiet man living in the modest house of his ancestors who turned out to be a wealthy Seattle banker come home to die. “You never know what you’ll find on Cape Cod. It’s such *fun*!”

“Exactly, Ladies. You never know. For you have come to the vermiform appendix of America. For three hundred years the strong currents of the alimentary canal have flowed by outside, relentlessly digesting the North American Continent and the races of Europe into glycogen, amino-acids, and things like that. But only small cross-currents, minute wandering tentacles, ventured out on Cape Cod. Among the bogs and sand-dunes of our Happy Appendix they turned at bay and slew the pursuing gastric juices. So you find some human proteins here, and carbohydrates undigested. You call them *characters*.”

And it is really true. With the increasing constipation of the nation, more and more of the gastric juices have been backing up into Cape Cod. There are Y.M.C.A.

secretaries, Browning Clubs from Winetka, Sicilian gangsters, and the A. & P. In short, America. But somehow they seem to lose their digestive powers as soon as they arrive. The new-comers—even the Summer People—blossom out into characters themselves as soon as they reach an environment where individualism is not penalized. The Cape at the present time is almost exclusively a Summer resort, but it remains itself—which means that it is still very peculiar in many ways.

Of course it is not free from the usual low-voltage life of Summer resorts. You can find plenty of bridge-games with all the players asleep except the dealer. And on the links are plenty of lunch-full four-somes being guided glassy-eyed and unconscious by their caddies from tee to tee. But these are exceptions. Only in a few towns on the Cape does Summer convention rule supreme—Wianno, Craigville, Hyannisport. Here are concentrated the young girls who will come out properly in Milwaukee next Winter if dad gets that mortgage renewed. Here are the prep-school boys hoping to be mistaken for college freshmen. Here are the socially blighted matrons making a fresh start in a place where they are not sufficiently known. Here are the High Church Episcopalians who used to be Baptists. Here are the “clubs” which used to be hotels. In short the usual bored, snappish society of wealthy Americans told to amuse themselves, but not told how.

The rest of the Cape, however, is not like this. It is individual, even eccentric. It doesn't give a hoot for the rules and regulations of Summer bliss. Everyone does pretty much what he likes, and the ingredients are pretty well mixed. There are Boston Brahmins with the ice-crystals showing through their pale skins. There are Bronx clerks enjoying two-week love affairs with Providence typists. There are artists who really paint, and "artists" who merely go swimming without bathing-suits in the moonlight. There are little nests of fairies and little clusters of Theosophists. There are financial magnates huddled round a ticker, and there are shanty-towns where no one has ever had two nickels or hopes to have them. There is an Indian tribe and a Communist cell. There are *New Republic* contributors and Harvard professors. There is a sympathetic environment for everyone. There are towns where no one knows what his neighbor is up to, or makes any effort to find out.

Beneath it all the life of native Cape Cod goes on, as vigorous and picturesque as ever. The people are stiff-necked and independent. Even the poorest have not deteriorated into a servant class. They are not friendly; no New Englanders are. But neither are they intolerant toward visitors. They are individualists who live as they choose and see no reason why the Summer People should not do likewise. There has never been any Prohibition on the Cape. The Massachusetts Blue Laws were never enforced. The gambling joints—which have multiplied recently—are never raided except by the invading State police. The local selectmen enjoy their taxes, and the local cops find employment as bouncers.

To explain this happy state of affairs we shall have to go back into history. But first we must consider the nature of the Summer visitor. He won't delay us long.

The average American on a vacation is a rather negative phenomenon. He is a questing vacuum, like those little contrivances which the scientists send up into the stratosphere to inhale what is or is not there. The vacationing Englishman takes England with him in a suit-case. The Frenchman stays at home because he can't take enough of France. But the American locks up his natural environment like an unwanted cat for fear it may follow him and spoil his fun. He is not looking for a place where he may enjoy his favorite pleasures. He wants to be pumped full of sensations unavailable at home.

This is all very well if the quester gets far enough afield. He comes back from Europe full of cathedrals and history. He comes back from Nassau full of Bacardi and regrets. But if he gets no farther than some domestic Summer resort, his vacuum remains a vacuum, for he finds a place as empty as himself. Most American resorts have no traditions or culture of their own. Maine and New Hampshire were the uttermost bush. The Adirondacks were peopled only by beavers and black flies. Long Island was a republic of ducks and potatoes. The vacationers found that they had to fill these voids as best they could from their own meager supplies of life, and the best they could do was to send back for their bridge-tables, golf-bags, and home-town papers.

But Cape Cod was an exception. It was by no means a vacuum. Its long-standing traditions were strong enough to persist in the face of the annual invasion. The Cape did even better. It made the Summer People over in its own image of peculiarity and individualism. It encouraged them to be themselves. It said in effect, "We've told the rest of America to go to Hell for three hundred years. Go thou and do likewise. We don't care a damn what you do."

The effect was magical. The Summer People did not really *want* to transport the duller, idle features of their life at home. They wanted to experiment, blossom out, escape from various things. But they were not self-starters. They needed the example of loud-speaking indifference. This is a specialty on Cape Cod, where it has been practised for nearly three centuries.

And so we get to history. We shall begin at the beginning to trace the development of the Cape's peculiar tradition, so free from the conformism of other regions.

II

The Cape was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholemew Gosnold, who named it after the fish. He didn't do anything with his discovery. Like Admiral Byrd, he merely went home and wrote a book, promising to pay another visit if the book sold well. It did not.

In 1620 the Pilgrims blundered into Provincetown, thinking they were somewhere else. They took one look and decided that this was not the Promised Land. There was no drinking-water, timber, grass, or even soil. So they sailed away in the fog to Plymouth, an improvement by comparison only, and Provincetown remained obscure until Eugene O'Neill retired to his abandoned Coast Guard station three hundred years later.

The first settlers on the Cape were five families from Saugus who petitioned Plymouth Colony for permission to "sit down" in its territory. They did so at Sandwich in 1637. Others sat down at Yarmouth two years later. Nothing much is known about these early arrivals, but to judge from the records they were not particularly godly. There is much mention of brawling, blaspheming, drunkenness, of three-month babies, of consorting with the

Indians, of the seduction of serving-maids. There seems to have been little of the sober, go-to-meeting spirit which prevailed in the towns to the westward. The Cape preachers were forever being thrown out or left without support. There was a constant coming and going of undesirables who covered the whole range from mild dissidents to would-be pirates.

It was probably the Cape's unique geographical position which gave it this early start toward its later individualism. It was the only section of the country which was behind the battle-line of empire before the battle began. Puritan attention was always attracted in the opposite direction. The Cape was a dead-end road, and these are seldom well policed. It became a backwater, and like many backwaters it was soon recognized as a refuge for all sorts of human odds and ends—races, sects, customs, and attitudes toward life which were not tolerated in the rest of the colony.

The first beneficiaries of its tolerance were the local Wampanoags. In the adjacent regions all the Indians were exterminated completely, in a series of little Holy Wars undertaken for the purpose. But the Cape Codders never saw the point of doing this. From the beginning the two races got along famously. A crop of half-breed babies appeared on the scene almost as soon as the first crop of corn. There are Indians still on the Cape. They have a whole township to themselves in Mashpee. They shoot deer, pick cranberries, fight forest-fires at State expense, and are observed by young ladies from the Rockefeller Foundation Committee on Interracial Doings.

By 1651 the Cape's reputation seems to have been well established, for about this time arrived the Quakers—then the most prominent ants in the pants of the Puritans of Boston. The Friends of those days were

not the plush-bottomed financial spheroids of modern Philadelphia. By no means! Their eyes were wild. Their hair was long. They uttered loud cries at odd moments and spoke in the tongues. They stripped off their clothes and paraded in the nude before Puritan churches. They held unexpurgated early Christian love-feasts. The Puritans didn't like them.

Particularly, the Puritans disliked their method of converting the Indians. The Calvinists were accustomed to proceed with long sermons, dreary hymns, and moral lectures. Naturally, the aborigines seldom responded with much enthusiasm. But the Quakers had a better method. They'd wait until they heard that the Indians were about to hold a religious get-together of their own. Then about a dozen of them, men and women, would go to the village and sit quietly in the background while the Indians got worked up to the proper pitch. Round and round the camp-fire went the Redmen, howling at the tops of their lungs, tomahawks waving, feathers flying off into the huckleberry bushes, and the Great Spirit presiding over it all.

The Quakers would sit quietly, cold sober, with confident smiles on their faces. At length, when the party had reached its height and was beginning to peter off, they would leap to their feet and cry that the Redmen had seen practically nothing yet. And the exhibition they put on, then and there, was conclusive proof that Jehovah was greater than the Great Spirit. They'd froth at the mouth, fall to the ground in fits, bark like dogs, squall like mountain lions, turn hand-springs around the fire, and leap through the flames, clothes ablaze and long hair streaming out behind.

When the Indians recovered from their astonishment, they'd join in this new and higher type of religious ecstasy—maybe

achieve a few satisfactory fits themselves. Before dawn the whole tribe was convinced that there was more to the white man's religion than they had been led to believe. They would all become Christians and begin pestering the Quakers to organize another fiesta. Naturally, the next Puritan divine to arrive with his Bible and prayer-book was terribly embarrassed to find what the new converts expected of him.

Such were the Quakers. In Boston they were pilloried, hanged, sold as slaves. In Plymouth they were driven out of town with horse-whips. In the other godly towns of Massachusetts they were chivvied around like nudists at a tailors' convention. For a while they rather enjoyed these experiences, but presently the novelty wore off and they began to look for a little peace and quiet.

They found it on Cape Cod. To the east of the uninhabited Plymouth woods religion had lost its sting. The thunder of the Boston preachers was only faintly heard. The Cape Codders were non-conforming individualists only too glad to let others alone on condition of being let alone themselves. The Quakers were welcomed, or at least not bothered. They settled mostly in Sandwich, Barnstable, and Nantucket.

Of course the Boston and Plymouth authorities did not forget them by any means. Laws were passed making crimes of their mildest customs. There was even a large fine for "harboring a Quaker". But Boston was far away, and Plymouth was feeble. The local people did their best to hinder the central authorities, even to "assaulting the constables". So the Quakers managed to maintain themselves until they found a protector in Andros, the royal Governor, who was delighted to befriend anyone the Puritans did not like.

Gradually the sect grew milder. The calmer members dribbled away to Philadelphia to become bank presidents and college trustees. The more adventurous gathered on Nantucket to become the Captains Ahab, Bildad, and Peleg of "Moby Dick." A few remained in East Sandwich, and their meeting-house still stands, a beautiful old building on a pine knoll, unused, but kept in repair by contributions from Philadelphia.

The Quakers were only the first of a long series of "wanted" and unwanted groups to take refuge on Cape Cod. The expulsion of the French from Nova Scotia yielded the Cape a small dividend of panting Arcadians. Then later came the Tories, fleeing from the triumphant hoodlums of Boston. The Cape allowed them to settle in peace. It had remained more or less neutral during the war, and it saw no reason why it should become patriotic as soon as the war was over.

On the heels of the Tories came an even more unpopular group—Hessian deserters who had missed their normal sanctuary with the Pennsylvania Dutch. They had been chased breathlessly around New England, driven from town to town like Gypsies until they finally settled with the Indians at Mashpee, that refuge of refuges where neither race, religion, nationality, or previous condition of penal servitude made the slightest difference.

III

But it was not groups which gave the Cape its character. A region inhabited by tight little nodules may be astonishingly intolerant, no matter how contrasting its spectrum may be. The Cape's dominant characteristic of individualism was acquired from the sea, to which the inhabitants were soon driven for a living.

There is soil on the Cape in certain places, but it is seldom more than three inches deep. Below lies sand, as pure, sharp, and sterile as when it was dumped by the glacier. It will grow excellent crops under modern conditions, but in the days before chemical fertilizers and legumes it would quickly surrender to poverty-grass and bear-berries. Even that odd sort of agriculture, cranberry growing, did not develop until late in the Nineteenth Century. So the people took to the sea, grew the legendary web-feet of the Cape Codders, and were said by the mainlanders to have a fishy odor, like shore-birds and seagulls.

The most extreme of these seafaring communities were Provincetown and Nantucket. Provincetown, on the barren, wind-swept tip of the Cape, was nothing but a harbor surrounded by the minimum of land. There was no soil whatever. The dooryard flower gardens were brought from Boston by sea and fertilized with fish-heads. There was only one real street, and that was rarely used, for the inhabitants preferred to do their circulating in dories at high tide. The cows were fed largely on fish, which gave their milk a good amount of vitamin A, but a peculiar flavor. The drinking water was faintly brackish all the time and strongly salt when a storm had blown in spray.

The Provincetowners themselves were a strange race of amphibians. Like the albatrosses and Mother Carey's chickens they came ashore only to breed. They stayed in their boats most of the time. They paid their minister in sea-weed. They chewed specially cured cod-fish instead of gum, and talked a dialect almost incomprehensible on the mainland. Some of their fish they sold in Boston, but the larger boats thought nothing of setting off for Portugal or the West Indies in search of a better market.

Nantucket went even further. Her whalers beat the albatrosses at their own game by coming ashore only once in three years. The island had practically no social or economic connections with any country. It gathered its oil and whale-bone all over the world and sold them wherever the price was good. The Nantucketers called all non-residents "off-islanders" indiscriminately, whether they came from New York or Hamburg. At one time they considered seriously loading the whole establishment on ships and moving to an island off the coast of France. The only reason they did not do so was their fear of being conscripted into the French navy. They could have moved to Fiji without economic dislocation.

These two communities were the extremes, but the rest of the Cape towns resembled them in varying degrees. They all depended more or less on the sea for a living. Some specialized in fishing, some in whaling, some in boat-building. Yarmouth made salt from sea-water by a peculiar process of its own invention. Barnstable had a custom-house and a considerable foreign trade. And from all the towns young men went to Boston or Salem, to sail in ships too big for Cape harbors and to come back only to marry, reproduce, and die.

This sea-faring life had a profound effect on the Cape Cod character, for seamen are alike in one particular. They all possess a peculiar combination of fractiousness and toleration which makes them very hard to influence and little inclined to influence others. They are not convinced that any special set of manners and convictions is the only proper one. They don't stay home long enough to get indoctrinated. They see too many foreign countries and sample too many ways of life to be easily shocked by unorthodox behavior.

Men who have rowed beside Maoris and burned up the town in Shanghai or Bahia are not apt to worry about predestination or ask if their neighbor has a marriage certificate.

The news soon got around, and early the Cape became a resting-place for the human flotsam and jetsam of sea and land, for all sorts of odd individuals who would have had a tough time keeping out of jail on the mainland. There were some with eccentric religious convictions and some with no religion at all. There were hermits and squaw-men. There were ministers fallen from grace and deserters from the King's navy. There were bigamists and absconding debtors. There were respectable captains who had made their fortunes, and elderly common sailors looking only for a peaceful place to die. The Cape received them all alike. Sea-farers do not pry into the pasts of their shipmates. They have been too many places and done too many things.

There was, for example, the ship-chandler who limped into port after a life-time spent on the China coast. With him were two elderly Chinese wives. Neither he nor they caused the slightest ripple in the quiet town of his retirement. The neighbors knew Eastern life themselves. Eventually he flipped a coin on the counter of the general store to decide which of the Chinese ladies should be the housekeeper, which the wife.

Then there was the sea captain blighted in youth who spent his old age carving wooden images of a long-dead sweetheart. At night he went out with a lantern to bury them in the salt marsh behind his house, followed by small boys who dug them up. He was considered a respectable citizen, even if his images were rather Hindu in appearance, and he lived and died in good standing.

In one of the towns lived an enterprising atheist. This was nothing unusual, even in the early days. The Puritan theocracy never became established on Cape Cod. But this particular atheist was more active than most. He was well-fixed financially, and he offered to endow the local church on condition that he be allowed to preach one Sunday a year from its pulpit. The offer was refused with indignation. Whereupon the atheist bought the land across the street and built a chicken-house exactly like the church in miniature, bell and all.

Every Sunday, when the church-bell called the people to worship, he would ring the chicken-house bell and go within to preach to the chickens. When the church-door opened after the service, he would drive the chickens out, cackling and fluttering, to join the procession. Whenever the church was painted, he would paint the chicken-house. Whenever the deacons met to consider their problems, he would assemble a select group of elderly, scrawny roosters and hold a confab of his own. One night the church caught fire. The atheist came running, delighted to see that the fire was well beyond control. He conferred with fellow-spirits for a moment; then set fire to the chicken-house and burned it up, chickens and all.

In the nearby depths of the Cape's small interior the Wampanoag metropolis of Mashpee continued (and continues to this day) in all its glory. Just before the Civil War its racial blend was further enriched by Negro slaves swimming ashore from ships becalmed in Vineyard Sound. They knew a first-rate sanctuary when they saw one.

Mashpee had few visible means of support and did not seem to feel their lack. Its manners were free and its morals the same. Its tribal pow-wows—officially called

town-meetings—were apt to end in joyous and bloody free-for-alls. It tossed its Congregational minister in a beautiful parabola through the church door on going over to the Baptist faith. It resisted the game laws with complete success. It welcomed hardy merrymakers from the surrounding towns and sent them back home with an exhausted and satisfied look in their eyes.

But conspicuous eccentrics do not set the tone of a society. More important are the quiet, numerous people who can make a region as drab as a dirt road if they choose to plug for social uniformity. The Cape Codders did not choose. It never occurred to them that such uniformity was necessary. They were not group-minded. There was no civic spirit. When an ambitious alien, perhaps a new minister, tried to organize some little crusade, "interest the young people", and so forth, he always came up against such a barrier of balky cantankerousness that his effort died before it got to first base.

IV

Such was the set-up which welcomed the Summer People, although welcomed is hardly the word. If the visitors had come in a single large rush, perhaps they might have overwhelmed the Cape and erased its tradition. Or perhaps they might have congealed into compact groups unaffected by the native environment. But the invasion began with a mere trickle.

The first-comers absorbed the native spirit and passed it on to the others. No hard-and-fast boundaries developed. In the older and larger towns the upper-class natives were amply able, socially and culturally, to hold their own with the most uplifted of the new-comers. A few places—Wianno, Craigville—were almost unin-

habited, and so developed into conventional resorts. But in most of the other towns the native influence made itself strongly felt. The Summer People delighted in calling themselves Cape Codders, in making their houses look like native houses, in affecting the native customs and habits of speech.

Then later, when the trickle grew to an annual deluge, the first-arrived, already influenced, passed on their spirit to the newcomers. So even towns absolutely dominated by Summer People have inherited a large amount of the Cape's original individualism. There is still no group spirit. They are not dominated by country clubs or beach clubs. There are no sets. None of the social mechanism which makes most resorts so desperately dull. The people follow their own natural interests. If they have none when they arrive, they are often stimulated to find some. The most unlikely people start playing with the arts. Once in a while a picture sells or a book is published.

The future of Cape Cod as a civilized resort looks very good today. One of the most encouraging signs is the lack of a fashionable center with publicity value—such as Southampton or Newport. Those few hopefuls who come to the Cape for the purpose of transmuting money into social position have been very poorly advised. There are plenty of families whose names make powerful magic in Boston or New York; they cluster especially thick in Cotuit, Falmouth, and on the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay. But they do not intend to be exploited for publicity purposes and have developed a very adequate defense. They keep so quiet that the outsider need never know that they exist. The two or three resorts which play the social-publicity game do not do it very well. They are inhabited only by yearners,

whistling to keep up their courage. Not even the Boston papers send photographers.

This lack of a fashionable focal point frees Cape Codders from all social inferiority complexes. There is no highly advertised exclusiveness to worry the women-folks. Another good omen for the Cape's future is the fact that its heterogeneity is increasing rather than diminishing. Provincetown gets more raucous and bohemian every year. Falmouth becomes more calm and cultured. Oyster Harbors more plutocratic. From the exquisite old town of Barnstable it is only a short drive to what is probably the most elaborate gambling casino in America. The Conde-Nast-ism of Hyannisport is only a mile from the honky-tonks of Mill Hill. The neighbors of Justice Brandeis at Chatham may drive to Provincetown in less than an hour and see the friends of Maxwell Bodenheim at play.

But the best omen of all is the perfectly preserved individualism of the native Cape Codders. A stout lady gets out of a Lincoln and puffs up a short path of hollyhocks to the blue door of a colonial cottage. She knocks. An angular woman appears. This is the opening of an act which has extinguished the self-respect of many.

"Do let me come in and see your house," coos the stout lady. "I love old houses so. I want to see how the real Cape Codders live. I've heard so much about it. And maybe you have some antiques to show me. I'm looking for a few lovely old things to take back to Grand Rapids."

There is a moment of frozen silence while the stout lady draws breath and the angular woman in the checked apron gets a good grip on the china door-knob.

"No! We don't want no fish today."

Slam!

That is the best sign of all.

MURDER STORY

BY H. L. DAVIS

THE Columbia river wheat-town where I grew up was a quarter-section of close-grouped board houses on a naked rocky hillside that sloped, treeless and without vegetation enough to show through the dust, down to the big warehouse-dock where sternwheel steamboats snubbed in to load grain for the deep-water ports downstream.

It was not much on looks, being short on color and long on bucksaw architecture; but it had the name, which the townspeople did their best to keep for it, of being the quietest, most up-to-date and most business-like shipping-center on the entire river. Even its red-light houses locked their pianos and squelched all upper-register conversation after eleven at night, and any stray wheat-hauler who shot at the municipal fire-bell, or took the brakes off a loose freight-wagon to see it roll, went to the cooler with galloping promptness.

This anti-sportiveness platform was all right for the townspeople, who had regular work to do and regular hours to keep; but it didn't set so well with visiting sheep-tenders and river-hands, for their jobs kept them so far from unnecessary disturbance that they got homesick for it. Generally, they stayed in town a day and then moved down on the beach outside the city limits, where a perpetual drift of transient harvesters, deckhands, hoboos, fish-Indians, scow-boaters, gamblers and denatured-alcohol peddlers ran frivolity

so high that they averaged three fights a night, a couple of shootings a month, and about the same level of earnest devotion to honest commerce that one would find in a nest of half-grown bobcats.

The beach-camp limit was within yelling-distance of town, but the townspeople never paid any attention to the grist of stabbings, gougings, whisker-pullings and homicides that went on below them until one Summer, when a slabwood scow-boss named Abe Lightner got hauled in for killing a river-hustler and had his defense taken up, as part of a civic-patriotism movement, by a raw, splintery young saw-mill-town down-river which claimed him as an inhabitant. Then, though the courtroom was stuffy, the heat ferocious, and the case itself not much different from a dozen other beach-shootings that had gone totally unnoticed, the whole wheat-town population knocked off work to watch the trial and make sure the jury didn't get dazzled by outside talent into turning Lightner loose.

No such feverish interest in a court-case had ever been shown before in that country. Business stopped, freight piled up on the dock, the red-light houses lifted their embargo on late arguments because all their customers insisted on threshing out points of law and evidence, and the courtroom foundations sagged two feet under the weight of citizens who jammed and steamed in it from ten in the morning till twelve at night for days.

Not a lick of their feeling was personal. They didn't care whether the river-boomers killed one another or not, and they knew nothing about Lightner except that he looked simple, bothered nobody, and seemed totally harmless and useless. He wasn't even a member of any radical political party, not having been around enough to find out that there were such things. In brief, there was nothing about him and nothing about what he had done that the wheat-town really wanted him hung for. They wanted him hung simply because the sawmill-town wanted him let off.

II

The case got started, without anybody caring much about it, by a river-flat farmer who stamped into the wheat-town sheriff's office where I worked, dragging with him a tousle-headed hobo with a scratched face and a restive expression. He introduced himself by remarking that we were certainly keeping the country law-abiding, like hell, and then ordered the hobo to tell his story and be damned sure he told it right. The hobo took a chair, wiggled himself comfortable, and sailed in.

He and his partner, he explained, had been laid off at the down-river sawmill, and they had accepted the offer of a ride to the harvest-country from a big scow-punk named Abe, who was heading upstream with a load of slabs. They rode along, helping with the steering-sweep which weighed a ton and with the sail which weighed ten, until they raised some sand-flats a few miles below town, and the scow-punk announced that they would tie up and row in to a farm where they could buy something to drink. It was pretty near dark, and there was no sign of any farm ashore; but the scow-punk

looked too simple to lie, and they did need a drink powerfully, so the three of them piled into the rowboat and started after one.

The scow-punk did the rowing, with the two partners ahead in the bow. When the boat rubbed ground, he dropped the oars, yanked a gun, said something about wanting money, and shot the man next to him. The other hobo took a poke at him with the boat-hook, and then jumped out and ran like hell, and the scow-punk, after a couple of shots after him, climbed out and chased him. The hobo hid in sand-holes and briar-patches, and ran again until, so tired that the seat of his pants dragged his tracks, he found a farmhouse, explained about himself, and got a bed for the night. It would have suited him all right if rural hospitality had ended there, but the farmer refused to let him go without telling his sufferings to the authorities. Now that he had done it, he would like to go on about his business without any red tape or trouble with anybody.

The farmer's corroboration was tepid, but trustworthy so far as it went. He guaranteed nothing about his guest's story except that it jibed with the one he had told at the farmhouse. He did know that there had been some shooting on the river about dark, and that, driving into town, he had almost run over a dead man on the beach close to the main mail-road. He had nothing to say about our inability to keep these beach-hustlers from getting killed, but he did think it neglectful to leave them lying in the road where they would scare farm-kids on the way to school. With that shot, he left, and the hobo remarked again that he would like to leave too.

It was wasteful not to let him. The case could mean nothing to the taxpayers, and following it up was certain to cost them considerable money. And yet, the dead

man had to be got rid of, and we couldn't do it by merely digging a hole and rolling him into it. He had to be turned over to the coroner, who would hand a verdict of homicide to the district attorney. Then the case would go to the justice court, back to the grand jury, and, finally, to the circuit court. Every one of these steps would mean expense, and not one of them could be legally avoided. So the sheriff locked the hobo in jail as a material witness, sent a wagon after the dead river-hustler, and shipped the rest of his force down-river to herd in a scow-punk named Abe.

Herding him was not difficult. The sawmill had a record of slabwood consigned on a scow belonging to Abraham Lightner, who lived on a beach-homestead below the sawmill-town and could be reached by telephone. We called, and his wife answered right up. Her husband had just got in, and, though he had told her nothing, she judged by his looks that he had been up to something underhanded. She offered, in case she found out what it was, to call us up and split with us, which was more than neighborly, considering that she had no notion who she was talking to.

She meant it, though, for she started right in on him before the receiver was hung up, and, though it took us two hours getting from town to his homestead, she was still flaxing him with accusations when we pulled in. She was a plumpish woman with pink cheeks and a pleasant expression which didn't alter, no matter how mad she got. The only way of telling when she was in a temper was by her voice, which sounded like some kind of machine for sharpening tacks.

Her husband was a big, sulky-looking man, with a combined knot-headedness and sensitiveness that only life on a one-man river-scow could have kept so long

in the world. He probably felt fairly comfortable at his work, because the job of pulling a steering-sweep didn't require him to know the alphabet, or who was President, or how to tell time, or where the Atlantic Ocean was. With people around, it was harder. He couldn't acquire the commonest scrap of learning, because his mind simply hadn't been chambered for it; but he could feel touchy about his ignorance, and he did, almost to the point of insanity.

His one way of concealing it when cornered was to clamp his mouth shut, look sullen, and let on that he was too insulted to answer questions. His wife yanked him and called him a betrayer, not worth the shoe-track of the man she had divorced to marry him, and he humped his shoulders and looked dark. We explained what we had come for, and he pulled away from her, got his hat, and went out and climbed in the wagon.

His hurt silence was impressive, as if he was saving up something to spring on us that would make us look plumb idiotic. But he never sprung it, and his bashful dread of exposing his ignorance stalled business in two good-sized towns for a month, upset their politics for good, cost the wheat-county taxpayers \$10,000 in trial-expenses and twice that in worn-out nerves, and got Lightner himself shipped off to the penitentiary to hang for a crime he hadn't committed and hadn't even been tried for.

III

The district attorney in our town was a sort of string-tie politician by nature, with a good resonant voice, a bold flow of flavorless language, and an ambition to get into Congress by the time he was fifty. It was nery of him, for, in that great

Western land of opportunity, fifty was considered as much too young for a congressman as fifteen was for a bartender. But he worked at it, joining lodges, lecturing grange-picnics, and flogging big hunks of oratory into delinquent high-school boys and back-door saloonkeepers as if they had knifed the Muse of Civilization right in the brisket. He didn't want to prosecute Lightner, because a river-tramp shooting wouldn't furnish him any campaign-material; but he couldn't very well duck the coroner's verdict of homicide, so he hustled through the preliminaries, got his indictment, had an old land-office lawyer appointed to conduct some kind of defence, and sat back to work on other cases that his constituents could really take an interest in.

He didn't sit back long. The old land-office lawyer couldn't get anything out of Lightner, and he decided to rummage the sawmill-town for a few character-witnesses to make a showing. His rummaging stirred up curiosity, Mrs. Lightner added to it by telling around how her husband had disgraced her, and the news got, only two days before the trial, to the one man in the country who saw what a real double-gear'd career-builder the case could be made into.

This was a wispy little tramp-lawyer who had set up in the sawmill-town without money, connections, prospects, or anything except a carnivorous determination to land himself a respectable job with a steady income, no matter how many hamstrings he busted doing it. He hadn't been in the place long, but he was smart enough—or hungry enough—to see the Lightner trial as his chance with the public, and to pick out the one issue in it that was bound to fetch them. He got his statement into the sawmill-paper in the morning, and by night everybody in town was lay-

ing for him on his way home to see what such a high-principled man looked like.

The statement wasn't high literature, but it certainly was a wicked brand of strategy. Whether Lightner was guilty or not, it began, was none of the writer's concern. What did matter, and what ought to matter to every civic-minded sawmill-towner, was that one of themselves—a neighbor, with whom, no doubt, many of them had worked shoulder to shoulder on the slab-dump—was fighting for his life in a lonely, far-off jail, among strangers who cared nothing about him except to get his case cleared off the docket and be done with it.

That sort of treatment would do well enough for a man from some fifth-rate cow-wallow in the desert; but Lightner belonged to a community of a different sort, and it was time outsiders were finding out what the difference was. They needed to be shown that a man from the sawmill-town was to be treated like a man, no matter where he went or how friendless he appeared, and that he was not to be shotgunned through a hurry-up hanging-mill like a cocklebur'd horse in a loading-chute. As for himself, the lawyer wound up, he was leaving on the morning boat for the wheat-town to donate his services, free, voluntarily and for nothing, to Lightner's defence. Expensive it might be, but he would do it if it broke him.

Nobody in the sawmill-town would have donated a dime to keep Lightner from being hung, or even, according to men who had bummed there, to pay for an injunction against his crucifixion; but the place was new, slightly wildcattish, and extremely touchy about its standing among older communities, and the little lawyer had pulled exactly the right tap. Before the day was out, he had a contributed defence-fund of nearly \$1000, he

had shut Mrs. Lightner up and started her packing to rush to her husband's side, and he had collected a squad of twenty reliable witnesses who were prepared, for a two-weeks' vacation with all expenses guaranteed, to make oath that Lightner was a kind husband, an industrious slab-piler, and a man who had never killed or tried to kill anybody in all the years they had known him. He also brought in Mrs. Lightner's divorced husband, a stoop-shouldered little pack-boat owner.

IV

The wheat-town was soothing along in its usual pre-harvest calm when the little lawyer herded his picnicky rollickers off the boat, and, if he had paraded the whole bunch through the middle of town stark naked, the effect couldn't have been more thunderous or annoying. The expedition had been intended to establish the fact that the sawmill-town was important, but it was taken as a pointed intimation that the wheat-town was unable, without help, to give an unknown prisoner a fair trial.

Everybody felt mad about it, and the district attorney felt the maddest, because he was the worst scared. He had no grudge against Lightner, but he couldn't afford, after a twenty-year buildup with his constituents, to have his own courtroom mobbed and his own jury taken away from him by an unknown shyster from a boom-time sawdust-pile. He spent half the night coaching the hobo in his testimony, and the rest of it organizing his case to show that Lightner had operated his scow for years with the idea that it might come in handy to murder somebody on.

He worked fast, frantically and tolerably well, but most of his labor went to waste, for the sawmill-lawyer had also failed to make Lightner talk, and had been

obliged to switch his defense. He had intended to present Lightner as a solid, land-holding citizen, dragged from his business and placed in jeopardy of his neck on the unsupported word of a stray hobo. But it would have been ridiculous to preach about the outraged respectability of a man who refused to do anything except sulk and stare at his feet. A new line was necessary, and it had to meet a tough set of requirements.

There had to be frequent boosts for the sawmill-town's loyalty, neighborliness and civic unity; some kind of court-appearance had to be worked in for all of the twenty-odd witnesses; and the whole case had to be kept plausible, dignified and respectable. The little lawyer could think of only one move that filled the bill. That was to concede everything the State claimed, and then to prove that the sawmill-town had always regarded Lightner with pitying compassion because he was insane.

It was a ticklish case to risk a man's neck on before a country jury, but there were advantages. Being new, it would be sensational; being unexpected, it would probably make the district attorney look like a hay-baler and the opposing counsel, by natural contrast, like a brainy man. So the little lawyer ordered his witnesses to start recollecting times when Lightner had acted strange, persuaded Mrs. Lightner to sell her husband's scow for extraordinary expenses, and sent to San Francisco for a registered psychiatrist at \$100 a day and found.

He didn't go near Lightner, and he didn't even look over his jury-list. The case was already all over the country, and whatever kind of defence he put up was certain to get him talked about. Win or lose, he was over the hump.

The district attorney had no such comfortable prospect in front of him, but he

didn't dare lose, because it would knock his whole future smack in the head.

He prepared his case with the carefulness of desperation. Every hole in the evidence was patched, every particle of it was squeezed to the last drop of meanness. When Lightner looked troubled over being called so many long words, it was pointed out that he felt sorry because he hadn't killed two men instead of one; and when he looked indifferent, he got denounced for not caring a toot how many he killed. Mrs. Lightner would have been a much better defendant, for she cried, screamed, and had to be held down by her divorced husband, who still looked worried. The other defence witnesses were much less uneasy and much less polite about it, and the townspeople resented their jubilant snickering behind their hands too deeply to care whether Mrs. Lightner felt bad or not.

The opening for the defence was the biggest event the country had seen since the Bannock Indians jumped the reservation. The sawmill-town ran a special boat-excursion to take it in, and the courtroom and the streets outside were so packed that the judge, jury, prisoner, witnesses and lawyers had to be butted through behind a flying-wedge of special deputies. The temperature was 112 in the courtroom, and the little lawyer had his face clawed and his best clothes ruined; but nothing stopped him. His examination of sanity-witnesses lasted eight days, and proved, to the entertainment of the sawmill-town rooting-section and the disapproval of everybody else, that Lightner's queerness had ranged all the way from eating raw beefsteak to wearing his pants hindside-to.

All the witnesses enjoyed their public appearance hugely, and, when they were all through and the district attorney had frayed himself into a palsy yelling at them,

the little lawyer called the psychiatrist to the stand, packed all the testimony of both sides into the legal shenanigan known as a hypothetical question, and fed it to them all over again. It took four days to read, it included everything that had appeared in evidence and a lot that hadn't, and it ended with the inquiry whether, in the psychiatrist's opinion, a man who had done all that could be in his right mind.

The psychiatrist, who had made several hundred dollars by sitting in a chair and smirking at women in the crowd, said no, and the district attorney was so outraged at hearing his own evidence read back at him by the opposing side that he totally forgot to ask if insanity was a characteristic of a man who, though illiterate, had accumulated a wife, a wood-scrowing business, and a half-section of farm-land with house, barn, livestock, outbuildings, and a piped water-supply. He yelled, insulted the psychiatrist, and made a speech about his unsullied record of public service, and the defence rested.

The district attorney's closing argument lasted two days and nights. At times he was so hoarse he couldn't be heard, and at others he got frantic and yelled so loud as to stop the milk-yield of dairy cattle clear on the other side of town. He proved that Lightner was a master criminal and the dead river-hustler a kindly, fun-loving man who had been wantonly slaughtered and brutally dumped on a desolate beach-road to lie exposed to the night air, dead, unsheltered and alone. It was a seat-jarring piece of eloquence, and people who wouldn't have given the hustler a night's lodging in the family haymow felt so bad about his post-mortem rooflessness that they could hardly hold still.

The little lawyer's summing-up was less tearful and more snippy. It was not the custom in civilized countries, he remarked,

to hold an insane man responsible for his acts, however brutal the narrow-minded voice of backwater intolerance might make them out to be. The jurors were there to judge, not a crime, but a man accused of a crime. They must try to overcome their backward notions, and think of his case as one for charity, not vengeance. They must take a look at all his friends and neighbors, who had left their work and their pleasant homes to say a good word for him, and at Mrs. Lightner, fighting gallantly by his side, sustained by the esteem of the entire sawmill-town population, which knew, if other towns didn't, how to make allowances for human weaknesses. The sawmill rooting-section almost broke through the floor cheering him when he got through, and the jury, having stayed out ten hours to show people that they understood the importance of the case, brought in a verdict of first-degree murder.

They could hardly have done anything else, after all the kinds of hayseedism that the little lawyer had hinted against them, but the district attorney was so prostrated by relief that he had to be helped from the courtroom. The effect on Lightner was less spectacular. He simply stood up when the judge told him to, and sat down again when the sheriff yanked his coat-tail. The little lawyer was equally unfeared, and, having given notice of appeal, he helped Mrs. Lightner's divorced husband lead her out into the air as if he were rescuing her from the main corral at an auction of uneducated mules.

The sawmill delegation was as high-spirited as if their side had won, and they almost started a riot by ganging outside the courtroom and crowning each juror with a bunch of hay as he emerged. The courtroom deputies marched them down to the boat, and they left carrying with

them an announcement from the little lawyer that, though work on the appeal would detain him for a few days, he intended to run in the Fall election for district attorney, and he hoped the sawmill-town realized, as the more backward communities did not, the advantage of electing a man with a known record for humanity, up-to-dateness, and loyalty to his constituents.

V

The Lightner appeal didn't get very far. The little lawyer's preparation for it consisted of trying to persuade Mrs. Lightner to sell her husband's land for extraordinary expenses. She refused, so he went home to electioneer, and we heard no more of the case until Lightner was brought back from the State penitentiary to be sentenced.

It was a lonesome ceremony, for this time there was no courtroom audience at all. Everybody knew it was going on, because the newspaper had announced it, but nobody came. Mrs. Lightner wasn't there, because she was closing up her ranch to go back to her first husband. The only lawyer present was the old land-office attorney, still sticking because the county was paying him \$50 as public-defender fees, and he felt bound to do something to earn it. Besides him, there were the judge, the court clerk, a guard from the sheriff's office, and Lightner himself.

The penitentiary had changed Lightner almost beyond recognition. It wasn't usual in those times to think of a State's prison as a manhood-builder, particularly when the man was in it to be hung; but it was one place where people didn't expect him to know things he couldn't learn or understand things he couldn't get through his head. The novelty of being out-and-out ignorant without throwing his hearers

into a convulsion had given him real dignity. To help out, he had something to say, he knew that he was going to be allowed to say it without coaching or interruption, and he had a whole courtroom all to himself to say it in. When the judge invited him to go ahead, he stood up and went straight at it.

"It's too late for me to go clear, and I know it," he told the judge. "I don't care about that, because there's nothing for me to go back to. But this is the first chance I've had to talk without somebody pickin' on me from one side and somebody tellin' me what to say from the other, and I'm goin' to take it. I don't kill people for fun like one of them lawyers said, and I ain't crazy like the other one said. I'm goin' to tell you what happened the night that hustler got killed, and if you don't believe me you can all go plumb to Hell."

He told them. That he told the truth, nobody who heard him could doubt. He had no talent for invention, and his story fitted all the facts as no made-up yarn could have done. He hadn't invited the two hoboos aboard his scow as the State claimed. They had invited themselves, he had let them on because he couldn't think of an excuse not to, and they had brought along a two-gallon demijohn of system-building tonic, which they finished between them in two days.

Then they whooped, fought, stripped naked and did calisthenics on the rigging, and talked seriously about turning the scow into a pirate ship and making steamboat-passengers walk the plank, until he got scared and decided to set them ashore. The only way he could do it was to promise them whiskey at a farm; but when the boat grounded with no farm in sight, they got suspicious, ordered him to row back to the scow, and jumped him. He shot one, let off a couple more shots

to make the other one run, and pulled back to his scow. That was all. He didn't like to kill people, and he hadn't intended to rob them. Why should he, when he knew that neither of them had the price of a two-dollar ticket up-river on the steamboat?

"They told me at the pen that I ort to told this at the trial," he said. "When did I git a chance to? Some of them lawyers was for me and some was against me, but they'd all come down to the jail and tell me they was my friends, and how did I know who lied and who didn't? Nobody would have believed me anyhow, and I don't care. I've lost my scow and my business and my land and my wife. . . ."

He sat down. It seemed odd that the loss of his wife should have represented the culmination of all tragedy to him, for he obviously didn't get much comfort out of having her around. Probably she was a kind of title to respectability, like land and an established business. It wasn't every man of his standing who could manage to get a wife.

The judge, after a minute or two, remarked that he hoped everybody, including the prisoner, understood that the penalty in this case was fixed by law, and that he could neither alter it nor evade the duty of pronouncing it. The new evidence was scarcely enough to order a retrial on, since on paper it amounted merely to a statement by the prisoner that he hadn't done what they had cinched him for doing. But, if anybody could afford time and funds to bring the case before the State Pardoning Board, he would willingly put his name to a recommendation for lenity. Meantime—

It was a good deal like offering to write his autograph on the court-house ceiling, if somebody would kindly turn the building wrongside up for a few minutes so he

could get at it conveniently. The old land-office lawyer explained that he had tried to interest pro-Lightner men in getting the hanging called off, but that since the trial he hadn't been able to find any. If Lightner had been an anarchist, or a New Thoughter, or a Day-of-Doomist, or something, he might have managed to raise some kind of backing for himself. Unfortunately, he wasn't anything except a talking-point in the district attorney's campaign for Congress, and only one of a list of convictions in that. He went out of the courtroom and back to the penitentiary to be hung, leaving us, as I had felt from the first he would, feeling like a bunch of idiots.

VI

Even the courtroom retainers had forgotten about him when, a year later, he walked in and shook hands all round. He was back at scowing slabwood again, and he had got pardoned. It was on account, he explained, of his wife.

"Not on account of any work she done," he said. "My wife don't mix into this court business, and no decent woman ort to. But she went back to live with her first husband, and he couldn't git along with

her. So he put up money and hired lawyers and got me pardoned out for her to come back to. They got me loose the week I was to be hung, and I bought my scow back on time the week afterwards."

He took our congratulations with dignified relish, for he had been scowing slabwood into the wheat-town for three months without any of the townspeople even recognizing him. Congratulations hardly seemed enough, considering what the poor cuss had been through. It was hair-curling to hear him talk easily about getting let off, and to realize how close he had come, simply through not amounting to anything, to not getting let off at all. One would have expected his knees to bat together whenever he thought of it, and, instead, he looked better and sassier than we had ever seen him. The penitentiary had helped his confidence, of course, but what helped more was his discovery of a special gift that put him, not merely even with other people, but away to hellangone out past them.

"There's mighty few men that's got the practice and character to git along with that wife of mine," he told us. "Mighty few men besides me could do it, and it took a thing like this to make people find it out."

NOSTALGIA FOR THE VIENNA WOODS

BY WHIT BURNETT

"**I**T would perhaps be better all around," said Karel Čapek, looking right through me, "if America would just occupy the Continent, and make a National Park of it. Take it over, you know, and let us quaint aboriginals live our odd and fantastic lives as we have always been."

At the time—this was a few years ago, when Americans were tourists and everybody was a millionaire—it seemed like a pretty good idea. Mr. Čapek, who writes the Robot pieces, can be sarcastic. I was interviewing him. "Perhaps you are right," I agreed. "Maybe then some of the things over here would work. When you tried to open a door it would open. When you got into an elevator it wouldn't get stuck for half a day between floors." But Mr. Čapek was not at one with me on that. "What you Americans do not realize is that possibly some Europeans *like* to have things around them that don't work. There are a lot of things in the world beside efficiency."

At this interview, I recall, I was rather young in Europe. In all now, nearly seven of my years have been passed abroad, from Paris to Moscow, from London to Ankara, from Vienna and Prague to Majorca and Cadiz. I no longer think it would be a good thing to take over Europe for an American National Park. I have just returned to my native land. It is, it seems to me, a rather flat and dreary native land. Even the pother about the

glories of the New Deal beer has failed to impress me. I have, alas, smacked too well of the old.

I do not think a Dubois Fence & Garden Company Rustic Hofbrau Garten, with dance floor 40 by 60, with covered well, artificial bridge and other quaint rustic surroundings at \$7,750 laid down, will ever cause my heart to beat with sad sweet Old World poetry; nor has the annual feature photo of the cherry trees abloom in Washington made me one with nature, as it should. I have read Bob Brown's "Return to the States" and I too have revelled in the lusciousness of corn, canned corn, of strawberries in New York in January, and in the cheapness of certain other elements of the cuisine which in Europe cost us all a pretty penny because they were so special to America, and so exotic and so dear when imported into France and Austria.

But canned food, like efficiency, is not all. . . . I have been losing a lot of time remembering fruitlessly the far green hills of Austria. Vienna when the Summer comes. The Wienerwald, non-productive and perfect. The good, authentic woodland inns. The beer and skittles. The sweet innumerable niceties of life in an inefficient city dying on its feet. The almost inexpressible quietude and charm of the leisurely inanition of the *schöne Stadt* Wien.

No city in Europe seems to me to be more antithetical to the ordinary impulses

of the American. It has none of the national enthusiasm, the successful get-there that one can find in even Mr. Čapek's Prague. Nowhere is the tempo of life more slowed down, not even in Spain. No air is more lifeless, more lulling to the speed and verve of an American. No manners are more graceful and no people are much poorer than one finds in Vienna. Indeed, because of this slowing down, this lack of hope, life in Vienna, up to a point, is simply nervous irritation: nothing works. *After* that point, however, nothing matters.

Vienna is still the world's focal point of the frivolous attitude: only the little things count. Life in the large is too much bother. When it gets too difficult, suicide. Up to then, one has always one's café. And on the sunny days of Summer, or the clear ones of Winter, there are forever the woods and the hills, the *Ausflug* escape to the Wienerwald.

II

For two years our home in Vienna was on the edge of those utterly charming woods of which both Beethoven and Johann Strauss, in their days, made musical mention. It was a Vienna cottage, a *schönes kleines Häuschen*, with a huge back garden and fantastic apple vines on which grew apples as big as grapefruit. And two big pines whose upper branches brushed at the bedroom windows like the offstage sighs of Wagnerian harpies. Behind the garden, climbing the hill, the beeches and the small houses wandered to the Windmill Heights, where city dwellers had built their huts for week-end visits; and on Saturdays they came, opened their tiny wooden *châlets* and gave themselves up energetically to the gentle *Arbeit* of raising magnificent and profitless flowers.

Beyond the heights, and beyond a series of quiet and homelike *Wirtshäuser*, was the Sommer Heide Weg, the walk (a favorite with the amateur ski-jorers) which Schnitzler immortalized in one of his plays. Until his death the old playwright himself lived nearby, just down the red street-car line, across the park of the Turks' trenches. From out of the woods came the early notes of nightingales, and later in the season the mating songs of blackbirds. From out of the city came, on the slightest provocation, on off days, on Saturdays, on Sundays and holy days, practically all of the citizens of Vienna.

We did what the others did. We took to the woods for periodic escape. To escape the dull heavy atmosphere, to energize the muscles too long flaccid from sitting discussing Balkan gossip in the pleasant enclosure of cafés. For Vienna, the Vienna woods are a breath of fresh air. No other city of two millions has for a back yard such a range of hills and beeches; no other so needs such an escape.

The first question put to a visitor in Vienna at one of those hospitable teas that are given all comers as soon as possible by the most open-hearted of all the Europeans is: "*Finden Sie nicht Wien sehr schön?*" *Schön*, like *Gemütlichkeit*, has its thousands of meanings. It has much more pure feeling in it than *joli*. It is not so precise, so intellectual a "nice," a "pretty," a "pleasing" as the French; it comes out more slowly, comes, perhaps, really from the heart.

The question is put by everyone, at all times, repetitively, pleadingly, with the supplication for an answer in the affirmative. Paris doesn't give a damn what anyone thinks of Paris; it takes itself for granted. It was not cut off from the outside world during the war as Vienna was. No one is more independent and cocksure

than the Paris Frenchman. No one is less that way than the Viennese. No one so hangs on a compliment. No one so pathetically feels he needs it. No one is so grateful. For Vienna, for all its cleanliness, its greenness and its roominess, is not unqualifiedly *schön*. There are more beautiful cities. Baroque, of the Viennese school, is not the last word in all the styles of art. But Vienna has elements not duplicated in many another city. Its very shortcomings give it charm.

Vienna is never on time. It is never quite exact. It has difficulty keeping its word. It is where the Balkans begin. It has something in it of the Oriental. It never fixes a final price; it prefers to waste unlimited time in "cow-bargaining." It "needs no judge" when two gentlemen draw up a contract—but it requires two lawyers, one to attempt to cheat the other; both fail, and finally compromise. It has no harshness in politics; political compromise is Austrian tradition since the days when it married its territory rather than subdued it by force. It has no longer any hope nor ambition for conquest; it has no army. It has no real fanatics like your Hitler to the North; it has only a young Prince Rudy von Starhemberg, with a feather in his cap and a dominant Catholic mother; and the deaf and proved-to-be dumb country lawyer, Herr Pfrimer, and his bloodless *Putsch*, his one-day dictatorship and his revolution in which he failed to take over the telephones and the railroad stations and thus lost his cause and his captives. It has lived its war defeat. It has had its Depression. It is still in its Depression. For America, we found on coming back, a Depression is a novelty. For Vienna it is a permanent state of mind.

If Paris is a city of sex, Vienna is a city of sentiment. Its people are really tender-

hearted. If you tell a Viennese bar girl that Vienna is not the most beautiful city in the world she will go quietly into a corner and cry. Vienna has no tradition *à la* Maupassant; its tradition is more the Schubert *Lieder* and the Moonlight Sonata. The social life of Paris is purely urban; nothing is more unnatural than a Parisian on a picnic. His blood courses fastest with the stimulation of room-temperated old wines and hot-hearted young women. In Vienna, the wine is not a wine for coursing; the alcoholic content is such that it will not ripen into age and it must accordingly be drunk when green or it will turn into vinegar. The woods are full of green wine; so is Vienna; so are the suburbs and all the little *Heurige* inns with their front doors bedecked with the green pine bough, the bush which this wine needs.

This young green wine is a wine of headaches and even of bellyaches. But the Viennese is romantically game. He drinks the young wine and he sings. The more he drinks the better he sings, the more to take his mind off what bad wine he's downing. But wine, in the long run, is not his natural drink. His drink, and the drink of his *Fräulein*, is beer. *Und . . . was . . . für . . . ein . . . Bier!* In all this excitement about the output of the vats of St. Louis and Milwaukee, it is difficult for one just home to participate. The one true note I find hidden in the Soap-Box of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, a note dropped like a bird-song from Vienna: the nomination of the six best light beers of the world—with my own golden favorite near the top, Gösserbräu, a beer as mellow as a poem learned in youth, a beer as rich and warming as a wine of Beaune.

When I see the *zwei Pünktchen* on the *o* of Gösser, I see all the beeches of the Wienerwald, the thick pink carpet of fallen leaves along the hills and network

trails; the Winter ski-tracks of the Vienna maidens, who take to the woods like the trout to the stream; the burgeoning of the buds on the lilacs in the Spring. True, the unfolding of the yellow banners of the crocus in its sheltering spears of green is with us everywhere. But there is only one Wienerwald. And it is only the woods of Vienna that can boast of Wienerwald inns. And only the Vienna woods, of all woods, are the woods of Gösser beer. Gösser is not a drink for Parisians. It is a drink for the great Romantics. And lovers. And the Viennese.

III

There are still almost two million people in the town. When it was the capital of an Empire of most of the Balkans and all the Central European pre-war provinces, it had only a few hundred thousands more. Then its raw materials came from the neighboring states, its court manners came from the Hofburg, and its servants from the hinterland of Empire. It was the jeweled lady of a realm. Today its jewels have been plucked from its crown. Many an old officer's wife now does fancy work for sale; others run tobacco shops. When Frau Sacher died, in her Sacher Hotel, a few years ago, there died the hostess of an epoch, and the bartenders in the boudoir-pink-and-curlicue-gold barroom wore mourning bands on their white coat sleeves.

It has been said that the Austrian has no patriotism. This is true. The Austrian in his heyday was the center of a vast mixture of races. He was loyal to the court. Today he doesn't know to what to give his patriotism. He is provincially still loyal, loyal to the province of his birth, to Styria, Carinthia. He is loyal to Vienna, whether politically it is under Socialists

or, as now, under reactionaries. But at off moments he sometimes wonders, without saying so, if his *schöne Stadt* is still as beautiful as, untraveled, he has told himself it is. Day by day, Vienna becomes a little more dispirited, a little less bright and beaming.

The young people, looking forward to hopelessly few jobs, and unable to emigrate, become Socialists and go hiking through the woods, bravely singing and playing on lutes. Or become Fascists, in other colored shirts, marching with Heimwehr banners and rapping the Jews. The old folks go to the cafés and play endless bridge, with fallen nobility in charge of the room concessions and only the elegant mannered admitted; or sit at home and listen to the radio. Many have pawned the fiddles of their youth. Those without fine sets content themselves with little crystal bugs.

The love of music, in spite of the radio, has not died out. My secretary, a hard-working woman if there ever was one, enjoyed the best music. It was a passion with her. She worked on a dozen hard jobs and she never had time to listen. There was only one headphone in her tiny quarters. But her husband, who had lost his job, always picked up the Opera, and he gave her a glowing and appreciative account of it every time the Opera was on the air.

The very decay of Vienna, its drawing in upon itself, no longer in a position to rule a diversity of states and territories, is responsible for its melancholy. Although perhaps the Viennese was never very "gay." The affairs of Anatol are not especially gay. For gaiety there is only a sort of perdurable nostalgia. Vienna sips its coffee and sits and meditates. The bother of the busy world is far remote. Vienna has 18,000 clubs; every eightieth

citizen is entitled to be addressed as Herr President and his name put in the telephone book thus prefixed. Everyone has a title of some kind, a distinction no longer courtlike but always full of dignity. And thus a city sits, in dignity, proudly, poorly, and sips its coffee—that excellent Vienna *Kaffee* so prepared as to be more ground-fig than coffee, thus providing a gentle laxation for those uninclined otherwise to bestir themselves.

One day Vienna is the center of the world: an Austro-German *Anschluss*? The economic marriage of the hearty German Gretchen and the minuetting Viennese! But the next day the prospect is forgotten in the light of the world's more dynamic events. Every two or three weeks we loaded up the attic with foodstuffs in preparedness for a revolution, but nothing ever happened. The Chancellor gave his reception of the year just the same, and all the rather rotund-stomached gentlemen of the old guard and the new were there, and when the doors opened on the *sanctum sanctorum* where the beer barrels backed up the *canapés* the rush was the nearest approach to a riot that I ever saw.

Metternich handled his politics charmingly, with his handkerchief in his sleeve; only the Socialists take things seriously now. When things grow tense there comes wafting into Vienna that strange warm body of lifeless air from the Alps, the Austrian *Föhn*. It always does. It always has. And with it comes that curious relaxation, for men, and that curious nervousness, for women, which are the symptoms of this most symptomatic of all things Wienerish; and people who have been sipping their *Feigen-Kaffee*, small cups of black or gold or "nut brown" coffee, will continue to sit and sip and sit.

Aside from the wine and beer rooms, hidden beneath old buildings, under

monasteries and castles abandoned of their old nobility, there are more than 12,000 cafés in Vienna, each a life-time sort of club for its patrons, each of whom has picked it out because it caters either especially to some taste of his own or to a whole class of his associates—doctors, or editors, artists or streetcar men, stamp-collectors or chess players. If a Viennese is too poor in these parlous days to have a home of his own, he is not too poor to have his café. It is true he does not own it, but it is his home and his office all the same.

He conducts his social life there, and his business—from pooling news or speculating on the bourse to political conniving. All plots, it seems a historic fact, have been hatched in cafés, even to the attack a little time ago on the life of the visiting King of Albania. In Styria I found one café that was not only a political club, but in the backroom was an arsenal, a *Lager* for rifles and machine-guns.

In contrast with the brisk sharp air of New York, I am constantly reminded of Vienna. The soft atmosphere of the town which, at times, so nearly smothers the inhabitants, has made them, largely, what they are. The Viennese are undisturbed by the common nuisance of "busyness" that so manifests itself in the cell-burning activities of the American, who seems so totally unable to sit and be still. It's the climate. Few appreciate what an atmospheric difference there is between the climate of the United States, almost as a whole, and the damper, milder, heavier climate of almost all of Europe. There is no part of Europe that has the briskness of air that one can find almost any place in America—the only air comparable that I have smelled and relished was some bracing bright October air in Moscow,

sweeping, with a wind and high clear sky, off the steppes from Leningrad.

Paris is wet and soggy. Berlin is cold. Athens is far too dry and hot. One can freeze on the Riviera. And the wind, with the red dust in it, nearly blew us off the fair and crowded island of Majorca. In Vienna, no one can say the air is too brisk and exciting. In Summer it is as enervating and caressing as the blonde locks of a dream-eyed maiden. In Winter the snow piles up as high as your hips at times, and when the sun is not out there hangs over the city of Wien, with hardly the spire of St. Stephan's to pierce it, a gloomy lifeless blanket that bows one down in one's cups.

Which explains sitting. Beer halls. Even, perhaps, the string quartettes and chamber music. It explains the love of a comfortable seat and the affection for something *gut zu essen* in front of one (in order to eat one must sit), and the fact that in Vienna, whether at home or abroad, in the Opera or the woods, one is always eating. First, the first breakfast. Then the fork breakfast, the *Gabelfrühstück*, with an egg or a goulash at 11 A.M. *Mittagessen* for a couple of hours at noon. And before the evening meal or *Nachtmal*, a 5 o'clock *Jause*, when it is next to impossible to get into any café whatsoever because of the crowd of both men and women and the brimming cups of coffee heavy-laden with mountains of *Schlag*.

It also explains, perhaps, quite the opposite element in the Viennese: the gift for walking. The love of contrast. Any and every Viennese is a walker. When he makes a Sunday *Ausflug* it is no mere couple of city blocks. It is an excursion, for which he attires himself in heavy leather pants, saddles himself with a hundred-pound *Rucksack* and camera, decks himself with a tiny hat and all his Alpine

medals, betakes himself his ashen *Stock* with the curved handle and the metal point, foregathers with either his entire family, his girl or his special society of nature-friends, and then cuts loose into the Wienerwald, the Austrian Alps, or those supremely beautiful spots of green and gold and Danubian quiet called the Wachau.

When an Austrian dresses up, he goes somewhere. A real Viennese may be impoverished in many regards, but both he and his family manage somehow to possess the perfectly correct costume for every conceivable occasion. His delight in costumes, from striped pants for greeting the Chancellor to *leder Hosen* for sitting down upon an Alpine glacier, is really incomparable. From the moment the first bud breaks on a twig the Viennese turns to the woods for his Summer *Ausflüge*; before then he has had to content himself with merely fancy skating and breaking his neck with ski-joring.

IV

In Vienna everybody skates. From five to eighty-five. They skate to music, rapidly, with hypnotic dizziness, and waltz like mad magic, on open-air ice rinks beside the Grosseskonzerthaus, accompanied by brass bands. The city, in Winter, is nothing less than a constant series of pictures by Breughel. Warmly colored, apple-cheeked girls and boys, whirling on skates, ballet dancers, cutting impossible fancy figures on an ice of glass. And over the hills and woods, thousands and thousands, speeding, incredible young folk, whizzing down the mountainsides and hills on skiis. From the break of day, when the sun first glints upon a mountain's snowy *Gipfel*, until the sundown when the world is a quiet, high loneliness,

rapt in that indescribable blue of the Austrian mountain twilight, hushed in *die blaue Stunde*. From day to day, outside the cafés, life is on the wing. The number of deaths from bumping into boulders and the beautiful beeches in the woods is appalling.

If Vienna unfolds at its best in Summer, it takes Spring with seriousness. Spring there has always been taken seriously, and, almost inexplicably so, it would seem, for a people who make such good use of their woods and hills all Winter. Comes Easter and no person, infant or adult, willingly remains in the Inner Town. He is off, at least, to Cobenzl, or up the heights to the Kahlenberg, that cliff above the Danube from whose eminence the Viennese can contemplate the long sweep of plain stretching off toward Hungary, with the Little Carpathians in the distance, from whose recesses during the war they could hear the booming of the heavy guns. Below them lies all of Wien, the Vienna which has eaten its way beyond its walls, now no longer standing, and absorbed the little wine-growing villages into its suburbs. At the foot of the Kahlenberg lie the vineyards of Grinzing, with all its tiny greenwine inns, in each of which on holidays sits its leisurely crowd, singing and drinking and being gently *gemütlich*, that is, resigned and philosophical.

The history of these little taverns is misted with age. They have a royal genealogy, dating from a King's decree which permitted those who grew grapes and made their own wine the right to dispense it on their own property without a tax or license. Today nearly every farm cottage is a *Heurige*, providing the wine of the season, or the season just gone, to any passing walkers who care to sit beneath a tree and stretch their hob-nailed boots beneath a table.

It is curious that the Viennese have always practiced romance in the woods. They are a sylvan lot, for all the smoke inside the cafés of the Stadt. Not all of the woods have always been so open as now; much of the Wienerwald was once reserved for the nobles. Now, anyone on a ski-tour in the dead of Winter can come upon the once secluded Javanese village that perches anachronistic huts of straw and bamboo on the summit of a Wienerwald hill. The Dutch-Java village dates from the time of Maria Theresa. It was a romantically inspired hunting lodge of Field Marshal von Lacy in the days when hunting lodges were as much a hunting lodge for love as for game.

Further south in the woods a visitor may still visit Mayerling, the woodland lodge of Prince Rudolph, whose death, over love, in 1889, is still a front-page topic of the press of Vienna. There is also, a stone's throw from Vienna, on a summit above the Danube, Klosterneuberg, with its monasterial cellar full of good wine and its garden full of beer, and in a room set aside by the monks that gigantic barrel down whose side half of Vienna on Leopold's Day slides its bottom to propitiate the gods of luck.

The fantastic "ruins," which, like abandoned watchtowers, silhouette themselves above the green and lovely wooded ridges in the distance are the Viennese contribution to the Romantic conception of a few generations ago. Vienna, in these parts, was a little scant on real old ruins; so the Lichtensteins and a few other noble families decided to grace the landscape with what was required. Thus these piles of stone, artificially ruined; but, *Gott sei dank!* practically the only artificial things in the woods. Even the newest woodland beer *Stube* seems to smell of age as well as hops.

V

A printer in Vienna, who in the old days had been one of the biggest, told me mournfully: "*Wir gehen schnell zum Grund*. We are fast sinking. Every day things get worse and worse. When anything breaks we no longer repair it. What's the use?" He was, however, an excellent printer. The decline saddened him, but when he took over a job, he knew its every angle, every detail, whole and in part, the paper, the ink, the type and the time that went into the work. So did his helpers. When they picked up a job they did it thoroughly, competently and wholly. If he was going "to the ground," he was going wholly, and as an entire person, not as a cogwheel. In America, now, it seems to me, returning at a time like this, a lot of Americans have been going to the ground in pieces, not knowing why, nor how. Thrown-off chips. Sitting on the park benches, they do not contemplate despair as something wholly enveloping, as the Viennese have contemplated it. Vienna has gone to seed. But it was, at least, once a flower.

New York strikes me as terribly run down, for a city with the highest buildings in the world. When I came back to America, I found not all the doors would work. The furnace in a rented house didn't fire. When anything broke, nobody repaired it. That all cost money. I have seen as many beggars in New York as in most of Europe put together. More run-down men. More dilapidated buildings. More garbage blown loose around Riverside drive because of the graft in some part of the municipal lay-out. And poverty without the redemption of color.

In Genoa, with an eternity of sun, poverty is not so unclean a thing; in Marseilles, even the dirtiest streets have some-

thing of a personalized distinction. For six months I have taken an elevated over the Queensborough bridge. Maybe in Europe there is some forlorn spot of the Continent equal in tawdriness to the horrible mutilated corpses of habitations mired between the bridge and Flushing; but if so I have never seen it in my travels. In Europe there is usually the relief of available nature.

I look with a jaundiced eye on the emergence of the new American beer halls, the outdoor beer gardens, the *neue amerikanische Gemütlichkeit*. I feel a little sick at heart. I read that, even with all the trimmings, the Hofbrau Garten set-ups, at \$7,750, fully laid down on any miniature golf links, set off the "tree seat under a huge elm" as an extra. The elm tree is extra too. I can see the elm tree. Neatly grained concrete, like the imitation rustic fences in the Robinson Village outside Paris. The hot dog signs. Babe Ruth. Socony. O. Henry. Happy Days. Signs. Automobiles. Gas. Tanks. Jury bars. Wisecracks. Nerts.

Ach du liebe Wien! Du künstlerische Stadt! Du falsche, gute, schöne, weibliche, grüne, freundliche, gemütliche Stadt im Wald! Dass ist mein Wien! Where a tree had time to grow and an inn to age. Where no new apartment house has been built upon the brook where Beethoven walked, where not all the fiddlers and the concertina players have yet been silenced by the radio. Wien! The city of lyrical dyingness; where the flower is at the seed. And where a whole and wistful population in the glow of mellowed Gösserbräu can let the rest of the world go by; and where to be (or to have been) young and in love, once, in the woods, is compensation for the slow suffocation of defeat. It can never be Americanized. It is its own National Park.

WHOOPEE HALL

BY LORA B. HALBURTON

THE few months I spent at Whoopee Hall were among the most instructive in my somewhat mottled pedagogical career. I went there as a temporary expedient. It was not far from the university where I was seeking my doctorate, and when the newspapers announced that enterprising young educators were doing great things for the old girls' seminary they had just taken over I asked for a few hours' teaching a week in order that I might go on with my graduate work.

The young man who called himself "manager" of the place kept me waiting for at least an hour while he talked with some lacrosse players. I had been told that he was a famous athlete and a good business man. He had increased the enrollment at the college during the worst of the Depression, when every other like institution was hard put to keep up its old numbers. When he came in at last I was astonished, for I had not expected to see a thirty-year-old six-footer at the head of a girls' college.

He was worried, it appeared at once, about things not especially educational. He wanted me to help him police the students rather than to teach them. He was trying to remove a bad impression. The girls used to be held in very tightly here, for the place had started out many years ago as an old-fashioned female seminary. When he came in he tried giving them more liberty, and things were still whirling. What worried him chiefly was the

drink question. Two girls carried drunk to bed the night before; another soaked in a tub of water to make her ready for the weekly prom. The week before a gay party had spilled a junior out of the rumble seat and never missed her until she turned up in hospital with a couple of broken ribs.

People were so easily shocked. The neighbors, it appeared, actually objected to bare legs. The girls *would* go about in gym bloomers rolled to the thigh, and in pajamas, of course; but there were prudes in the vicinity who thought that bare legs should stay on the campus. The dean, *aet.* sixty, was afraid of the wilder girls, and couldn't keep them in order.

They were, in fact, a rather hard-boiled lot, and had given her a hard time last year. She and the president, in despair, had turned over all authority to the Student Council. The manager said he believed it would be better this year, but he wanted me to take over the most unruly dormitory, with twenty-five girls, and try to reduce it to decorum. With this off his mind, he went on talking about all the improvements he had made: new tennis courts (he had dug up a flower garden to put them in), a new pipe organ, two new dormitories, a swimming-pool, and several hundred new books for the library.

The college, I gathered, was not yet on any accredited list. It would be eligible, however, as soon as—and there followed a rather confused explanation of what was to happen soon. There would have to be

an endowment, but that would be easy to get around: the new buildings were all mortgaged, but they could be listed at their original value. It was good business to buy up valuable property on mortgage: all of it could be counted as endowment. The accrediting agencies also demanded certain library standards, including trained librarians, but the two libraries in the small city nearby could be mentioned in the catalogue. The girls, of course, never visited them, but they were undoubtedly free to visit them as much as they liked, and most of them were in town every day. As for the trained librarian, the dean had once taken a Summer course in Kansas in library work, so her name could be used in the catalogue, and one of the teachers could take a class into the library and look after the books at the same time.

It was probably during later conversations that I gathered all this, but my general impression was created in the first ten minutes.

II

This young man apparently had no interest in education as such; he simply realized that in America it was a name to conjure with. Those who did not want the thing itself still wanted the label. He had been a football player in his own college and he was still mainly interested in athletics. He paid himself \$10,000 a year for acting as manager of Whoopee Hall, and, as he would have expressed it himself, he was sitting pretty.

He had had the brilliant idea of launching a New and Better kind of college during the Depression, and he had taken shrewd advantage of a fine opportunity to get bargains in buildings and in brains. To complete the work, he had used his experience as a go-getting publicity man

for a boys' prep-school to organize a sort of country-club college, open to flunks, "nervous break-downs," and all other girls who had not been able to make a go of it in the standard colleges, and were seeking something nearer their own level. It is doubtful if he put the scheme to himself in so many words, but certainly the girls who applied for admission to Whoopee Hall were nearly all of that sort.

Both these girls and their parents were getting just about what they wanted. The sort of college which desiderates brains and effort would have been all wrong for them. Many of them had tried it and failed. I doubt if more than half of them could have passed with credit the eighth-grade examinations in a high-school. It made no difference to them that the class-rooms were mainly little dark holes, and that the so-called laboratories were other little dark holes without proper equipment. The lawns and shrubbery, the tennis-courts, the swimming-pool, the hockey-field, the golf-links, the stables—all these were above criticism.

The reception-rooms where guests came to call were full of hotel-lobby furniture and hotel-lobby palms. There were plenty of grand pianos which nobody could play, plenty of radios to blare night and day, plenty of tall lamps and expensive rugs, plenty to eat, and at frequent intervals, a good deal to drink. In my house there were five girls out of twenty or so who needed wide-awake chaperonage up to two o'clock in the morning. I used to drink black coffee and read detective stories when they were out, and I kept the alert doorman at his post. He was a far better judge of inebriety than I, for he had served at Whoopee Hall since the new régime began.

Visiting parents found the big living-room, with its sun-parlor, its palms, its

handsome rugs and furniture, very attractive—"just like the lobby of a good hotel." They liked the dining-room too, with its Negro waiters in white coats—"just like a country club." The food was not of the sort one would expect female students of the arts and sciences to relish; it was a good deal in the aldermanic style of a Pittsburgh hotel; but experience had shown that horseback-riding, hockey-playing girls had husky appetites, and so no expense was spared on the table.

There was a grand dinner at noon and another at night, and the girls did justice to both—when they happened to be present. Very often there were only two or three at each table, in spite of a rigorous fine system. The dean told me that it was ridiculous to consider this fine system dishonest; there was no other way of dealing with rich girls of willful ways. They were fined because one could not manage them otherwise, and even the fines did not always work.

Every girl who stayed later than the day she was due after a holiday was fined \$5, and practically everybody stayed the day. Every girl who remained away from any meal except breakfast was fined \$1.50. Of course, all of her meals had already been paid for by her papa, and of course, they were paid for again, by her beau or herself, at the tea-room or what not where she ate "for a change"; but if she would only obey the rules she need not pay three times for the same meal; nobody made her. She was charged for every meal in the infirmary, too, in addition to stiff nurses' and doctors' fees. The parents did not seem to mind. Practically all of the girls, in fact, had rich fathers and were "simply rolling."

Most of the parents seemed to find Whoopee Hall just what they had hoped it would be. When they went back to

Wichita or Kalamazoo they would no doubt enjoy telling the neighbors that Marguerite's school was frightfully expensive—"fifteen hundred, you know, my dear, to start with, and all sorts of extras!" Their daughters would be happy at dear old Whoopee, and make wonderful contacts. The girls were allowed perfect liberty; they even drove their own cars, just as they did at home. The dean told me that nothing else would do for the kind of girl whose wealthy people give her everything she asked for.

"The college used to be strict," she said, "and dreadful things happened. Girls used to elope. The young people of to-day demand freedom. They will have it. The successful college is the one that gives them what they want."

The dean allowed the girls to come to dinner in pajamas, if they liked. Why not? And they wore gym bloomers rolled to the thigh all day, or riding-breeches. They thought it was smart to dress like that. Suppose it *did* upset the Methodist neighbors? "Make 'em happy! Give 'em what they want! The fewer books, the better. Make 'em happy! That's the answer. Then you've nothing to reproach yourself for."

There was a good deal said, from time to time, about getting the college accredited, and oddly enough, a few students arrived with the idea that it was already accredited. So explanations were in order. The manager, however, felt sure he could put it over. It was good business, he knew, to buy up libraries cheap. It is true that several hundred volumes of adventure fiction, sold in a lump for \$20 at an auction sale, are no great acquisition to the library of what pretends to be a college of learning; but they will surely help to fill the shelves. "Books are books, aren't they? Who's going to notice the

titles? The girls who are coming here are not readers, anyhow. A lot of 'em are flunks from schools in the East, and a lot more are nervous break-downs—same as flunks, when you get down to brass tacks." This, I gathered, was the attitude of the manager toward getting credit for the library.

As for the faculty, that was easy. It was simply a question of numbers and degrees, and he would provide both. It was good business to rescue from the wreck of the old female seminary a teacher of psychology and make him private secretary, head book-keeper, and teacher of mathematics; to get a registrar who has been the treasurer of a failing college somewhere in Minnesota; and to pick up a dormitory hostess or two who had been deans in colleges which had been obliged to dispense with deans who could not teach. As a matter of fact, when the college was being organized, and accounts of its new wonders began to go about, many people wrote to the manager offering to accept posts as teachers, hostesses or what not for nothing or next to nothing.

The manager took the lowest bids without inquiring too particularly about experience. Practically every member of the faculty, so far as I could make out, was doing something for which he or she had had little or no preparation. The president was not a real president; he had simply been chosen for his stately dignity, his good looks, and his courteous manners. The facts that he had private means and liked to make speeches were not overlooked.

The dean was quite frank about her limitations. She knew nothing of the craft of deanship, nor indeed of teaching, but she found herself, at least temporarily, in need of a rock and a refuge, and since she

was being paid very little for her work, she felt that she had a clear right to "make use of the college for a time." The librarian was not a real librarian, but a lady with a little money, and she was quite willing to pretend to be a librarian in order to have a pleasant home. She would teach also, if necessary.

The manager was perfectly frank about all this. When any member of the faculty complained that he could not live on his salary the reply was likely to be: "Just look at this list I have in my desk of people who are willing to come here and stay indefinitely for nothing, absolutely nothing. Many of them are people with degrees from good universities—graduate degrees."

"But you would not, of course, take advantage of their necessities?"

"Why not? I didn't *ask* them; they *offered*. People must do what they are asked to do and take what they can get for it, if they are to have jobs at all at a time like this. Who's going to consider their convenience? They're down and out, aren't they? Then they ought to be grateful to anyone who gives them board and lodging. I don't call *that* taking advantage."

As a matter of fact, the manager had contrived to get together a fair-sized faculty for no more outlay in money than half of it would have commanded in ordinary times.

III

After I had learned all this, I began to understand why the so-called faculty-meetings were so depressing. All the important business was attended to elsewhere; it did not really matter whether the faculty came to the meetings or not. Many of them remained away, and the

rest were a forlorn-looking lot, shabbily dressed, meek, deprecatory. Only the dean had anything to say for herself. She prattled along until the president made a caustic comment; then she promptly contradicted all that she had said before. Most of these suffering pedagogues were middle aged or worse. The females among them were chiefly spinsters, of course, but there were several widows.

The salary schedule, when I learned what it was, seemed very odd. It was arranged by the month, like servants' wages, with no allowance for holidays. The college was naturally closed for all holidays, and the faculty had to go out and board in the village boarding-houses. The lowest salary was that of the dean: as I recall it, it was \$80 a month, without living, and there were only some six months in the college year, excluding holidays. The next lowest was that of the president, who was paying for his dignity. One of the highest was that of the athletic coach, and the very highest was that of the chef.

That salary schedule made plain the manager's attitude toward his enterprise. The members of the faculty were merely in the way. Nobody really wanted them. They were vestiges of the old, exploded college idea. Pretty soon, it was to be hoped, one could sell the public the idea of a college where the radio would be substituted for the faculty. In the meantime, one put up with the faculty for the sake of the names in the catalogue, with strings of letters appended and amplified, and as figures for draping academic gowns when a commencement or something of the sort was in progress. If sometimes the gowns sent out from the renting-agency ranked higher than the wearers, that was no one's business. The manager made an imposing appearance himself in a gown identical

to that worn by the president of my own university, but nobody said a word, though he had just scraped through on a B.S. Scholarship was the least of his worries.

The curriculum seemed to be all higgley-piggley. A woman who had always taught history was now teaching French; another, whose subject was French, was teaching sociology, English, and the history of art, none of which she knew anything about. The manager did not bother over such details. The girls did not want "subjects." They were interested mainly in hockey-matches, riding, swimming, tennis, golf, bridge, dancing, and dinners for the crowd.

The parents usually came to look over the college before the daughter came to stay. Often, of course, she came too, in order to let them know whether she would permit them to send her. The parents dined with the dean and the president. The fathers were usually affable and jocular fellows, and given to boasting about how many miles they had covered during the Summer in the old Packard. The mothers wore dyed finger nails and ran to jewelry. They talked of what they were going to send down for Dorothy or Mildred from Chicago; not a wish must be left ungratified. Their conversation was mainly of cars and clothes. The idea at Whoopee Hall was to give the least education for the most money, and that was exactly what these parents and daughters were seeking. So everybody was happy, and nobody was deceived.

The parents were delighted to learn that students might drive their own cars, and the girls that every evening was date evening, that there were no official chaperones, once the dormitories had been left behind, and that nobody had to vouch for the young men who came to call.

("We trust our girls to look after themselves".)

I found it very difficult, old-fashioned as I was, to adapt myself to all this. When a girl showed up one evening with a drunken escort met at a hotel, I really thought something ought to be done about it; but it seemed that I had archaic notions; and the president, in a burst of frankness, smoothed me down. "Tut, tut," he said. "Drunk or sober, the fellow's as good as she is. That girl came here after she had been expelled from three colleges. Tut, tut!"

After this I confined my efforts at chaperonage to the elementary duties of a policeman. It seemed that nothing was expected of me except my presence (deaf, dumb, and blind), and some skill at distinguishing between the varying degrees of inebriety. Nobody was drunk who could sign her name in the book and walk upstairs. If she had to be helped, the nurse was telephoned for, and she was carried over to the infirmary. At half-past one or two at night, I was not always capable of making nice distinctions, but the drunkest ones always woke me up.

The catalogue advertised that there were no examinations for entrance at Whoopee Hall, and no examinations for anything else. It was simply a charmingly located group of buildings where girls who had had "nervous break-downs" could recover their health in the open air. Every consideration would be shown them; they might even have private tutoring. It was expensive, of course, but often advisable. Horse-back riding and swimming were specially recommended for these "nervous" girls. A riding-master was in attendance, and there were registered nurses to look after delicate girls and provide special diets for them. All this was extra, of course, but it would not run to more

than \$500 or \$600 in addition to the regular expenses.

The manager, for his part, was surely not niggardly. Thousands were spent on tennis-courts, cinder-tracks, rock-gardens, box-trees for the terraces; thousands were spent also on entertainment. There was always a Christmas banquet before the girls left for the holidays. That, we were told quite frankly, was good business; it gave them something to boast about to prospective students back home. There was always, in fact, a party of some sort before every holiday, and the year was full of them. What with two or three weeks' delay in getting started in the Fall, two or three weeks getting through in the Spring, and all these holidays at Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving, only about five months were left for getting educated in.

The catalogue announced that "all fees must be paid in advance." The manager improved upon that; he gave directions that all fees for the second semester must be paid in full before reports for the first semester were sent home. The dean interviewed the few girls who objected and threatened to leave, complimented them on their improvement in looks and health since coming to the Hall, and promised them that if they would leave the matter to her, she would explain to their teachers, and they might rest assured that in future they would always be satisfied with their grades. That was what a dean was for—to make her dear girls happy.

Unfortunately, one of the dear girls wrote down this little speech verbatim and sent it to her father. He was a most unusual parent—for Whoopee Hall. He came straight down from Detroit, snatched his offspring away bag and baggage, threatened to sue the management, and departed. But the others seemed perfectly satisfied.

POOR LITTLE BLACK FELLOW

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

AMANDA LEE had been a perfect servant. And her husband Arnold likewise. That the Lord had taken them both so soon was a little beyond understanding. But then, of course, the Lord was just. And He had left the Pembertons poor little black Arnie as their Christian duty. There was no other way to consider the little colored boy whom they were raising as their own, *their very own*, except as a Christian duty. After all, they were white. It was no easy thing to raise a white child, even when it belonged to one, whereas this child was black, and had belonged to their servants, Amanda and Arnold.

But the Pembertons were never known to shirk a duty. They were one of New England's oldest families, one of the finest. They were wealthy. They had a family tree. They had a house in a charming maple-shaded town a few hours from Boston, a cottage at the beach, and four servants. On Tuesdays and Fridays Mr. Pemberton went to town. He had an office of some sort there. But the ladies, Grace Pemberton and her sister, sat on the wide porch at home and crocheted. Or maybe they let James take them for a drive in the car. One of them sang in the choir.

Sometimes they spoke about the two beautiful Negro servants they once had, Amanda and Arnold. They liked to tell poor little Arnie how faithful and lovely his parents had been in life. It would encourage the boy. Now, of course, all their

servants were white. Negroes were getting so unsteady. You couldn't keep them in the villages any more. In fact, there were none in Mapleton now. They all went running off to Boston or New York, sporting their money away in the towns. Well, Amanda and Arnold were never like that. They were simple, true, honest, hard-working. Their qualities had caused the Pembertons to give, over a space of time, more than ten thousand dollars to a school for Negroes at Hampton, Va., because they thought they saw in Amanda and Arnold the real qualities of an humble and gentle race. That, too, was why they had decided to keep Arnie, poor little black fellow.

The Pembertons had lost nobody in the war except Arnold, their black stable man, but it had been almost like a personal loss. Indeed, after his death, they had kept horses no longer. And the stable had been turned into a garage.

Amanda, his wife, had grieved terribly, too. She had been all wrapped up in Arnold, and in her work with the Pembertons (she was their housekeeper) and in her little dark baby, Arnold Junior. The child was five when his father was drafted; and six when Amanda died of pneumonia a few weeks after they learned that Arnold had been killed in the Argonne. The Pembertons were proud of him. A Negro who died for his country. But when that awful Winter of 1919 ended (the Pembertons judged it must

have been awful from what they read), when that Winter ended the family was minus two perfect servants who could never come back. And they had on their hands an orphan.

"Poor little black fellow," said Grace Pemberton to her husband and her sister. "In memory of Arnold and Amanda, I think it is our Christian duty to keep it, and raise it up in the way it should go." Somehow, for a long time she called Arnie "it".

"We can raise it, without keeping it," said her husband. "Why not send it to Hampton?"

"Too young for that," said Emily, Mrs. Pemberton's sister. "I have been to Hampton, and they don't take them under twelve there."

So it was decided to keep the little black fellow right in Mapleton, to send him to the village school, and to raise him up a good Christian and a good worker. And it must be admitted that things went pretty well for some years. The white servants were kind to Arnie. Their new housekeeper, a big-bosomed Irish woman who came after Amanda's death, treated him as though he were her very own, washed him and fed him. Indeed, they all treated him as if he were their very own.

II

Mr. Pemberton took Arnie to Boston once a season and bought him clothes. On his birthday, they gave him a party—on the lawn—because, after all, his birthday came in the Summer, and there was no need of filling the living-room with children. There was much more room on the lawn. In Summer Arnie went to the sea-shore with the rest of the family.

And Arnie, dark as he was, thrived. He grew up. He did well in his classes.

He did well at home, helped with the chores about the house, raked the yard in the Fall, and shovelled snow when the long Winters set in. On Sundays he went to church with the family, listened to a dry and intelligent sermon, chanted the long hymns, and loved the anthems in which Miss Emily sang the solo parts. Arnie, in church, a little black spot in a forest of white heads above stiff pews. Arnie, out of church, a symbol of how Christian charity should really be administered in the true spirit of human brotherhood.

The church and the Pembertons were really a little proud of Arnie. Did they not all accept him as their own? And did they not go out of their way to be nice to him—a poor little black fellow whom they, through Christ, had taken in? Throughout the years the whole of Mapleton began to preen itself on its charity, and kindness to Arnie. One would think that nobody in the town need ever again do a good deed: that this acceptance of a black boy was quite enough.

Arnie realized how they felt, but he didn't know what to do about it. He kept himself quiet and inconspicuous, and studied hard. He was very grateful, and very lonely. There were no other colored children in the town. But all the grown-up white people made their children be very nice to him, always very nice. "Poor little black boy," they said. "An orphan, and colored. And the Pembertons are so good to him. You be nice to him, too, do you hear? Share your lunch with him. And don't fight with him. Or hurt his feelings. He's only a poor little Negro who has no parents." So even the children were kind to Arnie.

Everything might have been all right forever had not Arnie begun to grow up. The other children began to grow up,

too. Adolescence. The boys had girls. They played kissing games, and learned to dance. There were parties to which Arnie was not invited—really couldn't be invited—with the girls and all. After generations of peace the village of Mapleton and the Pembertons found themselves beset with a Negro problem. Everyone was a little baffled and a little ashamed.

To tell the truth, everybody had got so used to Arnie that nobody really thought of him as a Negro—until he put on long trousers and went to high-school. Now they noticed that he was truly very black. And his voice suddenly became deep and mannish, even before the white boys in Arnie's class talked in the cracks and squeaks of coming manhood.

Then there had arisen that problem of the Boy Scouts. When Arnie was sixteen the Pembertons applied for him to be admitted to a Summer camp for the Scouts at Barrow Beach, and the camp had refused. In a personal letter to Mr. Pemberton, they said that they simply could not admit Negroes. Too many parents would object. So several of Arnie's friends and classmates went off to camp in June, and Arnie could not go. The village of Mapleton and the Pembertons felt awfully apologetic for American democracy's attitude to Arnie, whose father had died in the War. But, after all, they couldn't control the Boy Scout Camp. It was a semi-private institution. They were extra nice to Arnie, though—everybody.

That Summer, the Pembertons bought him a bicycle. And toward the end of the Summer (because they thought it was dull for him at the bungalow) they sent him to a Negro charity camp near Boston. It would be nice for him to come to know some of his own people. But Arnie hated it. He stayed a week and came home. The charity camp was full of black kids from

the slums of Boston who cussed and fought and made fun of him because he didn't know how to play the dozens. So Arnie, to whom Negroes were a new nation, even if he was black, was amazed and bewildered, and came home. The Pembertons were embarrassed to find him alone in his attic room in the big empty house when they and the servants returned from the beach.

But they wanted so to be nice to him. They asked him if he'd met any friends he'd like to ask down for a week-end. They thought they would give him the whole top floor of the garage this year for a little apartment of his own and he could have his colored friends there. But Arnie hadn't met anyone he wanted to have. He had no colored friends.

The Pembertons knew that he couldn't move in the social world of Mapleton much longer. He was too big. But, really, what could they do? Grace Pemberton prayed. Emily talked it over with the mission board at church, and Mr. Pemberton spoke to the Urban League in Boston. Why not send him to Hampton now?

Arnie had only one more year in the high-school. Then, of course, he would go to college. But to one of the nicer Negro colleges like Fisk, they decided, where those dear Jubilee singers sang so beautifully, and where he would be with his own people, and wouldn't be embarrassed. No, Fisk wasn't as good as Harvard, they knew, but then Arnie had to find his own world after all. They'd have to let him go, poor black fellow! Certainly, he was their very own! But in Mapleton, what could he do, how could he live, whom could he marry? The Pembertons were a bit worried, even, about this one more year. So they decided to be extra nice to him. Indeed, everybody in Mapleton decided to be extra nice to him.

The two rooms over the garage made a fine apartment for a growing boy. His pennants and books and skis were there. Sometimes the white boys came in the evenings and played checkers and smoked forbidden cigarettes. Sometimes they walked out and met the girls at the soda-fountain in Dr. Jourdain's drug-store, and Arnie had a soda with the group. But he came away alone, while the others went off in pairs. When the Christmas parties were being given, many of the girls were lovely in dresses that looked almost like real evening gowns, but Arnie wasn't invited anywhere but to the Allens'. And they really didn't count in Mapleton—they were very poor white folks.

The Pembertons were awfully sorry, of course. They were one of New England's oldest families, and they were raising Arnie as their son. But he was an African, a nice Christian African, and he ought to move among his own people. There he could be a good influence and have a place. The Pembertons couldn't help it that there were no Negroes in Mapleton. Once there had been some, but now they had all moved away. It was more fashionable to have white help. And even as a servant in Mapleton, Arnie would have been a little out of place. But he was smart in school, and a good clean boy. In fact, a quite good-looking boy, too. He sang well. (All Negroes were musical.) He skated and swam and played ball. He loved and obeyed the Pembertons. They wanted him to find his place in the world, poor fine little black fellow. Poor dear Arnie.

So it was agreed that he would go to Fisk next year. When Arnie seemed pleased, the Pembertons breathed a sort of sigh of joy. They thought he might remember the camp at Boston, and not want to go to a Negro college.

III

And now the Summer presented itself, the last Summer before they let Arnie go away—the boy whom they'd raised as their own. They didn't want that last Summer spoiled for him. Or for them. They wanted no such incidents as the Boy Scout business. The Pembertons were kind people. They wanted Arnie to remember with pleasure his life with them.

Maybe it would be nice to take him to Europe. They themselves had not been abroad for a long time. Arnie could see Paris and his father's grave and the Tower of London. The Pembertons would enjoy the trip, too. And on their return, Arnie could go directly to Fisk, where his life at college, and in the grown-up world, would begin. Maybe he'd marry one of those lovely brown girls who sang spirituals so beautifully, and live a good Christian man—occasionally visiting the Pembertons, and telling them about his influence on the poor black people of the South.

Graduation came. Arnie took high honors in the class, and spoke on the programme. He went to the senior prom, but he didn't dance with any of the girls. He just sort of stood around the punch-bowl, and joked with the fellows. So nobody was embarrassed, and everyone was glad to see him there. The one dark spot in a world of whiteness. It was too bad he didn't have a partner to stand with him when they sang the Alma Mater after the final dance. But he was a lucky chap to be going to Europe. Not many youngsters from Mapleton had been. The Pembertons were doing well by him, everybody said aloud, and the church board had got him into Fisk.

But with all their careful planning, things weren't going so well about the European trip. When the steamship com-

pany saw the passports, they cancelled the cabin that had been engaged for Arnie. Servants always went second class, they wrote. That Arnie wasn't a servant, it was revealed ultimately, made no difference. He was a Negro, wasn't he?

So it ended with the Pembertons going first, and Arnie second class on the same boat. They would have all gone second, out of sympathy for Arnie, except that accommodations in that class had been completely booked for months ahead. Only as a great favor to first-class passengers had the steamship company managed to find a place for Arnie at all. The Pembertons and their boy had a cross to bear, but they bore it like Christians. At Cherbourg they met the little black fellow again on an equal footing. The evening found them in Paris.

Paris, loveliest of cities, where at dusk the lights are a great necklace among the trees of the Champs Elysées. Paris, song-city of the world. Paris with the lips of a lovely woman kissing without fear. June, in Paris.

The Pembertons stopped at one of the best hotels. They had a suite which included a room for Arnie. Everything was very nice. The Louvre and the Eiffel Tower and the Café de la Paix were very nice. All with Arnie. Very nice. Everything would have gone on perfectly, surely; and there would have been no story, and Arnie and the Pembertons would have continued in Christian love forever—Arnie at Fisk, of course, and the Pembertons at Mapleton, then Arnie married and the Pembertons growing old, and so on and on—had not Claudina Lawrence moved into the very hotel where the Pembertons were staying. Claudina Lawrence! My God!

True, they had all seen dark faces on the boulevards, and a Negro quartette at

the Olympia, but only very good Americans and very high English people were staying at this hotel with the Pembertons. Then Claudina Lawrence moved in—the Claudina who had come from Atlanta to startle the Old World with the new beauty of brown flesh behind footlights. The Claudina who sang divinely and danced like a dryad and had amassed a terrible amount of fame and money in five years. Even the Pembertons had heard of Claudina Lawrence in the quiet and sedate village of Mapleton. Even Arnie had heard of her. And Arnie had been a little bit proud. She was a Negro.

But why did she have to move next door to the Pembertons in this hotel? "Why, Lord, oh, why? For the sake of Arnie, why?" said Grace Pemberton. But here the tale begins.

IV

A lot of young Negroes, men and women, shiny and well-dressed, with good and sophisticated manners, came at all hours to see Claudina. Arnie and the Pembertons would meet them in the hall. They were a little too well dressed to suit the Pembertons. They came with white people among them, too—very pretty French girls. And they were terribly lively and gay and didn't seem dependent on anybody. Their music floated out of the windows on the Summer night. The Pembertons hoped they wouldn't get hold of Arnie. They would be a bad influence.

But they did get hold of Arnie.

One morning, as he came out to descend to the lobby to buy postcards, Claudina herself stepped into the hall at the same time. They met at the elevator. She was the loveliest creature Arnie had ever seen, in pink, all tan and glowing. And she was colored.

"Hello," she said to the young black boy who looked like he was old enough to be less shy. "You look like a home-towner."

"I'm from Mapleton," Arnie stuttered.

"You sound like you're from London," said Claudina, noting his New England accent and confusing it with Mayfair. "But your face says Alabama."

"Oh, I'm colored all right," said Arnie, happy to be recognised by one of his own. "And I'm glad to know you."

"Having a good time?" asked Claudina, as the elevator came.

"No," Arnie said, suddenly truthful. "I don't know anybody."

"Jesus!" said Claudina, sincerely. "That's a shame. A lot of boys and girls are always gathering in my place. Knock on the door some time. I can't see one of my down-home boys getting the blues. Some of the fellows in my band'll take you around a bit, maybe. They know all the holes and corners. Come in later."

"Thanks awfully," said Arnie.

Claudina left him half-dazed in the lobby. He saw her get into her car at the curb, saw the chauffeur tip his hat, and then drive away. For the first time in his life Arnie was really happy. Somebody had offered him something without charity, without condescension, without prayer, without distance, and without being nice.

All the pictures in the Luxembourg blurred before his eyes that afternoon, and Miss Emily's explanations went in one ear and out the other. He was thinking about Claudina and the friends he might meet in her rooms, the gay and well-dressed Negroes he had seen in the halls, the Paris they could show him, the girls they would be sure to know.

That night he went to see Claudina. He told the Pembertons he didn't care about going to the Odéon, so they went without him, a little reluctantly—because they

didn't care about going either, really. They had been sticking rather strenuously to their programme of cultural Paris. They were tired. Still, the Pembertons went to the Odéon—it was a play they really should see—and Arnie went next door to Claudina's. But only after he was sure the Pembertons were sitting in the theatre.

Claudina was playing whist. A young Englishman was her partner. Two sleek young colored men were their opponents. "Sit down, honey," Claudina said as if she had known Arnie for years. "You can take a hand in a minute, if you'd like to play. Meet Mr. So and so and so . . ." She introduced him to the group. "It's kinda early yet. Most of our gang are at work. The theatres aren't out. . . . Marie, bring him a drink." And the French maid poured a cocktail.

A knock, and a rather portly brown-skin woman, beautifully dressed, entered. "Hello! Who's holding all the trump cards? Glad to meet you, Mr. Arnie. From Boston, you say? My old stamping-ground. Do you know the Roundtrees there?"

"No'm," Arnie said.

"Well, I used to study at the Conservatory and knew all the big shots," the brown-skin woman went on. "Did you just come over? Tourist, heh? Well, what's new in the States now? I haven't been home for three years. Don't intend to go soon. The color-line's a little too much for me. What are they dancing now-a-days? You must of brought a few of the latest steps with you. Can you do the Lindy Hop?"

"No'm," said Arnie.

"Well, I'm gonna see," said the brown-skin lady. She put a record on the victrola, and took Arnie in her arms. Even if he couldn't do the Lindy Hop, he enjoyed dancing with her and they got along

famously. Several more people came in, a swell-looking yellow girl, some rather elderly musicians, in spats, and a young colored art student named Harry Jones. Cocktails went around.

"I'm from Chicago," Harry said eventually. "Been over here about a year and like it a hell of a lot. You will, too, soon as you get to know a few folks."

Gradually the room took on the life and gaiety of a party. Somebody sat down at a piano in the alcove, and started a liquid ripple of jazz. Three or four couples began to dance. Arnie and the lovely yellow girl got together. They danced a long time, and then they drank cocktails. Arnie forgot about the clock. It was long after midnight.

Somebody suggested that they all go to the opening of a new Martinique ball-room where a native orchestra would play rattles and drums.

"Come on, Arnie," Harry Jones said. "You might as well make a night of it. Tomorrow's Sunday."

"I start rehearsals tomorrow," Claudina said, "So I can't go. But listen here," she warned. "Don't you-all take Arnie out of here and lose him. Some of these little French girls are liable to put him in their pocket, crazy as they are about chocolate."

Arnie hoped he wouldn't meet the Pembertons in the hall. But he didn't. They were long since in bed. And when Arnie came in at dawn, his head was swimming with the grandest night he'd ever known. At the Martinique ball he'd met dozens of nice girls: white girls and brown girls, and yellow girls, artists and students and dancers and models and tourists. Harry knew everybody. And everybody was gay and friendly. Paris and music and cocktails made you forget what color people were—and what color you were yourself. Here it didn't matter—color.

Arnie went to sleep dreaming about a little Rumanian girl named Vivi. Harry said she was a music student. But Arnie didn't care what she was, she had such soft black hair and bright grey eyes. How she could dance! And she knew quite a little English. He'd taken her address. Tomorrow he would go to see her. Aw, hell, tomorrow the Pembertons wanted to go to Versailles!

V

When Arnie woke up it was three o'clock. This time Grace Pemberton had actually banged on the door. Arnie was frightened. He'd never slept so late before. What would the Pembertons think?

"What ever is the matter, Arnold?" Mrs. Pemberton called. Only when she was put out did she call him Arnold.

"Up late reading," Arnie muttered through the closed door. "I was up late reading." And then was promptly ashamed of himself for having lied.

"Well hurry up," Mrs. Pemberton said. "We're about to start for Versailles."

"I don't want to go," said Arnie.

"What ever is the matter with you, boy?" gasped Grace Pemberton.

Arnie had slipped on a bathrobe, so he opened the door.

"Good morning," he said. "I've met some friends. I want to go out with them."

The contrariness of late adolescence was asserting itself. He felt stubborn and mean.

"Friends?" said Grace Pemberton. "What friends, may I ask?"

"A colored student and some others."

"Where did you meet them?"

"Next door, at Miss Lawrence's."

Grace Pemberton stiffened like a bolt. "Get ready, young man," she said, "and come with us to Versailles." She left the room. The young man got ready.

Arnie pouted, but he went with the Pembertons. The sun gave him a headache, and he didn't give a damn about Versailles. That evening, after a private lecture by Mr. Pemberton on the evils of Paris (Grace and Emily had spoken so often about the beauty of the city), he went to bed feeling very black and sick.

For several days, he wasn't himself at all, what with excursions to museums and villages and chateaux, when he wanted to be with Vivi and Harry and Claudina. (Once he did sneak away with Harry to meet Vivi.) Meanwhile, the Pembertons lectured him on his surliness. They were inclined to be dignified and distant to the poor little black fellow now. After all, it had cost them quite a lot to bring him to Paris. Didn't he appreciate what they were doing for him? They had raised him. Had they then no right to forbid him going about with a crowd of Negroes from the theatres?

"He's a black devil," said Mr. Pemberton.

"Poor little fellow," said Grace. She was a little sorry for him.

"After all, he doesn't know. He's young. Let us just try loving him, and being very nice to him."

So once again the Pembertons turned loose on Arnie all their niceness. They took him to the races, and they bought him half a dozen French ties from a good shop, and they treated him better than if he were their very own.

But Arnie was worse than ever. He stayed out all night one night. Grace knew, because she knocked on his door at two o'clock. And the Negroes next door, how they laughed! How they danced! How the music drifted through the windows. It seemed as if the actual Devil had gotten into Arnie. Was he going to the dogs before their eyes? Grace Pemberton was

worried. After all, he *was* the nearest thing she'd ever had to a son. She was really fond of him.

As for Arnie, it wasn't the Devil at all that had got him. It wasn't even Claudina. It was Vivi, the little girl he'd met through Harry at the Martinique Ball. The girl who played Chopin on the piano, and had grey eyes and black hair and came from Rumania. By himself, Arnie had managed to find, from the address she had given him, the tall house near the Parc Monceau where she lived in an attic room. Up six flights of stairs he walked. He found her with big books on theory in front of her and blank music pages, working out some sort of exercise in harmony. Her little face was very white, her grey eyes very big, and her black hair all fluffy around her head. Arnie didn't know why he had come to see her except that he liked her very much.

They talked all the afternoon and Arnie told her about his life at home, how white people had raised him, and how hard it was to be black in America. Vivi said it didn't make any difference in Rumania, or in Paris either, about being black.

"Here it's only hard to be poor," Vivi said.

But Arnie thought he wouldn't mind being poor in a land where it didn't matter what color you were.

"Yes, you would mind," Vivi said. "Being poor's not easy anywhere. But then," and her eyes grew bigger, "by and by the Revolution will come. In Rumania the Revolution will come. In France, too. Everywhere poor people are tired of being poor."

"What Revolution?" Arnie asked, for he hadn't heard about it in Mapleton.

Vivi told him.

"Where we live, it's quiet," he said. "My folks come from Massachusetts."

VI

And then the devil whispered to Arnie. Maybe Vivi would like to meet some real Americans. Anyway, he would like the Pembertons to meet her. He'd like to show them that there actually was a young white girl in the world who didn't care about color. They were always educating him. He would educate them a bit. So Arnie invited Vivi to dinner at the hotel that very night.

The Pembertons had finished their soup when he entered the sparkling dining-room of the hotel. He made straight for their table. The orchestra was playing Mozart. Gentlemen in evening clothes and ladies in diamonds scanned a long and expensive menu. The Pembertons looked up and saw Arnie coming, guiding Vivi by the hand. Grace Pemberton gasped and put her spoon back in the soup. Emily went pale. Mr. Pemberton's mouth opened. All the Americans stared. Such a white, white girl and such a black, black boy coming across the dining-room floor! The girl had a red mouth and grey eyes.

The Pembertons had been waiting for Arnie since four o'clock. Today a charming Indian mystic, Nadjuti, had come to tea with them, especially to see the young Negro student they had raised in America. The Pembertons were not pleased that Arnie had not been there.

"This is my friend," Arnie said. "I've brought her to dinner."

Vivi smiled and held out her hand, but the Pembertons bowed in their stiffest fashion. Nobody noticed her hand.

"I'm sorry," said Grace Pemberton, "but there's room for only four at our table."

"Oh," said Arnie. He hadn't thought they'd be rude. Polite and formal, maybe, but not rude. "Oh! don't mind us then. Come on, Vivi." His eyes were red as he

led her away to a vacant table by the fountain. A waiter came and took their orders with the same deference he showed everyone else. The Pembertons looked and could not eat.

"Where ever did he get her?" whispered Emily in her thin New England voice, as her cheeks burned. "Is she a woman from the streets?" The Pembertons couldn't imagine that so lovely a white girl would go out with a strange Negro unless she were a prostitute. They were terribly mortified. What would he do next?

"But maybe he doesn't know. Did you warn him, John?" Grace Pemberton addressed her husband.

"I did," replied Mr. Pemberton shortly.

"A scarlet woman," said Emily faintly. "A scarlet . . . I think I shall go to my room. All the Americans in the dining-room must have seen." She was white as she rose. "We've been talked about enough as it is—travelling with a colored boy. For our sakes, he might have been careful."

The Pembertons left the dining-room. But Grace Pemberton was afraid for Arnie. Near the door, she turned and came over to the table by the fountain. "Please, Arnold, come to my room before you go."

"Yes, Miss Grace, I'll come," he said.

"You mustn't mind." Vivi patted his arm. The orchestra was playing "The Song of India." "All old people are the same."

As they ate Vivi and Arnie talked about parents. Vivi told him how her folks hadn't allowed her to come away to study music, how they'd even tried to stop her at the station. "Most elderly people are terrible," she said, "especially parents."

"But they're not my parents," Arnie said. "They are white people."

When he took Vivi home, he kissed her. Then he came back and knocked on the living-room door.

VII

"Come in," Grace Pemberton said. "Come in, Arnie, I want to talk to you." She was sitting there alone, very straight with her iron-grey hair low on her neck. "Poor little black fellow," she said, as though Arnie had done a great and careless wrong. "Come here."

When Arnie saw her pale white face from the door, he was a little sad and ashamed that he might have done something to hurt her. But when she began to pity him, "poor little black fellow", a sudden anger shook him from head to foot. His eyes grew sultry and red, his spirit stubborn.

"Arnold," she said, "I think we'd better go home, back to America."

"I don't want to go," he replied.

"But you don't seem to appreciate what we are doing for you here," she said, "at all."

"I don't," Arnie answered.

"You don't!" Grace Pemberton's throat went dry. "You don't? We're showing you the best of Paris, and you don't? Why, we've done all we could for you always, Arnie boy. We've raised you as our own. And we want to do more. We're going to send you to college, of course, to Fisk this Fall."

"I don't want to go to Fisk," Arnie said.

"What?"

"No," said Arnie. "I don't want to go. It'll be like that camp in Boston. Everything in America's like that camp in Boston." His eyes grew redder. "Separate, segregated, shut-off! Black people kept away from everybody else. I go to Fisk; my classmates, Harvard and Amherst and Yale . . . I sleep in the garage, you sleep in the house."

"Oh," Grace Pemberton said. "We didn't mean it like that!"

Arnie was being cruel, just cruel. She began, in spite of herself, to cry.

"I don't want to go back home," Arnie went on. "I hate America."

"But your father *died* for America." Grace Pemberton cried.

"I guess he was a fool," said Arnie.

The hall door opened. Mr. Pemberton and his sister-in-law came in from a walk through the park. They saw Mrs. Pemberton's eyes wet, and Arnie's sultry face. Mrs. Pemberton told them.

"So you want to stay here," said Mr. Pemberton, trying to hold his temper. "Well, stay. Take your things and stay. Stay now. Get out! Go!"

Anger shook him, fury against this ungrateful black boy who made his wife cry. Grace Pemberton never cried over anything Mr. Pemberton did. And now, she was crying over this . . . this. . . . In the back of his mind was the word *nigger*. Arnold felt it.

"I want to go," said Arnie. "I've always wanted to go."

"You little black fool!" said Emily.

"Where will you go?" Grace Pemberton asked. Why, oh why, didn't Arnie say he was sorry, beg their pardon, and stay? He knew he could if he wanted to.

"I'll go to Vivi," Arnie said.

"Vivi?" a weak voice gasped.

"Yes, marry Vivi!"

"Marry white, eh?" said Mr. Pemberton. Emily laughed drily. But Grace Pemberton fainted.

Next door, just then, the piano was louder than ever. Somebody was doing a tap dance. The dancing and the music floated through the windows on the soft Paris air. Outside the lights were a necklace of gold over the Champs Elysées. Autos honked. Trees rustled. People passed.

Arnie went out.

MADISON LANE

BY LAWRENCE LEE

FROM some wide dusty yard a rooster crows,
Startles the shady places with his cry,
While on broad fields the burning Summer glows
And fills the air and roadways with July.
We move with crickets spinning through the heat,
Flutter with sparrows in the powdered dust,
Creep with the mites that dust and sun defeat—
With each hot flash of life share some brief lust.

And this bright cock that struts behind a fence—
He is the Summertime, as you and I.
The voice of all this shining world of sense,
He shrills its brilliance, arched against the sky,
His gleaming beauty with its music tense,
His love a flaming arrow set to fly.

II

The little intimate things, death cannot take.
The rug that lies along my wooden floor
Speaks yet of feet that startled me awake
And of new friends that enter at my door.
But what is there to tell that you and I
Have marked some sunny morning as our own?
No rumpled dress lies where you put it by,
No slipper near a chair is left alone.

For these the treacherous heart will beat and knock,
Letting a dusty trifle give it pain.
Poorer am I, who in such things take stock,
Than pigeons that flap and circle in the rain—
Poorer than dusty sparrows and the cock
Who find their loves among the scattered grain.

III

I often think: if you were in this room,
Some morning I should watch you, unaware—
Your arms and slim hands busy with your hair,

Flashing a polished brush deep in the gloom
Of blinds and green leaves shading out the sun.
How brilliant then to see your hair take shape
In bands from which no lock could make escape,
Smoother than golden leaves when you were done.

Such are the dreams which hover over Greece
When to those empty headlands men give thought.
My thoughts are long, but they have never brought
An early morning full of dewy peace
When you stood dressing here before my glass,
Dropping your skirt about you as I pass.

IV

Down what white reaches now along the sea
Do you go gathering Summer to your heart?
Before your step what timid sea birds start?
What pirate crabs in awkward hurry flee?
Is there not death with life upon that beach:
Its chalky look about the crumbling shell,
Deep in the cast-up conch its bitter smell?
But life as far out as the mind can reach!

Be light your lovely feet that move on death;
For we who burn like Summer are as these—
The birds, the conch cast shoreward from the seas:
The startled things that give up shape and breath.
We, too, move briefly on the radiant land
And hear the blue sea shingling up the sand.

V

Man does not say good-bye. Somehow the soul
Keeps all that has been loved with it always.
The bodies break, friends go, the seasons roll;
But of each cherished thing the spirit stays.
They are like Summer shining on the air—
These forms, this breathing earth, these radiant friends.
From their remembered splendor I shall wear
Some light about me till my moment ends.

I cannot carve your lovely shape in stone,
Staying awhile its excellence from decay,
Nor fix your beauty into paint. Alone
A look upon my face will sometimes say
How beautiful are the things which I have known
That came from earth, that turn again to clay.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Cookery

THE USE OF HERBS

BY CLARITA DE FORCEVILLE

AMERICANS, it has been said, are handicapped in their gastronomic achievements by their definitely Puritan streak. This may be true. There are certain requisites—three, I think—for the preparation of good food, and two of them do not harmonize with the Puritan code. They are leisure, wines (good wines), and herbs—the leisure to enjoy food and to pursue the intricacies of its concoction, the wines which lend the last exquisite flavor to a meal, and the herbs without which there can be no good cooking.

In France cooking with herbs is taken for granted. Their use is obvious and assumed. They are fundamental. A French cook would no more think of omitting the *bouquet garni* than the salt. Open a French cook-book at any page and whatever may be the *résumé* on which you happen to chance, you will invariably encounter one or more herbs, rooted there by an undisputed tradition. They add their contribution to the flavor of the dish itself, even if it is impossible to discern them individually. The *bon vivant*, indeed, should not be startled by the definite flavor of any one herb. They are supposed to remain in disguise, blending deliciously with whatever they supplement.

There are, of course, exceptions to this self-effacing rule, for sometimes herbs play the part of a *prima donna*. Such is the case, for instance, in *le poulet à l'estragon*, where

the tarragon becomes the *raison d'être* of the whole thing and lends its name to the dish. The *résumé* will show how easy it is to make if one has the good fortune to find fresh tarragon:

CHICKEN TARRAGON

Clean the chicken and stuff it to capacity with fresh tarragon. Sew the opening so that no stuffing can come out. Tie two strips of bacon on the breast. Brown on all sides in butter in a well-heated casserole. Add one glass of water or bouillon, one cut up (not chopped) onion, salt and pepper. Cover the casserole tight and let it cook on a slow fire until the chicken is tender. Every fifteen minutes turn the chicken and baste. When cooked, remove it, discard the tarragon stuffing, carve the chicken, and serve it with a garnishing of fresh tarragon and the sauce in a separate saucer.

Why there are no more fresh herbs on the American market is understandable. American cooks have not been taught to use them and American palates have not been trained to demand them. Herbs are not difficult to grow. With a little ingenuity some of them can even be grown in pots on the window sill. They require no special care and yet I know of only two people in America who have herb-gardens. Their tables, are, of course, priceless because of the abundance of fresh herbs. One serves a soup made entirely of fresh herbs which should be added to the collection of the epicure. It would figure with honor in the new cook-book which gives the hundred best French *résumés*.

The fresh herbs which are most plentiful here are parsley and chives; tarragon,

I find in New York City, must be ordered ahead. Parsley is the most common. Unfortunately, it is used mainly as a garnish and aside from that not very discerningly. Fresh parsley can be kept for weeks if thoroughly dried and put in an air-tight container in the ice-box. Italian parsley is the best. In almost every dish a sprig of parsley is helpful. It can be added to any soup (two or three sprigs should be tied together and fished out before serving), also to any casserole dish of meat, and it is a necessity (chopped fine) with almost every fish.

Chives can be found easily in the market, or they may be grown in a pot. As the tops are snipped off they will continue growing and always be ready to lend the flavor of onion in a delicate and restrained fashion to any food. They will improve any salad except those in which tarragon has been used: each has too definite a flavor for them to be mixed. But parsley may be used both in cooking and in salads with either of them. Chives mixed with cream or cottage cheese make something delicious out of these healthful but insipid foods.

Fresh tarragon, if you are fortunate enough to find it, can be added to almost any other herb combination and it will help to perfect any soup or meat. There is one way it can always be obtained and that is in jars put up in vinegar. In that form it is invaluable. If chopped fine and added to a salad it is much more effective than the much advertised tarragon-vinegar. The delicious Béarnaise sauce which is so habitually used in France can be made perfectly with this tarragon.

Perhaps the limited supply of fresh herbs in this country is due to the fact that one can always get them dried, and when herbs are used at all Americans most commonly use this variety. People

who have lived in France have a high respect for fresh herbs, but the dried ones are almost as effective and a great deal better than none at all. Nearly every French *résumé* calls for *un bouquet garni*. It is a classic of cookery and is a combination of fresh parsley, dried laurel, and thyme. Two or three laurel leaves, two of thyme and one of parsley are used in soups, meats *en casserole*, and stews. The *bouquet garni* is an integral part of the excellence of *boeuf à la mode* and *ragoût de mouton*. Because an elementary knowledge of herbs calls for an intimate acquaintance with this traditional combination, I quote a *résumé* for *boeuf Bourguignonne*, which gives it its full value:

BOEUF BOURGUIGNONNE

Have at least five pounds of short steak, or eye of round, or top round, larded. Soak for three hours in a brine made as follows: half a bottle of red wine, one sliced onion, some parsley, some thyme, two laurel leaves, two soup spoons of oil, salt and pepper. Remove the meat and dry it thoroughly. Brown it carefully in butter in a very hot casserole, remove the meat, add three table spoons of flour to the butter, and five cups of bouillon and the strained brine. Bring this to boiling point, stirring constantly; then replace the meat and add at the same time a *bouquet garni*. Let it boil for about ten minutes; then cover the casserole and put it in the oven for four hours. Clean and cut mushrooms, and brown them in hot butter. Peel and brown some small whole onions, and cut one-half a pound of salt pork into small dice. Put them in cold water and bring them to a boil for five minutes. Dry and brown them in butter. When the meat is cooked, remove it from the casserole, let the sauce stand for ten minutes and remove all grease; then strain the sauce into the casserole and replace the meat in it. Add the onions, mushrooms and salted pork, pour the sauce over them, bring to the boiling point, and let the whole cook for three-quarters of an hour.

There are other dried herbs which may also be used effectively. For example, Summer savory and rosemary. Rosemary is used a great deal in Italy and is excellent in almost any dish. It can be used in addition to the *bouquet*. Sage is very much used in America. Personally, it makes me quite ill—perhaps because one is so constantly confronted with the wet dressing overburdened with sage made for the stuffing of fowls. There is no subtlety to this wholesale use of an herb.

Herbs are so positive an addition to cookery that one wonders whether the matter can be overdone, whether their flavorings or essences can recur too frequently during the meal and lessen their effect. In a well-composed menu they take care of themselves and should be added to any dish that is improved by them. They improve any thin soup—in fact, any soup. If the second course is a broiled fish there is no herb, but if the fish is fried there may be parsley. If the meat is a roast there is no herb flavor, but it occurs again in the salad course. Seldom do herbs appear more than twice in an American menu.

The amount to be used in various dishes is a difficult thing to state with scientific exactness. Good cooks and gourmets have a sense of flavoring. It is a talent to be treated with respect, because it makes possible in foods the perfect balance of major and minor accents. In a French kitchen the cook adds herbs with no precision, but in a way which leaves no doubt as to her exact understanding of what appears to the casual observer a vague procedure. If stopped in this mysterious rite of adding a bit of this or a sprig of that she is apt to shrug and say "*Je ne sais pas*"—"As you want". A person with a sensitive palate has only to take one taste of the first course to know whether the cook who has prepared the meal has this innate sense of flavor.

Herbs are not at all the final or complete word in flavoring but they are of primary importance. Onion, garlic and lemon are never substitutes for them, but accentuate and give reality and body to such delicate essences as the *bouquet garni*. Spices have still a different contribution to make, and the artistry of their use is another page in good cookery. They, too, can be mixed with herbs. Saffron in *homard à l'Armoricaine* and curry in chicken make of them dishes supreme in their way; the result is exotic and piquant.

The use of spices has a certain dubious implication in France because they were extravagantly used at a time when the French art of cooking was in its infancy. Herbs are less stimulating to the palate and their significance is deeper. The difference is best suggested by the way in which one speaks about them—a dash of pepper or cinnamon, but never a dash of thyme or rosemary. Instead, one says a sprig, or a leaf, or a *bouquet*. They are not so frivolous. They are more cultivated and are treated with greater tenderness.

Leisure is as little known in the America of today as are good wines. It took eighteen centuries for French clarets and burgundies to acquire the perfection and reputation they are enjoying today, and though Prohibition should be repealed, it will be decades before devoted American hosts will take to pouring their rarest Burgundy into a *civet de lièvre*. Herbs are another matter. With their charm and dependability they fit well into American life and cookery. They are much the most Puritan of the necessities for good cooking, and their greater acceptance here is thus a probability. I hope the *récipes* I have given may start some potential but timid gourmets on the way to a more generous and appreciative understanding of the advantages of these wisest of the flavorings.

Medicine

COMMON COLDS

By JAMES A. TOBEY

DESPITE the immense progress of medical science since the days of Hippocrates common colds and other respiratory diseases continue to plague humanity. Today they cause more absenteeism from industry, school, and general activities than all other diseases combined, and they also cause greater economic losses.

These facts will probably not be news to most persons, since no one is immune to colds, and practically everyone averages three of them a year. So serious is the problem that many organized efforts have been made and are being made to ascertain how best to cope with these devastating ailments. Among the most promising of such endeavors are studies carried out at the Johns Hopkins University under the auspices of the John J. Abel Fund for Research on the Common Cold. Valuable investigations have been made also by physicians at the Harvard Medical School, at Columbia University, by scientists of the Rockefeller Foundation, and by many others. Current medical literature is heavy with articles on the subject.

From this profusion of material certain fairly well-established facts may be gleaned, as follows:

1. Colds are contagious.

2. A contributing factor in catching cold is the vital resistance of the individual, as influenced by heredity and such environmental conditions as climate, ventilation, nutrition, and general health.

3. Colds occur at all ages, but are most common in children under five and in the age group from twenty-five to thirty-five years.

4. Men are slightly more susceptible to colds than women.

5. Colds occur at all seasons of the year, but are most prevalent in the United States in September and October, in January and February, and in April and May.

6. The presence or absence of tonsils and adenoids in children and adults and the structure of the frontal sinuses of individuals have no effect on the incidence of colds.

7. Hardening by regular exercise, sleeping with open windows, cold bathing, or exposure to ultraviolet light, does not decrease susceptibility to colds.

8. Racial factors play no part in their prevalence.

9. Changes of weather, especially in Summer, may promote susceptibility to colds in certain persons.

10. There is evidence that a proper diet may reduce susceptibility.

11. Vaccines are of questionable value.

12. Patent medicines and drugs will not cure colds.

13. A cold may sometimes be aborted by prompt measures and occasionally, but rarely, its symptoms may be alleviated by proper treatment.

When a person declares, mournfully, that he has a cold, he may actually be suffering from any one of a dozen different diseases. The true common cold begins rather suddenly with a profuse running of the nose, or coryza, a watery discharge from the eyes, some fever and a feeling of general malaise. These symptoms continue for several days, after which the martyr gets better or worse.

Such a cold as this is caused by a specific virus. Still other symptoms may, however, be due to other germs, a host of which are regular inhabitants of the respiratory tracts of all persons. Because of the lowered resistance of the individual, these playful streptococci, diplococci, staphylococci and whatnot have their innings, thus causing sore throats, coughs, expectoration, and numerous other symptoms,

which may be classified as bronchitis, laryngitis, pharyngitis, rhinitis, tracheitis, or tonsillitis, or by numerous other medical terms, which are usually based on the location of the disturbance and mean inflammation (itis) of that part.

Influenza, also called flu or grippe, is still another disease with still another cause. It begins suddenly, with fever, aches in the bones and other parts of the body, and a feeling of great weakness or even prostration. The exact cause of the disease is a question, some scientists attributing it to a bacillus discovered in 1893, others alleging that a green-producing streptococcus is at fault, and still others asserting that the cause is a filtrable virus, similar to that which produces common colds. At any rate, the disease has been proven to be highly contagious, a fact confirmed by the periodic epidemics that occur.

The idea that colds are contagious is not new, since it was first advanced in 1914 as a proved proposition by a German scientist who called the cold bug he thought he had discovered *aphanozoum coryzae*. A number of investigators have transferred filtrates or washings of the nasopharyngeal secretions of persons with colds to chimpanzees or human volunteers, with the result that these apparently healthy individuals promptly came down with colds. Such experiments show that the cause of colds is the filtrable virus.

Of even greater interest, however, are observations among the inhabitants of isolated communities where respiratory diseases have been absent until brought in by an infected person. Several years ago physicians of the Rockefeller Foundation engaged in studies of the nasopharyngeal flora of some 150 persons comprising the population of the remote village of Northwest River in Labrador. During the Winter these people, consisting of natives and

about twenty-five whites, were free from colds, but when the first mail boat brought Summer visitors to the region the germs accompanied them, for a flock of colds occurred. By August, there was an epidemic of tracheitis, or inflammation of the windpipe.

More striking than this was an experience at Northwest River in the following Winter. In February, 1928, the superintendent of the local mission went by dog-train to Rigolet, 100 miles away, to get the mail which had come up the coast by relays of dog sleds. Influenza was prevalent in Rigolet when he arrived there, and he contracted it, as he was taken ill on the return trip while still a day's journey from Northwest River. With the help of his dogs he managed to complete the trip.

Two days later another case of the flu appeared in this isolated community, which had hitherto been free of it. By the end of April, 90 cases had occurred in a population of 167, and 31 other persons suffered from colds. Of the 46 who escaped, 6 were new-born babies. Fortunately no deaths were caused by this epidemic, although some of the cases were severe, especially among the older adults.

The investigators who made these studies in Labrador later transferred their activities to a tropical island. They went to St. John, an isolated spot in the Virgin Islands, where they examined the 223 natives living in the vicinity of Cruz Bay. Colds were found to be less prevalent in the West Indies than in most places and less severe, but the same types of germs were associated with these diseases when they did occur. In December, 1929, an epidemic of colds followed a slight but abrupt drop in atmospheric temperature.

Since the cold organism is transmitted from person to person, one of the ways to avoid catching cold is to stay away from

those who are infected. Modern urban conditions, with their crowds in subways and street cars, present many almost insurmountable difficulties to this endeavor, and it is likewise virtually impossible to shun a member of the immediate family who has a cold. During the prevalence of colds and other respiratory infections, osculation should be abandoned as a social procedure, because a kiss on the mouth is a sure way to spread a cold.

Wet feet and drafts have always been thought to play a part in catching colds, and this is no delusion, for they do indeed have a certain rôle. When the feet are cold or wet or both, a temporary lowering of resistance results, so that the body becomes more susceptible to the ravages of the cold virus and the various organisms which are poised in the respiratory tract as secondary invaders. It is a good rule to keep the feet dry and warm as an aid to the prevention of colds. Rubbers and galoshes may look provincial, but they are indubitably utilitarian in wet weather.

Ventilation is unquestionably a factor in the onset of a cold. Many persons are affected by drafts, although most persons can develop a certain immunity to them by becoming accustomed to breezes of all kinds. Some individuals can sit in drafts all day without harm, others begin to snuffle when subjected to a hardly perceptible movement of air. Regardless of any exemption from the hazards of drafts, any over-heated person who becomes chilled by moving air undergoes a drop in vital resistance and becomes fair prey for the germs of a cold.

Sudden changes in temperature are generally injurious to the body. When a person emerges thinly clad from an over-heated house into cold, raw air, he is in imminent danger, unless he, or she, possesses unusual powers of adaptability and

resistance. Proper ventilation in school-rooms, with temperatures held at or below 68°, keep down the incidence of colds among children. When the temperature drops rapidly from 90° to 60° in Summer, as often happens in the North temperate zone, put on an overcoat over your Palm Beach suit, and thus avoid trouble.

Among the matters that do not influence the incidence of colds at all, are smoking, whether mild or excessive, alcohol in moderation, the color of the eyes, chiropractic adjustments, cold bathing, big muscles, Christian Science, and the use of ultraviolet or any other kind of light. This statement will be controverted by the adherents or opponents of these various fads and fancies, but it is based on incontrovertible evidence produced by impartial investigators.

Although common colds are known to be caused by a filtrable virus, the virus itself has never been isolated. As a consequence, it is not yet possible to make a vaccine from it. The various cold vaccines on the market are prepared from organisms that are associated with colds, but chiefly in the rôle of secondary invaders. These mixed vaccines may protect against respiratory diseases due to the germs from which they are made, but they will not protect against the true common cold, nor against other infections caused by organisms not represented in the vaccine. Such vaccines, therefore, have a limited value, and they are not panaceas.

The use of alkaline substances has been suggested as a remedy or preventive of colds, the theory being that a cold occurs because of certain chemical changes in the body. It seems to be the consensus of scientific opinion that alkalies are of no value in averting the onset of a cold, but that slightly alkaline drinks may be helpful immediately after a cold starts. Thus,

hot lemonade, or milk, which is a base-forming food, will aid in combating the tendency toward mild acidosis which is usually one effect of a severe cold.

On the subject of diet there is some difference of opinion. Cod liver oil has long been a favorite remedy for imparting strength and vigor to persons susceptible to colds, and there is reliable scientific evidence in support of it. Cod liver oil, like butter, milk, and egg yolk, is an exceptional dietary source of vitamin A, which is frequently known as the anti-infective vitamin, because an abundance of it in the diet actually promotes resistance to certain types of disease.

Not only have biologists demonstrated by experiments with laboratory animals that a liberal intake of vitamin A protects against respiratory infections, but physicians have conducted studies with groups of industrial workers on diets rich in vitamin A-containing foods, such as milk and cod liver oil, and have observed fewer colds and improved health among these individuals.

When, in spite of all precautions, a cold starts, the best procedure is to go to bed,

induce perspiration by means of hot-water bottles and warm drinks (which may be slightly alkaline), and use only such remedies and medicaments as will reduce fever and allay pain. Such remedies should preferably be those prescribed by a physician and not by a meddlesome neighbor, although such customary diaphoretics as quinine, aspirin, aconite, tartar emetic, salicylic acid, and phenacetin, which almost everyone uses in one form or another, are generally efficacious to some degree. Nature, aided by rest and repose, does most of the therapeutic work, however.

Everyone has a pet remedy for a cold. The unfortunate sufferer is besieged with ardent advice, deluged with remedies which are advocated with proselyting zeal by all with whom he comes in contact. A celebrated practitioner who was once asked what was best to take for a cold is said to have replied rather tersely, "Two dozen soft linen handkerchiefs," and that seems to be about as good advice as any. Regardless of the measures taken, a cold generally runs its course and then peters out, or is succeeded by something worse.

Music

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

By EDWARD ROBINSON

THE legend runs that Charles Tomlinson Griffes' premature death at thirty-five, thirteen years ago, was due to suffering and hardship caused by the public neglect of his work, and that as a result America lost one of its most gifted composers before he could attain full maturity as a creative artist. The professional commentators, whether deliberately or not, have aided in spreading this myth. Rich-

ard Aldrich, in a New York *Times* obituary, rebuked his readers for permitting Griffes the drudgery of a school-teacher's routine, and hinted at parallels with Mozart and Schubert. John T. Howard implied that he was forced to copy his own parts for the Boston Symphony's first performance of "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan," and said that the strain proved "too great for the already overworked composer," who "fell a victim to an attack of pneumonia" just as the news of his first major success began coming in.

A pretty tale, and one well calculated to

draw tears and anguish. But even a superficial check is enough to show that the facts were otherwise. In the first place, the post of organist and teacher of music at the Hackley School in Tarrytown, which Griffes held for twelve years, was hardly worse than similar positions filled by thousands of composers in the past—including Bach. During this period Griffes was not only able to compose regularly, but also to secure publication and performance for almost everything he wrote; and no young composer, at any time or in any country, could legitimately expect more. Secondly, he copied the parts for “Kubla Khan”—which had been originally composed seven years earlier—not because he could not hire a copyist, but simply because he wished to make certain that no errors would creep in. Furthermore, on the afternoon of November 28, 1919, he was present in Boston for the first performance of the work, appearing on the platform to acknowledge the applause; and H. T. Parker, writing in the *Transcript* of the next day, could detect no signs of illness in him, but rather jovially noted his unassuming “business jacket.” Finally, the records show that he did not die until April 8, 1920, almost five months later.

The legend is thus dispelled. Why it was ever formulated, and then generally accepted, is a problem worth investigation. The fact remains that his music has always been highly esteemed by serious critics: only MacDowell, among the American composers before him, was granted so much promise and such importance. Certainly his life provides no adequate explanation. He was born September 17, 1884, in Elmira, N. Y., where his father was a business man. The family was interested in literary and artistic matters, and two elder sisters played the violin and piano. From the last young Griffes received his

first musical instruction, which continued under local teachers until his graduation from the Elmira Academy.

At the same time he showed a talent for drawing and painting, and later in life his work as an etcher led many to advise him to follow that branch of art as his major activity. When still in high-school, however, he decided to become a concert pianist, and at nineteen he went to Berlin for this purpose, studying with Jedliczka and Gottfried Galston. Some lessons in composition from Humperdinck induced him to consider composing as a career. He remained in Berlin for a time, writing his first works there, and giving private lessons. In 1907 he returned to America, to settle in his position at Tarrytown, where he remained until his death.

The music that he wrote during this time provides an astonishing paradox. Though he is generally thought to have been one of the most significant of American composers, actually—and to a remarkable degree—he drew his inspiration from every country but the United States. His first published work was a setting of poems by Heine, Lenau and Geibel, in the original German. His Opus 10 was a setting of ancient Chinese and Japanese poems, using five-tone scales, and it was followed by a setting of three Irish poems by Fiona MacLeod. “Schojo” was a Japanese mime-play written for the dancer Michio Ito. In 1917 he wrote the score for the ballet, “The Kairn of Koridwen,” based on a Celtic legend, and among his last publications were the tone-poem to Coleridge’s exotic dream-fantasy, and the string quartette sketches based on Indian themes. In his “Fantasy Pieces” for piano he paid his respects to Verlaine and other French influences, and his most popular work was the group of piano sketches called “Roman.”

Although an artist's choice of material does not necessarily determine the calibre of his work, in Griffes's case the treatment is as vagrant and obvious as the subject matter itself. The early German songs are merely watered imitations of Richard Strauss. The Chinese songs are cleverly managed, but sound, basically, like exalted versions of "Chop-sticks." The Indian quartette pieces—one a "lament," and the other a "dance"—had been written a hundred times before, and though done with restraint, are dangerously like the news-reel hokum found on every movie conductor's cue-sheet. His best-known piece, "The White Peacock," is hardly more than Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" rewritten for piano, and "The Fountain of the Acqua Paola" is simply a variant of Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau."

Those of his works which do not directly imitate foreign models and exotic patterns show a definite subservience to the school of "tone-painting" that has swamped the international musical world ever since the advent of Strauss. Griffes leaned towards its French exponents, Debussy and Ravel, adding a belated pre-Raphaelite preciousness that only emphasized the original tenuity of the product. In his songs he favored the mincing gait and forced metaphor of things like Oscar Wilde's "Symphony in Yellow," the synthetic South Sea nostalgia of Rupert Brooke's "Waikiki," or the outmoded pseudo-Byronism of Giovannitti's "Phantoms." In his piano pieces he marshalled "plangent" dissonances, veiled chords and dripping arpeggios to produce adolescent exudations like "The Vale of Dreams," "The Night Winds," and "The Lake at Evening."

His "Kubla Khan," while handled with effective delicacy, reveals nothing unexpected in its orchestral portrayal of the

"caves of ice": the marvellously original lines of Coleridge are conventionally dressed in shimmering tremolos for strings, clashing harps and tam-tams, sliding chromatic flutes, languorous oboe solos marked *lontano*, and the rest of the cream puffs baked regularly in the impressionist confectionery. Towards the end of his career, in such works as the piano sonata, he moved away from this feeble stuff, but then it was only to substitute Schönberg and the *Schrecklichkeit* of German atonality instead.

In other words, he was little more than a paraphraser of innumerable foreign styles, and as a result his own musical speech was stultified almost entirely. His feeling for English prosody, for example, was distinctly warped, and in some songs the scanning of the lines is positively absurd.

His atavistic preoccupation with ancient modal scales, as well as his continual shifting among disparate harmonic styles, combined to destroy his power of melodic construction. Thus his melodies, for the most part, lack grace and vitality, and usually degenerate into a monotonous *recitative*, giving the effect of a prolonged chant or *parlando*. The rhythmic content, furthermore, is generally characterless. It rarely rises above elementary metrical patterns, and the intellectual interest is consequently reduced to a stagnant uniformity of aspect.

The evidence that Griffes's musical expression was completely unoriginal is thus conclusive. Yet beneath all these manifest deficiencies there is clear indication that he possessed a keen, sensitive temperament, coupled with a genuine creative impulse. His efforts to seek a satisfactory outlet for his artistic experiences, though unfruitful, nevertheless were conducted with refinement and sincerity.

The truth of the matter is simply that he was a thoroughly bewildered artist. The confused course of his career represented a desperate attempt to escape from a dilemma that was inherent in the musical life of his country, and that had previously destroyed not only MacDowell but all the other American composers who were determined upon maintaining the integrity of their purpose.

Griffes turned to strange sources for nourishment only because he had none of his own. His country was a dumping ground for foreign musical goods. Public interest in his art, when it existed at all, was pumped up by an astute gang of professional educators and critics, themselves lacking in the first principles of true musical discernment. Concerts were almost exclusively the means of enriching famous foreign performers whose exploited personalities had gained a blind and idolatrous worship. Orchestras and opera houses—manned and directed by musicians bred in a European tradition far removed from the actual realities of America—received their support, in turn, from wealthy barbarians devoting the profits of more or less criminal enterprises to the gratification of a blatant social vanity.

Parched by all that aridity, Griffes could do nothing but seek sympathy and understanding where he thought they existed. Unconsciously, he knew perfectly well that in his own country an artist who devoted himself honestly to music would thereby isolate himself inevitably from all intelligible contact with his fellow men. He feared this as any human being would fear it: that worried, frightened expression in his eyes—so evident in every one of his photographs—was indubitably the anxiety of a man sensing that his chosen sphere of activity would destroy the life thread binding him to his people, to the soil of his

origin, to reality. That is why he turned so frantically to other groups: German, Chinese, Irish,—anything, rather than the terrible emptiness that faced him at home. It is by no means accidental that his circle of intimate friends was confined to people like the French Eva Gautier and Georges Barrère, the Russian Adolf Bohm, and the Japanese Michio Ito; or that it was a Frenchman, Pierre Monteux, who should be the first to play his orchestral works in this country. These foreign artists were the only ones who showed even a semblance of understanding of him after his return to the United States.

Yet their support, however comforting, was gained at the expense of subscribing to their ideals, and in doing that he established a profound cleavage with the very Americans he should have attracted. Griffes realized gradually that he had cast himself hopelessly apart. All the work he had done was really an error. The materials he had chosen were from a culture representing nothing vital and appropriate for his age and place, and containing no seeds of future fertility. Isolated and rootless, his drooping spirit sagged beyond repair, until ultimately he had no choice but to relinquish the struggle.

Everything about his career, including the relationship with his public, was thus only proof that the American spirit, whatever else it may contain, certainly does not include the capacity for musical expression. Nothing has occurred since his death to contradict this conclusion. More and more it appears inescapable that music, in any decent sense, does not run in our blood, that we have no inherent psychic necessity for the translation of our cultural aspirations into terms of musical thought. All of our instinctive tendencies, in fact, point to other directions: throughout our musical history we have always and auto-

matically chosen the wrong elements, and invariably supported the worst institutions. A course so consistently erroneous would never be pursued by a truly musical people, and no logical inference remains but that fundamentally we are totally indifferent to the art.

The occasional noisy protestations to the contrary must therefore be interpreted as acute self-consciousness, developed as compensation for our actual ineffectuality. Of this uneasiness Griffes' exalted posthumous reputation is a direct expression. His music was useless, and there was really no reason why anyone should bother about it. But that was due not alone to his personal limitations; it was also the only possible

outcome in a society basically impervious to his art. Like every other American composer, Griffes was the inevitable victim of a false premise. The responsibility for his defeat had thus to be shared by the group which helped effect it. It was this sense of guilt—the remorse at having killed him spiritually—that prompted the legend built around his death. Retribution to the man could be conveyed only by magnifying the value of his music. Expiation for society's indifference could be accomplished only by exaggerating the liability for his neglect. The myth expresses precisely these two things. In the ethical or poetic sense, therefore, its existence is profoundly justified.

ALL DAY SUNDAY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

THREE sharp knuckle raps on her door woke Sissie Waddell. "Yes," she said, and then turned on her side and drew up her knees, wanting to enjoy for a moment longer the warmth of the blankets.

There was snow, light and wet as meringue, on the lower part of the screen and on the open ledge. Though the wash-house, that now served as bachelor's quarters for Bert, the hired man, cut off half of her view, she could see from where she lay the garage that housed her car, the muddy feedyard where the fresh snow was already trampled away, a strip of her brother Dick's cornfield—drifted white in the hollows and brown and ragged on the ridges—and, a mile away, the school-ground, where under bunched cottonwoods—like a white hen with two equally respectful chicks—the schoolhouse squatted.

A quarter of a mile beyond the schoolhouse, on a hill that rose considerably above those around it, stood a large red barn and white house with a picket of evergreens, the Hartzman place. Across the road from the Hartzmans' stood a small house and barn, without a tree near. This was the home of Chris Christiansen, the Johnsons' renter. Looking on it, Sissie felt both pleasure and sorrow.

A great racket was coming from the kitchen and Sissie wondered what Bert could be doing out there to make such a noise. Playing with the dog, like as not,

dragging him and wooling him around over the floor, trying to put him into the cob-box. She had seen them play at that game any number of times. The collie enjoyed it quite as much as Bert did. That was not very nice of Bert when he knew they were going to have company and would want the floor left clean.

She had cleaned and baked all day Saturday and her back ached. Being angry with Bert was a luxury she wanted to allow herself this morning. Mostly, she liked whatever he did and her breakfasts alone with him, listening to his yarns, watching his stunts, made the best part of her days. The difference in their ages had made it possible for her to be perfectly easy with Bert. If he had been a boy of their neighborhood she might have taught him in her little school, might have had him in the third grade and on up. He was only twenty-four and she was thirty-three and had taught the Pleasant Valley school for fifteen years.

Bert had been a drifter who happened along and asked for work and food the day that her father, Grandpa Waddell, came down with the flu, and they had kept him on, Dick agreeing that he was a good hand and a good husker, and he had been with them since October. The old folks liked him, including Grandma Ton, who was Grandma Waddell's mother and Sissie's grandmother. The boys, too, when they were over for the day, liked to lounge in the wash-house, where Bert had chosen

to live, and play with his punching-bag and boxing-gloves, and read his Wild West magazines. That his coming had made Sissie's life more interesting did not occur to any of them.

Both of her parents had had the flu, though Grandma Waddell insisted her attack was only a touch that made her feel "a little grumpy," but the doctor had ordered them both to "take it easy and behave themselves," and so Sissie had got in the habit of putting up her own school lunch and getting her and Bert's breakfast, and a comradeship had grown up between them. At supper-time, when the other members of the family were at the table, Bert's remarks to Sissie were limited to brief words about the weather and pass-me's, but at breakfast, his black hair combed wet and shining close to his well-shaped head, his blue sleeves rolled above his elbows, so that the tattooed mermaid showed, he talked to her, told her about his Summer on a tramp steamer, his visit to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, his Winter in a lumber camp in Alberta, and adventures in the saddle and on side-door Pullmans in the West. Having breakfast with Bert was for Sissie Waddell like taking time to read a chapter of a useless and highly exciting book before anything was done up of a morning. Only Friday, in her sixth-grade geography class, she had made the children's jaws drop with a picture of the Canadian logging industry, charming them with phrases that were Bert's own.

Shivering, Sissie got out of bed, took her underclothes from a chair, and got into them before she pulled her outing flannel gown off over her head. In old times, when her four brothers were at home, they would dress first in the kitchen and then call her when they went to do the chores, and she would catch up her

clothing and run out to dress by the range. But with a hand on the place, she dressed in her room.

Standing in front of her mirror, she drew the comb through her long brown hair and coiled it quickly at the back of her head. She had never cut her hair but had worn it long since she first put it up in this particular way. Fred Hartzman, the only man who had ever told her she was beautiful, had also told her it became her. Coiling her hair, she remembered Fred, remembered he was coming to dinner, and a tightness came into her throat and she lifted her chin and set her mouth. A dozen-year-old memory had come to her. She had been drying her hair in the side yard, the geese around her, and Fred had ridden in and stopped so quickly that his roan mare had reared up on her hind legs. He had said, "Gosh, you're a pretty girl, Sissie," and leaned to kiss her.

She wondered what Chris Christiansen would think of her hair if he ever saw it down. What Bert would think of it.

She went out to the kitchen, and when she put her hand on the door Bert was there ahead of her, holding the knob on the other side. "Easy!" he cried breathlessly. "Don't let any of 'em through!" and Sissie remembered the baby pigs and opened the door only wide enough to get into the kitchen.

Bert was squatting on his heels beside the door, his hair uncombed and his face glowing. "I been havin' more darn fun!" he said. "When I came in one of the baskets was tipped over and the pigs out and all over the floor, so I emptied out the other one and let 'em tear. Watch 'em, Sissie! Watch 'em tear when I make a grab at one!"

A dozen and a half baby pigs, two whole litters that Bert had brought from the pig barn in baskets the night before and put

behind the range, were out and scampering over the linoleum. Sissie reached down quickly and caught one up and held it close against her.

"You know what they make me think of?" Bert said. "I turned the basket of red ones loose at this end and the way they went for the white fellows, dodgin' and whirlin', and rollin', it was just like a football game. I tell you a tackle could learn from a hog."

The white pig Sissie held had stopped squirming and was rooting gently with his little pink snoot under her arm. She laughed. "That isn't what they make me think of," she said. "A little new pig is like nothing so much as a new-born baby. Looks like one, feels like one."

"Is that a fact! That's one thing I've never seen myself," Bert said. "Have you?"

"Yes, several. Let's get them back in the baskets."

"Aw, cripes, let 'em run, can't we? and we'll catch 'em up after we eat. They're havin' a lot of fun. It'll take a while to catch 'em up, and I'm hungry." His tone was not wheedling but confident. He was already at the sink filling the washpan with water from the reservoir. Sissie came to wash too, and he dumped the pan and filled it for her before he wiped his hands.

The coffee was ready and it took Sissie only a little while to fry sausages and stir pancakes. When she walked about, little warm smooth bodies jostled and darted about around her feet, and Bert watched while he ate. "Look at that one! Watch 'em!" he said, pointing with his fork.

Breakfast over, Sissie helped him catch the pigs. It was more difficult than she had expected. They hid behind overshoes, under chairs, and in the pantry and milk-room corners. When discovered, they wheeled and darted away, their smooth bodies eluding her clutches. When they

were all back in their baskets at last, her heart was pounding hard and her hair was down. She went to the glass and raised her hands to coil it up again. Her cheeks were red and her eyes were very bright. She shut her eyes an instant, for she was dizzy from so much stooping, and when she opened them again, Bert was standing behind her, looking at her in the glass, his shoulder behind her head, and his breath on her neck.

His hand came up and rested on her throat, pressing her head gently back against him. She was not at all certain what she was to do, what she wanted to do. It was so many years since any one had kissed her, and she had not expected Bert to kiss her, ever. She could feel little but surprise. But she stiffened suddenly and drew away from him. "Grandma Ton!" she whispered, and immediately the door opened and the little old lady shuffled in.

"What's going on out here?" she lisped through her gums. "Ain't you going to build a fire in the heater, Bert? It's cold as tombs in there! What was all that racket?"

II

Grandma had put on her apron and her shawl over her night gown. Her purple bedroom slippers showed under the edge of the gray outing flannel. Sissie could not answer her. Her voice would not come, and her hands shook as she finished fixing her hair. Bert, calm as though nothing had happened, slid a chair forward for Grandma Ton, poured her a cup of coffee, and then told her about the pigs, explaining with undiminished enthusiasm that the two litters reminded him of football teams. Grandma fumbled in her apron pocket—she always insisted on having two

deep patch pockets on her aprons, one for her glasses and her thimble and the other for her teeth—and got out her glasses.

“And you were helping Sissie put her hair up?” she asked.

“No,” said Bert. “She was puttin’ her hair up and I was standing behind her wantin’ to comb my hair and devilin’ her for the comb.”

“You don’t say!” Grandma Ton said. “Sissie, are you going to fry me a cake?”

Bert went into the living-room to build a fire. Sissie fried two cakes and then dipped water from the reservoir into the mop pail and got ready to mop the kitchen. Grandma Ton let down the oven door and put her feet on it.

As soon as the fire was going good in the living-room, Grandpa and Grandma Waddell got up and dressed by its warmth, and came out to the kitchen for their breakfast.

“Why, Ma!” Grandma Waddell exclaimed when she saw her mother still in her night gown, sitting in a low kitchen chair with her purple-clad feet stretched out in front of her on the oven door, her shawl close about her, a buttered roll of pancake in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, “Why ain’t you dressed! Do you know you ain’t dressed yet?”

“Of course I know it,” Grandma Ton said, licking up a little stream of butter from the side of her thumb. “Do you think I want to freeze dressin’ in there? If it’s warm I’ll go dress now, and I’m goin’ to put on my good clothes. I ain’t goin’ to dress again before everybody comes. I’m not goin’ to wear my satin, either. I’m goin’ to wear my brown wool. That’s what Jim likes best, and I don’t give a pin for Chet’s widow and all her style, and you don’t need to remind me she’s comin’.”

Grandma Ton lifted her legs down from

the oven door one at a time and then caught hold of the back of the chair on both sides to help herself up, and shuffled out of the kitchen. “Sorry to track, Sissie,” she said, lifting her gown high from the floor and showing striped brown socks above her purple slippers.

“What you moppin’ again for?” Grandma Waddell had to know of Sissie, and then pulled the baskets out from behind the stove to have a look at the pigs, and Pa took the livelier ones up in his hands and felt of them.

The ‘phone rang their ring and Grandma Waddell went into the dining-room to answer it and came back in a minute to say, “It was Freda. She says she’ll be over early as she can, to help.”

Grandma Waddell did the dishes while Sissie made up the beds, swept up what cob-dust there was around the living-room heater and tidied the living-room, straightening the drawnwork cloth under the framed photographs and knick-knacks on the library table, and plumping up the pillows on the davenport. Sissie was proud of the living-room furniture. She had bought it herself. Today she had folded up the plaid shawl that usually covered the davenport to protect it from Grandpa’s and Bert’s dirty overalls. She wanted things to look as nice as possible for Chet’s wife.

This was to be Chet’s bride’s first visit to his parents’ home and for Chet, the baby of the family, they wanted everything as nice as they could fix it. The three other boys and their families were to be there too, but they were used to the other daughters-in-law, had known them before they married Waddells and were reconciled, as much as they ever would be, to their faults and their virtues. Chet’s wife was almost a stranger. She had been a widow for only a year and Chet had sur-

prised them all by marrying her before they even knew he was courting. None of them had been asked to the wedding. Indeed, Chet had not had a wedding. He had just got married, and not even Chet's wife's little boy had witnessed the parsonage ceremony.

It seemed very strange to his family that Chet, the one that had always cared most about fixing up, who had been down to the Agricultural College for two years and knew better than any of them how things should be done, should get married like that, and to a widow too, a woman six or seven years his senior, enough older anyway, that she hadn't wanted her age in the paper along with the license. She did not look her age, though. There were girls still in high-school who looked older, though there was nothing babyish about her, and she was little and pretty, and neat as a pin.

Grandma Waddell had wanted to have them out right after the wedding, to show Chet that there were no hard feelings about his marrying on the quiet like that, but the boys were busy husking and then Grandma, too, came down with the flu and they had put the big dinner off from Sunday to Sunday, but now with Grandpa up and around and Christmas well out of the way, they were having it.

By the time Sissie had done up the work the chickens were roasting in the range oven and Grandma Waddell was sitting by the kitchen window where she could keep an eye on the highway while she worked. She was stirring an icing for an angel-food cake, holding the bowl in her short lap. There was going to be pie and plenty of it, but Chet's wife might not like mince-meat rich, like they always made it from Grandma Ton's *récipé* (Crystal, Jim's wife, never touched it), and so Sissie had stirred an angel-food. If the icing

came out as good as the cake it would be pretty nice. It was a new kind of icing that did not need to be cooked. Sissie had found the *récipé* for it in one of the *récipé* books she had sent off stamps for.

"Sis!" Grandma Waddell called to her daughter, "did I hear your Grandma Ton go in her bed-room?"

"Yes," Sissie called back softly, "what is it, Mamma?" and came toward the kitchen.

"Pick up her stuff and get it out of the front room. Hide it! Chuck it behind the davenport or somewhere. Gracie's kids'll get it and string it all over the house and start a row, first thing, if we leave it out."

Grandma Waddell put her plump hands on either edge of the kitchen table and heaved her heavy body up from the low chair and went out on the back porch to fetch the cake from the screened cupboard that served as a cooler in Winter. She was spreading the icing when she heard the hesitant sliding of her mother's soft-soled shoes on the linoleum and turned to see the little old woman standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining-room. She was rubbing one of her dry old hands with the other and smacking her toothless gums.

"Mattie, Sis has gone and took my rug-rags," she complained. "Took 'em and hid 'em. Do you know where they're at?"

"I ain't seen 'em," Grandma Waddell said. "Ma, go get your teeth in. All the children comin', and Chet's wife: you don't want 'em to catch you lookin' like that."

Grandma Ton slid her way across the room and, with one hand on her back, stooped and opened the oven door and squinted in. "How many chickens you got in them two roasters?" she asked.

"Four," Grandma Waddell said. "Good fat capons."

"I don't care for 'em," Grandma Ton said. "Flat. No taste at all. Give me a good young rooster every time."

"You're coolin' off the oven," her daughter reproached her. "They'll all be comin' directly. Will you go on and get your teeth in, Ma?"

"No, I don't think I will," Grandma Ton said. "They don't fit me. Never did. The uppers gall my gums. Anyway, I ain't scared of Chet's wife. She ain't the first widow ever to marry again. That's nothin'."

"Go put 'em in, Ma. You look *old* without 'em."

"Well, I *am* old, ain't I? Do you know anybody 'round here near as old as I am? And I can eat anything, and can hear like anybody. I can hear your man breathin', Mattie, clear out there to the cob-pile. You're lettin' him overdo."

Grandma Waddell laughed shortly. "You can't any such thing. I can't hear him myself. He ain't overdoing. Them cobs is so dry I could carry a tub with one hand myself. Go get your teeth!"

"I can't find them teeth, Mattie," Grandma Ton almost whimpered. "Somebody's mislaid 'em."

"You can find 'em if you want 'em. Go on!" Grandma Ton put out a trembling forefinger and dipped it in the icing and smacked her lips. "They're mislaid, like my rug-rags," she said. "If you can't get Sissie to find them for me, I'll look for 'em."

"Sissie!" Grandma Waddell yelled, and all her fat shook with the effort. "Fetch your Grandma her rug-rags, and see to it she gets her teeth in. The Bartows is going by, church's out and the boys'll be coming."

Grandma Ton padded into the living-room. Sissie met her with the little rug and the ball of rags in her hands. "Ah,"

her grandmother crooned, "you're a good girl, Sissie. Your mother's a good girl, too, but she tries to run me, always has. I've found 'em," she said, patting her pocket, "got 'em right here. And I'll put 'em in when the time comes," and she made for her chair by the heater.

"Where's that big old bedspread, Mamma?" Sissie asked when she reached the kitchen. "I want it for a pad with the table let out long. It's not in the back bedroom or in your room. You don't suppose Grandma got it and cut it up, do you?"

Grandma Waddell put up a plump hand to her sagging cheek and fingered her mole while she tried to remember. "Why, I give it to Gracie!" she said at last, pointing the frosting-smearred knife at her daughter. "That's where it went. I give it to her to make up spreads for the little girls' beds. She had the worst looking old blankets on those little blue beds Stanley bought her last Christmas, so I told her to take that big old spread home and make 'em up some little spreads."

"It's all right," Sissie said. "I can use the table pads and piece out with a sheet folded over. I hate it, though. I bet Chet's wife sets an awfully pretty table."

Grandma Waddell sighed. "Well, I knew at the time it was a silly thing to give it to her. And Sissie, those little spreads, the other day when Crystal and I was by there they was *out on the line*. If you could-a seen! There she'd washed Saturday, and it was Monday and her wash still out, and the blankets and those little spreads floppin' from the lines and the fences, part of 'em draggin'. And her wash so dingy and gray—the bedding bad enough and the towels just shameful. I'd like Freda to show Gracie how to wash once—but it's like your Grandma Ton says, 'Nothing less than the Blood of the Lamb could bleach a Lester woman's wash.' And

Gracie's sure all Lester. And two cream-cans rollin' around the yard, and three or four oatmeal-bowls, one at least of 'em, out of that good set Jim and Crystal give 'em for when they got married, on the steps for the dogs to eat off of, and a rug Grandma Ton crocheted for 'em over her rose bush. And Gracie come right out to the car—to keep Crystal from coming in, I guess—and both the little girls taggin' after her, and not a stitch of wraps on either of them, cold as it was—Celia Mae with her stockin's down and Evangeline with her didy-ends draggin', and both of 'em coughin'. And Crystal spick and span like she always is. Gracie wasn't ashamed, though. Just stood there with her arms wrapped up in that pink apron you made her and her elbow through a tear in it, and talked away."

The screen door banged, and Grandpa Waddell puffed, "Sissie! Open the door!" and staggered in with a great tub of cobs. "Dick and Freda's here!" he said, and set the basket down and stood blowing.

III

Grandma Waddell went to the window and Sissie threw her mother's chore-shawl over her head and ran out to meet Dick and his family.

The car circled the cob pile and stopped beside the wash-house. Freda handed out the baby and turned her broad back, when her feet were on the running board, to reach for her two-year-old daughter. The little boys were out of the car the minute it stopped and on their way to the house with their Grandpa's collie leaping and whining between them. Gretchen, the eldest of the children, got out with thirteen-year-old dignity and blushed pink when Bert, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, came to the door of the wash-house and

stood grinning, his thumbs in his belt. Sissie did not look at Bert. Dick spoke to him and went into the wash-house to see the new standard Bert had made for his punching-bag.

Sissie carried the baby, the shawl wrapped about him, and Freda followed, the two-year-old astride her hip. Freda was a large and rosy woman with a mop of crinkly brown hair. She was as much at home in her mother-in-law's kitchen as she was in her own. She and Sissie had been close friends since their grade-school days, and she fit in by far the best of any of the Waddells' daughters-in-law. Sissie adored her. That her eldest brother should have fallen in love with and married her best friend had kept Sissie believing, in spite of a number of very cruel disappointments, that there was some rightness and romance in life.

Grandma Waddell took the baby from Sissie and sat down and began to take off his wraps. The little boys ran into the living-room to see their great-grandmother. Freda took off her coat and hung it behind the door and girded up her apron. Without waiting for anyone to tell her what to do she went into the pantry and began counting and taking down plates.

Freda's two-year-old stood in the middle of the kitchen, her arms held out from her sides, her red mittens hanging from her coat sleeves on their crocheted string, her cheeks very pink, her blue eyes round, waiting with helpless dignity for someone to come and free her from that spell that holds wrapped-up babies the first few minutes in other people's houses. Her big sister remembered her at last and swooped her up and stood her on the table and took off her knitted cap and coat, and kissed her soundly. Then she took her into the living-room to Grandma Ton.

In the living-room with the little boys

leaning against her knees, Grandma Ton was fastening the end of the string of rags to the ball with a safety pin. "There," she said. "You can play ante-over with it over the stove pipe. Mind you fetch it back to me when your Uncle Stan and your Aunt Gracie come. Those girls are too little to play with a ball, and they just spoil it, snatchin' and fightin'."

While the boys played with the ball, she watched Sissie and Gretchen spread the big cloth, and smiled to see how like Gretchen was, with her slender throat and pretty legs, to Sissie when she was a girl. Even her gestures, smoothing the cloth with her fingertips, were Sissie's. Little Mary, on Great-grandma Ton's knees, watched the flight of the ball over the stove pipe and once, when the ball balanced on the pipe, rolled from the elbow, leaped and bounced to the top of the stove, she squealed and threw her curly head back so hard against her great-grandmother's bony breast that the old lady gasped and gave the child a little spank.

Now that Freda was in the house, Grandma Waddell felt that everything would be all right. She could rest, and play with the baby. Sissie came and bent down with a bouquet of forks in each hand and kissed the top of the baby's head. "Fred's comin', all right," her mother whispered. "Go and put on your green crêpe, Sissie." Sissie straightened up.

"No, Mamma," she said. "This is all right. He'd think. . . ."

"Aw, he won't think a thing," Grandma Waddell said. "I guess his own sister can ask him to her folks' place for dinner and nobody think anything of it. It's only civil, and him back again, for us to have him over. If we didn't have him, that's what would look funny. Go put on your good dress. I'd think, after the way you've seen girls go for your brothers and get 'em

too, you'd get it out of your head anybody'd notice what you'd do."

"I'm not doing anything," Sissie said hotly, and hurried into the dining-room.

"What did Fred say when you asked him?" Grandma Waddell wanted to know of Freda, the first moment they were alone in the kitchen.

"He said he'd come, and glad to," Freda assured her. She came close and wiped the baby's drooling mouth with a corner of her apron. "Mamma, he's been going in to see the Deals," she said. "I knew he'd gone in twice and I didn't think a thing about it, but Gracie told me those Lesters in town say he's been in several times and they're saying around, to be smart, that Fred Hartzman's goin' to ask for a new Deal. It don't hardly seem possible. Lillian is so young. She's younger 'n Clara Deal was when he married her. I don't believe there's anything to it, but I thought I'd better tell you. He hasn't said anything to me, and when I asked him to come here today he said he'd be glad to."

Freda and her mother-in-law looked at each other understandingly. No keener disappointment had come to either of them than Fred's sudden marriage to Clara Deal after his three-year engagement to Sissie Waddell. "I can't understand, I just can't understand it!" Grandma Waddell had said a thousand times in the fifteen years since that catastrophe had come on the Waddells and the Hartzmans. Freda and Fred Hartzman had played with the Waddell children since they could walk, and Dick Waddell had fallen in love with Freda Hartzman and Fred Hartzman had fallen in love with Sissie Waddell, and there was to have been a big double wedding the Spring that Sissie finished her first year of teaching. The Hartzman's and the Waddell's farms were to be bound together in bonds of holy matrimony.

Then Fred had carried Clara Deal off the floor when she fainted, one night at a dance, and had stopped by next day to see how she was, and had kept on stopping by and neglected Sissie Waddell to such an extent that she felt obliged to give him back his ring. Freda had put off her wedding day from June to August to make it easier for Sissie, and Fred had married Clara Deal and, according to Grandma Waddell, "turned nursemaid, poor boy," and waited on Clara hand and foot for as long as she lived.

When the doctors advised a warmer and dryer climate for Clara's lungs, Fred had turned his farm over to the Waddell boys and gone to New Mexico and bought a grocery-store. Now, with Clara two years in her grave and the grocery-store disposed of, Fred had come home to run the Hartzman place, and his sister and his sister's mother-in-law and the entire neighborhood were waiting for him to "go back" once more to Sissie Waddell.

Sissie had never "paid attention" to anyone else and must surely be waiting for him. Now that he was free and a decent time for mourning had elapsed, why shouldn't he come back to her?

"I can't understand it!" Grandma Waddell said. "It would be too crazy for words! Lillian's just a girl." And then she added, fiercely, "And it's cruel, too!"

"Fred's not cruel," Freda reminded her, "and he likes Sissie, likes her a lot. I wish she'd loosen up a little when he's around. She don't more than speak to him."

IV

Grandma Ton had her teeth in her pocket, and was ready to pop them into her month the minute Chet's wife was announced. She had promised Sissie that she would wear them. She put them half-way to her

lips when the little boys shouted that a car was turning in, and sighed with relief and genuine pleasure when she learned that it was Jim's and Crystal's. When the older boy shouted, "It's Uncle Jim," the younger one came to her and poked the ball under her apron and ran for the back door. Grandma Ton chuckled, pleased that he should have remembered to bring it to her.

No one ran out to meet Uncle Jim and Aunt Crystal. Uncle Jim went into the wash-house to see Bert's punching-bag and Crystal came on into the kitchen, wiping her long, thin-boned nose with a fresh-from-her-Bible handkerchief, craning her pink and corded neck, and peering through her steam-clouded glasses to see each and every one of them and chirrup, "Hello, there! Hello, there! How are you?" She went into Sissie's bedroom to get out of her wraps and into a stiffly starched and much embroidered apron, and came out patting the sides of comb-waved, pale yellow hair and adjusting, with her long pink fingers, the amber pins in the heavy coil at the back of her neck. She went into the living-room, put out a long cold hand and greeted Grandma Ton brightly, stood a minute tapping her ringed fingers against the nickel top of the heater and then smoothed her apron with out-spread hands, and with a "Ho-hum!" brisked into the kitchen and said, "Now what can I do, Mother Waddell?"

Crystal's attraction for Jim had been, according to Crystal, "perfectly lovely and romantic" and, according to Grandma Waddell, "the oddest thing you ever heard of." Jim had gone with the rest of his family the Summer he was sixteen to see the Methodist Children's Day programme. There he had seen Crystal, all in white, her yellow hair waved and hanging, stand beside her equally long-haired and skinny twin sister, Jewel, and saw through a

violin duet. There was a bank of bridal wreath behind the girls and a great house fern on each side, and the lighting had been arranged by their father, Mr. Stephenson, the town electrician and manager of the telephone company, so that the lights came up from around the rostrum and bathed them first in yellow, then rose, then blue. Jim's voice was changing at the time and he spoke only when necessary and when under great emotional stress, but for days afterward, when he found his sister alone in the kitchen, he would croak, "Sissie, didn't you think those Stephenson girls were awfully pretty?"

Three years later, a month after their graduation, Jewel had taken sick and died suddenly. Jim had come home from the funeral and asked Sissie how long she thought he ought to wait before asking to go with Crystal, for he had seen that the Stephenson girls were perishable, and likely to slip off to Heaven at any moment and he had resolved to have and cherish the one that was left. The Stephensons were cousins to the Deals, and for that reason Grandma Waddell was not in favor of the match, but there was no real fault to be found with Crystal. She had never fainted at dances; indeed, she did not dance.

Crystal had seen from the first that she and the adored Freda were made of very different stuff. The Waddells would never feel toward her as they felt toward their first daughter-in-law, so she had given them as few opportunities as possible to draw comparisons. With the transference of his membership from the Presbyterian church, where he had given his occasional and well-meaning attendance and had been captain of the Sunday-school baseball team, to the Methodist church, where his bride had won seven gold buttons and two red-letter Bibles for perfect attendance,

Jim became very much a Methodist and much more a Stephenson than a Waddell. He sang duets with his father-in-law, to his wife's violin obligato, for Sunday evening special music and lost forever his reputation for being the best pitcher on the town team. Now the only times he had a ball in his hands were Sunday afternoons in Summer, when he and his brothers pitched awhile in the near pasture where they had played as boys.

No one could justly say that Crystal did not get on with her husband's people. She was not a gossip and she was tactful in the extreme. But she had stayed company all the nine years of her marriage. When visiting at the Waddell's, she always helped, even when she had a headache, and she was kind and considerate of everyone, and always pleasant, even with Gracie, no matter how trying that sister-in-law became, and she was lovely with the children, but she remained company. She had given up hoping, herself, for a little girl she could call Crystal Jewel.

Freda's baby was perfectly content to sit on his Grandmother Waddell's soft lap and watch the womenfolk moving about in the kitchen. Crystal went to him and took hold of his toes with her finger tips. But no one but the baby paid any attention to her when she arched her yellow brows and chirped, "You're a sweet, sweet boy, yes you are, you are!" for a big green car had slid up beside Jim's roadster and Chet and Chet's bride and her little boy had come.

From her place by the window, Grandma Waddell could see her youngest son as he stooped to unfasten his wife's little grey galoshes. His face was ruddy and handsome above the white scarf and new overcoat. Chet's wife (it was so hard to think of her as Janet, as anyone but Mrs. Max Burnett) had taken off her little

boy's hat and was smoothing his hair with her small gloved hands. Sissie went out to open the porch door for them and picked the little boy up in her arms and brought them in to her mother.

The older Waddell boys had insisted that Chet's two years at the Agricultural College had done nothing for him except to discontent him with what they had to do with, but Grandma Waddell knew better. He was the finest looking of the four and he had an easy way with him, pleasanter even than Jim's. When, his first Summer at home, he got a job at the greenhouse in town, instead of going to work on the farms, his father and his brothers thought his schooling a great waste of time and money, but when Max Burnett's widow turned the management of the greenhouse and nursery over to him they conceded that Chet had a head after all, and might be able to make a living for himself.

When he 'phoned out one Saturday and told them that he had just been married and was going out of town for a week-end honeymoon, they did not know what to think. Grandma Waddell had made it plain to a number of neighbors that Max Burnett hadn't left his widow a thing except the greenhouse and the nursery, and that Chet was going to have to work very hard to make a living out of them. She was not going to have people saying that Chet was simply feathering his nest by this odd match.

Chet's wife spoke to everybody, her eyes very bright. She was smaller than Sissie, even, and wiry. Sissie noticed that Chet kept his eyes on his bride instead of on the members of his family. He led her into the living-room to meet his grandmother. The old lady had grown impatient and was up from her chair and had gone a few steps toward the kitchen, but she

hustled back and smoothed her apron and folded her hands.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you," she said, adjusting her teeth a little between words. "Why, you look like a girl! The children told me you were older 'n Chet. You look like a young girl to me."

She took hold of Chet's hand and squeezed it, and then turned to Janet's little son.

"Ah—this your little boy? Come shake hands with your great-grandma. Did you know your new daddy 'd give you a great-grandma?"

Janet put her hands on the boy's shoulders and pushed him gently forward.

"This is your Grandma Town," she said. "Shake hands, Max."

"Ton," Grandma Ton corrected. "All my grandchildren called me Grandma Ton and it's stuck to me. It's so long since anybody's called me Mrs. Town I'd hardly know to come to it. It'd sound like being called by my first husband's or by my maiden name, almost, and it's sixty years and over since I been called by either of them."

Janet's little boy put his hand in the old woman's and stared up at her. His cousins by marriage crowded around him, admiring his blue flannel sailor suit.

"Looks just like his father!" Grandma Ton declared, patting the little hand. "I never saw him but the one time, but I remember his face and the boy favors him. It was at old Mr. Cole's funeral and he'd come right up from the greenhouse with some wreaths that had been ordered late—I never saw more flowers at a funeral—and I said to somebody, 'Who's that man in a blue suit that just came in with the wreaths?' and they said, 'Why, that's Max Burnett that's just moved here and sunk so much in a greenhouse.'"

"Where are all the boys and Grandpa?"

Chet wanted to know. He learned that they were all out in the wash-house with Bert, and Chet's wife said, "Oh, I'd like to see the wash-house," and, to Grandma Waddell, "Chet has told me how he used to play out there."

"Come on," Chet said, and led her toward the kitchen.

"Now what do you suppose he ever told her about that old wash-house?" Grandma exclaimed to Freda.

It seemed very strange to her that a woman should ask to be taken out to a place where she had just been told the menfolk had congregated. It was almost like asking to be taken out to the barn. That was what came of a woman dressing up every day and working in the greenhouse office, and being around men all the time. She got back to her place by the kitchen window in time to see Chet swing his wife up off her feet and carry her the few steps between the walk and the wash-house doorway. The sun had come out a little and sparkled on the jet buckles of her slippers. She did not seem fussed to have Chet carry her like that.

V

Another car came into the yard, and stopped between Jim's and Dick's, a car with a New Mexico number plate. It was Fred Hartzman's. "Fred's come," Grandma Waddell called to Freda. And when Freda came to the window to see for herself, Grandma Waddell said, "Oh, I wish Sissie had put on her good dress!" and trotted the baby harder than he liked.

"I asked her," Freda said. "She wouldn't."

She swung open the door to welcome her brother. She flung her arm across his shoulders and he gave her a hug that made her cry out.

"Hello, everybody!" he said more loudly than was necessary, while he was struggling out of his overcoat. "Hello, Sissie," he called to the daughter of the house. "How's everything?"

Tears came suddenly to Grandma Waddell's eyes. "How's everything" indeed! The way he had fixed it and left it fourteen years before! He could come back now and be jolly and offhand and neighborly. Would he notice the grey at Sissie's temples? She'd kept a nice girlish shape anyway, and her looks. Fred was considerably heavier and had a large bald spot.

Sissie was in the pantry, cutting pies. "Hello, Fred," she said, and remembered his coming into the pantry to kiss her, at just such a dinner, the Winter she was seventeen, and how Freda had caught them and there had been a lot of teasing. She remembered Bert's wanting to kiss her that morning and color flooded her face. Whether Fred saw her blushing or not, she did not know. She did not look up from the pie-cutting. It was not the memory of *his* kiss that had made her blush, and she wished that she could tell him so. He came to the pantry door and stood looking at her. "How's school?" he asked.

Before Sissie could answer him, the door opened and the boys and Grandpa Waddell and Janet came in, Bert too, and Fred turned to greet them. Dick and Jim spoke to their mother and Jim kissed her. Jim and Crystal came so seldom to the home place now—they usually Sunday-dinnered with the Stephensons—that Jim felt like a visitor. Crystal not only felt herself a visitor but acted like one.

Jim tried to act at home. He went into the living-room to see his grandmother. When he was a boy he had been her favorite and even now she loved to have him tease her. "Ah, it's that stuck up Jim,"

she said, and drew him down so she could hug and kiss him. "Dear boy!" she said. Such tender demonstration before his new sister-in-law touched and embarrassed Jim. "Want to go up, Grandma?" he shouted. "Well, here you go!" and he caught the little old lady by her elbows and hoisted her up until her head touched the low ceiling. "Once! Twice! Three times!" he counted. "Gosh, but you're a heavyweight, Grandma. I bet you weigh a good ninety pounds. Look at her hold her elbows tight to her sides, boys! Did you ever see the beat of that at her age?"

"Great!" Bert said in genuine admiration.

"Let's see you hoist your mother up," Grandpa Waddell wheezed, then started laughing and had to cough in his blue handkerchief. "You wouldn't think when I married her I could span her waist with my two hands, now would you? She was so tiny I had to shake the sheets to find her. We like 'em little, don't we, Chet?"

"Ah, you get out!" Grandma Waddell said. "Is that all the handkerchief you got, Pa? Sissie, get your father a white handkerchief. If Stan and Gracie was here, we could eat. The chickens' falling right off their bones, they're so done. What do you suppose 's keeping 'em? Dick, you ring 'em and see if they've started."

Freda's little girl had fallen asleep between Crystal and Janet on the davenport. Crystal was smoothing her curls with her long fingers, while she told Janet that the Methodist Easter Cantata was to be the most difficult and elaborate they had ever attempted, and that she thought it would be lovely if Janet (Janet was a Methodist, was she not? She was sure her little boy's name was on the Methodist cradle-roll) would suggest to Chet that he help out with the basses. She knew Chet had a lovely voice and she and Jim would be

glad to help him with the difficult pieces that had already been practiced, if they would come over some evening. That is, of course, if Chet would care to.

Sissie took up the little girl and carried her into her bedroom, laid her on the bed, and covered her with Crystal's coat. Then she went to the window. She was not looking for Stan and Gracie. They would come from the other way. She was looking to see whether smoke was rising from the chimney of the little house across from the Hartzman place. Chris would be getting his dinner now, had finished with it perhaps, and was washing his plate, knife and fork, and coffee cup. She remembered with shame the look in his face when she had told him they were having a big family dinner on Sunday and had very nearly asked him to come and then changed her mind. She remembered him standing by one of the little primary desks in her schoolroom, his fur cap in his large hand, his blue eyes darkening in the gathering dusk, and she wanted to put out her hand and say, "Come and have dinner with us Sunday!" But she had not asked him, had stopped with the invitation on the tip of her tongue, stopped because she was afraid of what her family would say, and he had sensed what she had done and had left at once and she doubted whether he would ever come back.

Out in the dining-room, Dick was still at the telephone. "Rung 'em and rung 'em," he said, "and they don't answer. They must be on their way."

In the kitchen, Freda was saying to Grandma Waddell, "What do you suppose Gracie'll have on? You think she'll wear that blue silk that shrunk so when she cleaned it?"

"No, Sissie says she told her she was making herself something, and new dresses for both the little girls, too."

VI

The table was set for sixteen. The little pantry table had been brought in and placed at one corner of the large table and set with the five World's Fair enamel plates that Sissie and her four brothers had been allowed to eat off on special occasions when they were children. That was to be the little folks' table. Freda would hold her baby. There were not enough chairs to go around, so Grandpa Waddell and willing little Gretchen had wrapped boards in blankets and laid them between chairs to serve as benches.

The meal was all dished up and set away in the warming oven before Stan and Gracie came.

"We got stuck on the hill," Gracie shouted while she was taking off her muddy galoshes. "Chet and Mrs. Burnett here yet?"

"Come on in my room and take off your things," Sissie said.

Gracie paused by the dining-room table and cried, between loud honkings in her handkerchief, "Land, you've sure got a spread! Who's going to have to eat at the little table?"

Sissie put an arm around her and drew her toward her bedroom. Chet's wife was listening attentively to Crystal's account of the raising of the Methodist organ-fund, but she would see Gracie if she looked up, and Sissie did not want her to see Gracie with her hair flying every way under her pushed-up hat, and her wrinkled coat buttoned on the wrong buttons.

Sissie stood Evangeline on the bed carefully, so as not to waken the sleeping Mary, and took off the little girl's coat and cap. Gracie turned from the mirror where she was tucking up her hair to say, "Just leave her sweater on her, will you, Sissie? I was making her dress and couldn't get

it finished and so I had to put one of her Summer ones on her. Her garment sleeves are a little frayed. Celia's I got finished. She got up to the table this morning after I got her dressed, though, and got a little syrup on it, but Stan sponged it off while I was curling my hair, and it don't show much. Nobody'll notice it, it's so dark in this house. How do you like my dress?"

"It's an awfully pretty color," Sissie said. Then, "Wait a minute. It's pulling out a little here in the sleeve. Let me fix it for you. I'll stitch it up."

"Thanks," Gracie said. "This stuff does pull awful. I knew when I was cutting it out it would. I got the sleeves in wrong and by the time I got 'em ripped out and set in again the edges was so frayed I was afraid they wouldn't hold at all. Can I take one of your handkerchiefs? This one of mine is so little."

Celia had climbed on to little Mary and was trying to unfasten the chain about her neck by pulling on the locket. Mary, awake, slid off the bed and toddled into the dining-room. After Sissie had combed the little girls' hair, Gracie shooed them ahead of her into the living-room. At the sight of so many people both the little girls began to whimper and pull at their mother's skirt. Gracie spat at their hands and tried to smile pleasantly at the same time, while Chet was introducing her to his bride.

"Oh, I met you once, at a Methodist bazaar," Gracie said loudly, "but of course you wouldn't remember me. Is this your little boy? My, he sure is cute. Has he been sick? He looks so little for his age. He's three, isn't he? Both my girls are little for their age, but that's on account of the whooping cough. They're all over it, have been for months, but their cough just hangs on and hangs on, and it seems like every place I go there's sure to be some

child coming down with a cold, and they catch it fresh. Their cough gets worse every time I take 'em out."

Grandma Ton had scuttled into her bedroom with her rug and rags, and came out and shut the door firmly behind her. "You look thin, Stan," she said, taking his hand in both of hers.

Next to Jim, Grandma Ton liked Stan best. Her liking for him had grown steadily since his marriage to Gracie, and her love was more than three-fourths pity. When at twenty he had gone to help out at the Millards' for a few weeks because George Millard had broken a leg, Grandma Ton had made a great fuss.

"The boy'll starve over there," she had said. "Sadie Millard's a Lester and none of those Lester women can cook worth sour apples or do anything else. If you want to get in one of their houses you got to take a shovel and shovel your way. They're the worst housekeepers I know. I don't want Stan working over there. The boy's hardly got his growth, and if he goes out and harvests on what she'll feed him, he'll likely come down with something."

But even Grandma Ton had not foreseen what would happen to Stanley as a result of his stay in a Lester woman's house. He had fallen in love with the oldest Millard girl, or at least she had fallen in love with him, and he had come home and told his mother that he thought that, taken out of that home, and given a chance in a nice house, she would be much improved. "Bloom like a rose," his words had been. And Grandma Waddell, stunned by poetry from the lips of one of her boys, had sat and cried, and then Stan had told her that he was engaged to the girl already, was going to marry her as soon as he could build a house on his part of the land.

"I just can't understand it!" Grandma

Waddell had moaned, and even had she seen Gracie the day Stan came into the frenzied Millard dining-room and found her alone and in tears over the pink silk dress she was trying to make, seen the helpless look she lifted to Stan before she buried her face on his shoulder and wound her arms about his neck, she would not have understood. Stan, with his cheek against the bare young arm, had seen a new Gracie, in a dress his mother had helped to cut and sew, seen her in a cottage Sissie had showed her how to fix up, and he had told her not to cry and kissed her damp cheeks. He was sick to nausea of the squalid Millard household and wanted to get out of it, but there was something knightly about Stan, Gracie was almost pretty at eighteen, and she evidently loved him. His grandmother had refused to go to his wedding. To see a grandchild of hers married to a Lester woman was too much to ask of her.

With Stan and Gracie come, there was nothing to hold back the dinner. The womenfolk carried in the food from the warming-oven and the roasted chickens from the oven. Little Gretchen, carrying in a platter much too big for her, cried, "Don't," and shot out a slim leg in a well-aimed side kick when her Uncle Jim grabbed at her apron strings, and then dimpled and walked sedately past Bert, giving him a shy and fluttering look, hoping that he had not seen the kick. She was terribly frightened that one of her uncles might discover her great admiration for Grandpa's hired man and start teasing her. That would be terrible. She had not told even her Aunt Sissie that she thought Bert the handsomest man she had ever seen.

She took her mother's command to sit at the little table and see to the babies with very good grace. Though at some

distance from her, Bert was to sit where he could see her very well, and how could he help notice how nice she was to all the children? That niceness was not put on. She liked children, especially her little sister. She loved to make clothes for her, and could sew almost as well as her mother. To be able to sew at thirteen was something. She bowed her head and clasped her hands between her little breasts while Grandpa Waddell asked the blessing.

Grandpa Waddell was at one end of the big table and Grandma Ton at the other. Grandma Waddell sat in the middle of the kitchen side of the board, with her youngest and her eldest sons on either side of her. Chet's wife was between Jim and Fred Hartzman. Sissie noticed with pleasure how nicely Jim saw to Janet's wants. It was true that table behavior was a more finished art in the Stephenson homes than among the Waddells. Sissie was across from Fred, with Bert on one side and Dick on the other. Twice she looked up to find Fred looking at her, and knew that her mother had her eye on the two of them, and was disappointed with Sissie that she had not found something to say to Fred.

Bert, beside her, ate heartily and without conversation. It was not knowing his place that kept him silent, or feeling himself an outsider, or a lack of interest in what was going on. He was as alert as one of the pigs they had caught that morning. Once when Grandma Ton said something especially good, he swung a knee against Sissie's. That meant, "Get that? Your grandmother's a scream!" but he said nothing.

VII

For a few moments they ate in silence. The babies were behaving themselves handsomely under Gretchen's management, and there was really nothing that

needed to be said. Sissie felt the need of conversation, thought Janet would think the silence odd, and wondered why Crystal or her mother or someone did not say something. Gracie broke the silence. "What's this I hear about Chris Christiansen stopping to see Sissie?" she asked loudly. "He's Johnson's renter ain't he? Over across from your place, isn't he, Fred?"

Grandma Waddell laid down a chicken back and wiped her mouth on her apron.

"Chris Christiansen hasn't been to see Sissie," she said positively. "Who's been telling such a thing?"

"Oh, yes, he has," Gracie said, almost breathless with the pleasure of having all the Waddells sitting up and listening to her for once. "Not here, Grandma, but down at the school-house. He's stopped a number of times and stayed until dark."

Grandma Waddell picked up both knife and fork and then laid them down again quietly and sighed through her teeth. To have Gracie getting something she'd heard all twisted up, and telling that a Norwegian renter they didn't any of them know, a man who couldn't talk English well, was paying attention to Sissie and was coming to see her at the school-house, to have Gracie saying a thing like that before Fred Hartzman and Chet's wife was enough to make a body sick, tired as she was, too, from all the work she and Sissie had done to get ready for this dinner.

"He hasn't," she said. "Sissie don't even know him."

"She does, too," Gracie almost yelled. "I don't tell lies, I guess. Someone saw him stop there, and his car didn't leave until dark. I ain't trying to slander Sissie or anything like that. I thought maybe she was giving him some lessons or something. He don't talk very good." The eyes of all the Waddells were on Gracie, all except Sissie's and Stan's.

Sissie was looking at her mother. "It's all right," she said, but Gretchen was ahead of her. "I think he's nice," she said. "I told you about it, Mamma. The stove-pipe came down, and Sissie let us all go out to play and the big boys were helping her put it up, and Mr. Christiansen came by and saw the smoke coming out the window and stopped and helped Sissie fix the pipe. He was nice."

"And then he stopped in one evening when he saw my car was still there, and asked if the pipe was working all right," Sissie added.

Grandma Waddell sighed again, and picked up the chicken back.

"Well," she said, "that was nice of him. Don't you think so, Fred? He's a good neighbor, isn't he?"

"Sure. He's all right," Fred said. "I don't know whether he's going to stay on there for Johnson or not. Johnson says he's all right, but he's getting kinda restless with things like they are. Johnson says he's thinking about going to Canada."

"Canada!" Grandma Ton said. "Did you say Canada? My soul, I'm glad he ain't stuck on you, Sissie. I'd hate to see you go off to Canada. But I don't mind a man being a Norwegian. The Norwegians is as good as the Germans, every bit. Fred, I can remember when your mother couldn't speak a word of English, not a word. You and Freda learned it yourselves when you was little, didn't you? Don't I remember your mother saying, 'Say it in Dutch!' before she'd give you a piece when you'd run in for one. But I wouldn't want you to go off to Canada, Sissie."

"Don't worry, she ain't going!" Grandma Waddell said. "Gracie got something confused in her mind, that's all. Pass Fred the potatoes."

"Anybody heard from Art Lester?" Chet said.

"What happened to him?" Fred asked. "I didn't know there was anything to hear."

"Why, don't you know he run off and left Edna and those seven children?" Grandma Waddell said. "Things weren't going very good and, I don't know, he just got discouraged and run off. Went off by himself and hasn't been heard from."

Chet laughed. "I can't see anybody running off with him. Haven't you ever seen him, Janet? He's cracked, I think."

"Well, it's too bad for Edna," Grandpa Waddell said. "I always liked Edna. She was awful young when she married him, and she's sure made the best of things. What's happened, Gretchen?"

Gretchen was quietly and deftly scraping a quantity of gravy from the front of little Max Burnett's blue flannel sailor suit. When attention was directed to the children's table, Max pointed an accusing forefinger at Gracie's Celia Mae. "She said she would, and then she did," he told his mother. "She tipped the bowl on me."

Janet was apologetic. "There. Never mind!" she said. "She didn't mean to."

"Yes, she did," Freda's younger son corrected. "She *said* she was going to."

"It's all right," Gretchen said in her Aunt Sissie's school-teacher voice. "Let me help you to some gravy, Max. Just a minute, Celia."

"She's nervous," Gracie said. "She's been just as nervous as she can be ever since she had the whooping cough. It isn't like her to do a thing like that. I'm sure she didn't do it a-purpose."

Grandma Waddell brought the conversation back to the unfortunate Art Lester and his family. "Yes, I always felt sorry for Edna," she said. "Do you remember what a pretty girl she was, Pa?"

"Why, she ain't a day older 'n Sissie," Pa said. "Of course I remember."

Sissie was wondering whether someone was going to add that Art's and Edna's wedding took place the Spring she was to have married Fred. There was nothing in Fred's face, bent over a drumstick, to suggest that he was remembering anything of the sort.

"I was sorry for her," Grandma Waddell said for the third time.

Grandma Ton, at her end of the table, was struggling with a wing. If she could only take her teeth out and really enjoy it! Mattie would never get over it, though, if she did. She didn't think Chet's wife would mind so much, and she certainly didn't feel any need to put on in front of Fred Hartzman. He'd brought so much sorrow on the house that it seemed silly to ask him into it again. She remembered seeing his mother out rounding up her geese in her bare feet, many a time. She wished she might tell them so. What did Mattie keep harping on the Lesters for?

"I don't see why you're so sorry for Edna," Grandma Ton said. "She was over here and I told her, before she married Art Lester. I said, 'Don't you do it, Edna. The whole kit and kaboodle of them Lesters is no good. None of them ever did amount to a row of cat water and none of them ever will.'"

Crystal gasped, gulped audibly, and laid her hand on her long pink throat. Bert, silent till this minute, laughed aloud, one short hilarious bark. Grandma Waddell was so vexed with Grandma Ton that she could have cried. Sissie saw that the face Janet lifted to Chet was full of wonder and, if she read rightly, enjoyment. Bert, too, saw that look and said to Janet, "Scream, isn't she? I like her!"

But there was no time for Grandma Waddell to say any of the things she had thought of to say. Gracie got up, pushing her chair over backward so that it fell with

a loud bang on the floor. "You meant that for me!" she yelled at Grandma Ton, her face purple and distorted. "My mother was a Lester and you know it. You meant what you said for me, for marryin' Stan. You did!" She stumbled over the fallen chair and ran into Sissie's bedroom, sobbing loudly.

"Her mother wasn't but a second cousin to them Lesters Mattie was talking about," Grandma Ton said calmly. "Jim, I'd like a little of that strawberry jam, if you'll pass it."

Stan was rising from his chair, to go to Gracie. Of all the boys, he seemed least embarrassed. "It's an old story to him," Sissie thought. "I'll go," she said softly, and Bert picked up the napkin she dropped. Stan was eating again.

In Sissie's bedroom, Gracie was pawing madly through the wraps on the bed. The sleeve Sissie had fixed for her was pulled out past all mending, the foot that she stuck out behind her when she reached to the far side of the bed showed a large round hole in the heel.

"You'll let your mother call me a liar, not once but twice, and you'll let them say Celia Mae spilled that gravy on him on purpose when you know good and well she didn't, and you'll sit there and eat away and let them talk and talk about my mother's folks, saying the meanest things, and let your grandma say a dirty thing like she said about 'em. You don't love me, Stan—you never did!"

She turned, with a little coat in each hand, and when she saw, not Stan, but Sissie, sank down on the side of the bed and buried her face in the coats. Sissie sat down beside her and reached for the needle from the cushion on the dresser and said, "Let me stitch this up, Gracie."

Still sobbing, Gracie submitted. "I'm nervous," she said. "I can't help it. I was

nervous like this with both Evangeline and Celia Mae. It looks like I've got enough without your grandmother pickin' on me."

"Yes," Sissie said, and nodded to further confidences and complaints while she stitched.

"I wouldn't tell anybody but you, Sissie, but sometimes Stan goes around and doesn't say a word to me, hardly, for days at a time. I guess he's worried about the place or something," Gracie was saying when there came a howl from the dining-room. Gracie was on her feet instantly—heedless of the thread in her sleeve seam. "That's Celia," she cried, and rushed out into the dining-room, her eyes blazing, her rumped hair standing out wildly around her swollen face. Celia Mae got down from her place and came to meet her, holding up her little arm, the hand drooping.

"He bit me!" she screamed, and pointed with the other hand at Janet's Max. Janet got up from her place. "Why, Max!" she said, "did you?"

"Yes," Max said.

"But why?" Janet was kneeling and taking the little boy by the arms.

"Because I wanted to," he said.

"Why Max! Chet, he bit the little girl."

"My land," Grandma Ton said, "is everybody leavin' the table? Bite him back. That's what I always did with mine, and it works. It don't take a hard bite, just a nip. They see how it feels and they don't do it again. For anything else, a good keen switch, just about four good touchin's with it. I don't believe in beatin' a child, ever, but for biting there's nothing works but biting back. Mattie, I thought you said there was mincemeat. I don't see it on the table."

Gretchen helped Sissie bring in the pie, and the meal was finished without trouble of any kind. Gracie did not come back to

the table. She took Celia Mae in her lap and sat by the stove in the living-room and rocked her. When asked whether she wanted pie or peaches and angel-food, she said, "Not neither," positively.

Grandma Ton was pleased to see that Janet liked the mincemeat and offered to show her how to make it. Crystal praised the angel-food. Dinner over, they did not leave the table. With chairs pushed back, the menfolk sat and talked. Freda's Mary got down from her place at the little table and came and climbed up on to her Uncle Fred's knee and rested her head against him and played with his watch-chain. Watching her, Grandma Waddell was moved to say, "Isn't she the picture of Sissie at her age, Pa?" But Pa was not allowed to answer.

"I can't see it," Grandma Ton said. "Gretchen is a lot more like Sissie. I was thinking while she was helping set the table here, how much she was like Sissie was at her age."

Gretchen, sitting at the big table now, in the chair vacated by Gracie, was pleased to see Bert looking critically and admiringly from her to her Aunt Sissie, to see for himself whether it was there, this resemblance.

VIII

"Fires need fixin'," Grandpa said at last, and got up. The others got up too. The boys went out to the wash-house and the girls began to clear the table. Crystal took Gracie's Evangeline up and rocked her to sleep and managed, somehow, to get Gracie cheered enough for conversation.

Out in the kitchen, Sissie, Freda, Janet, and Gretchen did the dishes. Sissie scraped, Freda washed, and Janet and Gretchen wiped and set up. Freda asked about their Grandpa's little pigs and Sissie told them how she and Bert had chased them that

morning, and how Bert had said they were like football players and Gretchen clapped her hands in delight and spun around twice on one foot, her dark hair flying, and Freda said, "Here, here. Calm down. Do you want to break Sissie's good cups?" and Gretchen threw her arms around Sissie and said, "Let me stay all night with you, Sissie. May I? Can I, Mamma?"

Janet told them about a funny bouquet they had fixed for a wedding, at the greenhouse, and invited Gretchen to come in next Saturday and visit her. Freda said she guessed she could all right, if she wouldn't be in the way, and Sissie, watching, knew that Freda and Janet were going to get on fine, that Janet was not going to be like Crystal, but was going to be one of them, going to like coming out to the home-place, going to be all right.

Chet came in and asked Sissie to help him find his botany books. There was something he wanted to look up in them and he thought he might just as well take them into town with him.

"They're up in the back bedroom," Sissie said, and they went to look for them. The back bedroom had once been "the little boys' room" and was now a store-room for everything from hams to Grandma Ton's rug rags. Sissie pulled boxes from under the mattressless bed and hunted in them until Chet said, "There. That's the one I wanted most. Let the others go." But Sissie hunted on. She was trying to get up the courage to tell Chet about the Norwegian.

"Chris Christiansen did come to see me," she said suddenly.

"What?" Chet said.

"Chris Christiansen did come to see me, at the school-house. He's stopped in three times. I like him, Chet. He told me about Norway, and hunting bear in the mountains when he was a boy, and he's so lone-

some there on the Johnson place. He has a cousin in Canada who has a homestead and he thinks maybe he'll go up there and homestead."

"It might be a good thing for him," Chet said. "There's nothing in renting now."

"He doesn't go anywhere," Sissie went on. "He just stays at home there and reads, and he has more books than anybody around here, even if he doesn't talk very well. He has nobody to talk to. And he's the nicest person to talk with. He tells things awfully well, but he's so quiet you wouldn't know it at first. I almost asked him to dinner and then I thought maybe I hadn't better and didn't. I think he knew."

"Knew what?" Chet said. "Gosh, it's cold in here."

"Knew that I almost asked him, and was hurt."

"Aw, you likely imagined that."

"He's lonesome there, I think."

"I expect he is. You better have Freda ask him over to their place some time. If you asked him here it might put notions in his head."

Sissie was slowly opening and closing the botany book. Now she shut it with a bang.

"You are a good girl, Sissie," Chet said, and put his arms about her and kissed her tenderly on the mouth. "Too good for any old Norwegian. Don't you *like* her, Sissie? Don't you think she's—she's lovely?"

"Yes," Sissie said. Chet opened the door for her.

The menfolk came in again, and they all went into the living-room to listen to the radio and visit. Fred came and squatted down beside Sissie where she sat on a low chair by the window. He seemed to find it hard to know what to talk about to her, and she did not try to help him. He began to tell her about New Mexico and she listened, nodding. He told her about a trip

into a forest. She had forgotten that New Mexico had forests, and it seemed sad to her that Bert, Chris Christiansen, and even Fred should have seen parts of the world she would never see. She had never been out of the State.

"I should like to see Norway, some time," she said, and Fred said, "I bet it is pretty," and got to his feet.

"That's my ring," he said. "Suppose I'd better answer it," and went to the telephone in the dining-room. Dick turned the radio low so that Fred could hear, and conversation languished.

Grandma Waddell, with Freda's baby on her knees, turned a polite face to what Crystal was telling about the Methodist bazaar, but she was not listening to her. She was listening to Fred Hartzman accepting an invitation to supper in town. Mrs. Deal *against* it? There wasn't a chance! She had likely put Lillian up to it. Not satisfied with tying Fred hand and foot for thirteen years to a woman who wasn't able to get his meals or have children for him, or anything, she was going to do her best to marry him off to her youngest daughter. And she'd likely put it over, too.

Tears came to Mrs. Waddell's tired eyes and she was glad of the growing dusk. Fred was back in the room now, trying to be natural and unconcerned about it, but almost at once he began to whistle with the music, and when he stopped whistling a look of satisfaction stayed on his face. Grandma Waddell looked at her daughter. Sissie was still in the low chair by the window, bending her head over the funny papers Chet had brought from town, reading them aloud to Freda's little boys. Sissie was a brave girl. She wasn't going to show Fred Hartzman by the flick of an eyelash how cruelly he had hurt her for the second time. Grandma yearned

over her, wished that they would all go home so that she could be alone with Sissie. She wished, too, that she could sit in her own rocker where Gracie was now, and cry.

Jim and Crystal were the first to go. Crystal explained that she did not like to hurry away but that she had promised to play the violin for Epworth League and she must practice with the girl who was to play the piano. Fred, too, got to his feet, and Grandma Waddell said to herself that he had waited only for some one to make the first move. He was ready, eager to go. When he came and shook hands with her and thanked her for the dinner, she rallied and smiled. He was not going to have a chance to think the Waddells had set their cap for him, only to have their noses put out of joint a second time by the Deals. He said goodbye all around, and Sissie, on her low chair, with the little boys crumpling the paper in her hands and crying, "Read! Read! Sissie," wanted to get up and go out to the kitchen with him, to tell him once and for all how she felt about him now and about his falling in love with the Deals, but with all her people around her she could not overcome her timidity enough to say more than goodbye.

Fred clasped her hand tightly, so tightly that her hand still ached after his car was out and on the road. She looked up at her mother and smiled, and that good soul, overcome, put the corner of her apron to her face and got up and went out to the kitchen. Gracie and Crystal should not see her tears.

IX

Chet and Janet were the next to go. In Sissie's bedroom, Janet said, while she was getting her little boy into his coat, "I've asked Gretchen in for next Saturday and

Sunday, but the week after I'd like to have the whole family for Sunday dinner, and I'm not sure I could do it alone. Would you come in and help me, Sissie?" Sissie nodded, and picked up Janet's boy and kissed him. All the Waddells at Janet's! What would she do, set a long table in the greenhouse? Sissie would have to make over Gracie's new dress.

Grandma Waddell had lighted the lamps. Sissie carried one of them into her room to help Gracie hunt for Celia Mae's cap. They found it at last behind the bed. But, wrapped and ready to go, Gracie lingered until Freda too had all her children wrapped, all but Gretchen, who was to stay the night with Sissie. Gracie did not want Freda and "them" talking about her after she left. The laughter that had come from the kitchen while the girls were doing the dishes had annoyed her quite enough. She had said to Crystal, "They are talking about us out there," and Crystal had said, "Oh, no, my dear, I'm sure not." Crystal never thought evil of anyone and never recognized evil when she saw it. No one but Sissie was as kind to Gracie as Crystal was, yet Gracie resented Crystal most of all. When Crystal said, "Oh, no, my dear, I'm sure not," Gracie wanted to snatch her child out of her arms, and was vexed with herself for having confided to her the cause of her nervousness.

Grandma Ton came out into the kitchen for the final goodbyes, and insisted that Sissie put up a syrup bucket full of chicken and other left-overs for Stan to take home. "You're too thin!" she insisted. "You've got to eat more, boy."

Grandma Waddell had no last minute alone with Freda. She felt her daughter-in-law's firm arm about her. "I'll do your wash Tuesday, Mamma. I'll be over for it," and Grandma Waddell knew that they would talk it all out at that time.

When they were all gone, Gretchen and Sissie folded up the great table-cloth, took the leaves out of the table and put the rooms in order. Gretchen skipped about, humming. Grandma Ton said that she was going to lie down awhile, but nobody needed to come in and tell her to wake up and undress, because she wasn't ready to go to bed yet, just wanted her shoes off to have a little nap. She'd get up later and eat a snack before she went to bed.

Grandpa was asleep already with the newspaper over his face. Grandma Waddell insisted that she was not hungry and could not eat a bite, but Sissie was sure Bert would want something.

"Don't you bother to warm anything up," Grandma directed. "Just put out what there is and make some coffee. You've had enough for one day, Sissie, without piling on more work."

Bert came in with the milk while Sissie was starting a fire in the range. Gretchen set the table for three, whisking around, still humming. Once, when she was in the pantry, Bert said to Sissie, "Cute kid, isn't she?" But the noise of the separator kept Gretchen from hearing this compliment and Sissie never remembered to tell her of it.

Grandma Waddell, in her rocker by the living-room heater, listened to the laughter that came from the kitchen while the three out there were eating supper. Sissie was brave past her believing. She must have more of her Grandma Ton's spunk than they had thought she had.

Bert told them about a trip to Tia Juana and little Gretchen, her elbows on the table, her chin resting on her clasped hands, breathed an awed "My!"

When they got up from the table, Grandma Waddell called, "Gretchen, your Grandpa's awake. Bring him a cup of coffee, will you, and a piece of bread and

butter?" And Grandpa piped an "and jam" amendment and fell to coughing.

Sissie began to gather up the dishes. When Gretchen went out with the coffee and sandwiches, Bert said, "I bet that kid is the very picture of you when you were a kid."

"And what a pity it is," Sissie said, "that there isn't another of us, half way between."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Bert said.

"No, but you'd think it."

Sissie was standing at the sink with a plate in one hand and a case knife in the other. She looked up and saw in the mirror that Bert was standing behind her, just as he had stood twelve hours before. He put his arms about her and drew her head back against him. Sissie waited. Would Grandma Ton come this time, sliding her heelless shoes? Then surely Gretchen! Gretchen would come humming. Bert felt her listening, her waiting, and whispered, "Not a soul! What do you think of that?"

With one movement, Sissie was out of his arms and had struck him across the mouth. He stepped back, and laid both hands behind him on the nickel rod that reached the length of the range.

"You didn't mean that, Sissie," he said.

"No, I didn't. I just did it, and I expect I'd do it again."

Bert got his hat and jacket from behind the door, and went out. He opened the door again wide enough to put his head in and say, "Don't let that kid teach school. It'd be a pity."

"I won't," Sissie said.

X

Gretchen wiped the few dishes for Sissie and then went back into the living-room and curled up in a corner of the davenport with a book. She was disappointed

that Bert had gone out to the wash-house, but Grandma assured her that he would be back, that he usually came in and played a game or two of Rook with her and Grandpa and Sissie before he went to bed.

Sissie went into her own room and lay down on her bed, drawing the cover up over her. From where she lay she could see the little star of light from the Norwegian's shack. He was probably sitting by his table, reading one of his books. He would go away to Canada, and Bert, sooner or later, would go away too. She had slapped his face, and having breakfasts with him would never be fun again. She was bitterly ashamed of having so wanted him to kiss her—a roustabout, a tramp, and a boy. He had not even pretended to be in love with her.

She remembered the blueness of Chris' eyes, and the gentleness of his voice. Bert had told her how Winters were in Alberta; the snow and the cold, and how suddenly Spring came. She began to cry, and turned on her face and sobbed.

Her mother came into the room, sat down heavily beside her, and stroked her hair. "If it had only been a little different, Sissie, how different it would 've been." Sissie stopped crying and her mother continued to brush her hair until she was quiet and then tiptoed away. There was no good in telling her that no memory of Fred had made her cry.

Sissie heard Bert come into the house and heard his and Grandpa Waddell's voices from the living-room, but could not hear what they were saying. Once she heard Gretchen.

Then Bert went out again. A moment later she heard the grate and whine of the garage door and then the lights of her car cut across her bedroom wall as the car turned on to the drive that led to the

highway. Bert had asked her father for the car, and gone away. He probably did not know that the car was actually hers. But she was angry with him, terribly angry. Her father or any of her brothers used her car when they chose—but that Bert should take it *now*, and without asking!

She got up and went out into the kitchen and washed her face and pinned up her hair. Then she went into the pantry and brought out a grape basket and several plates of food.

Gretchen came to the kitchen, her book under her arm, and watched her wonderingly. After a little Grandma Ton came too. She picked up a wing from the platter and began to suck on it with her toothless gums. "You'll never eat all that chicken, Sissie," she said. "Why don't you wait 'til morning to put up your lunch? It'll get stale."

Sissie said nothing.

"You taking cake to school for all them

Lester kids?" her grandmother went on. "You and Gretchen can't eat half of that. And all that pie!"

Sissie paid no attention to her, and packed the basket to the handle and covered it with a napkin.

"Get your coat and cap, Gretchen," she said, "and mine, too. And be quiet about it."

Suddenly it dawned on Grandma Ton that this was not a school lunch. She laid down her chicken wing and plucked at Sissie's sleeve.

"Don't you wear your galoshes," she said quietly, a light of understanding in her old eyes. "Go by the field path; it's froze enough. You won't need 'em. A girl's feet in galoshes is an ugly thing. And don't change to your green crepe. You look nice in what you got on. Norwegian! Suppose he is? What of it? My first husband's talk was so Irish when I met him that ordinary people couldn't make head nor tail of it."

THE SOAP-BOX

THE MORMONS AND POLYGAMY

MR. LOUIS LARSEN's observations on the Mormon experiment in polygamy, in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for August, are generally accurate. However, he makes a technical error when he speaks of the Manifesto of 1900.

The first official renunciation of the practice of polygamy, commonly called the Manifesto, was made public by President Wilford Woodruff on September 24, 1890. In this proclamation the president declared his intention of submitting to the anti-polygamy laws and "advised" the saints to do the same. It was interpreted by a number of church members, both high and low, as a gesture of peace, made to the government but not to be taken too seriously at home.

The attempt to unseat Senator Reed Smoot again brought the question to a head and in April, 1904, President Joseph F. Smith reaffirmed the Manifesto in stronger terms, saying in part "... and I hereby announce that all such marriages are prohibited."

This statement left no doubt that the practice of polygamy was officially banned, but a few individuals have persisted in their belief that the original sanction of the custom was irrevocable. Their activities have necessitated periodical declarations of the official attitude of the Church in the matter, the latest of which was issued on June 17, 1933.

Salt Lake City

HELYN BARTON

DR. A. J. MCKELWAY

I AM writing to register a protest against one paragraph in the otherwise admirable article on Josephus Daniels by Mr. MacNeill in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for July.

The author speaks of a conflict between Mr. J. P. Caldwell, editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, and one he calls "the dubious McKelway". Perhaps Mr. MacNeill was too young or too deeply obligated to Mr. Caldwell to judge fairly the issues involved at that time; but I remember very well.

Dr. A. J. McKelway was assistant secretary of the National Child Labor Committee from its organization in 1904 to the time of his death some fifteen years later. During all this time I was closely associated with him and he was my assistant for the last twelve years of his life. No more worthy citizen of the South ever participated in the controversies which characterized that period and it is a distinct credit to Mr. Daniels that he was his consistent friend and supporter.

Dr. McKelway naturally made enemies among the cotton manufacturers, who were the most absolute feudal lords this country has known. In 1904 they were employing children of eight, nine and ten years of age for eleven hours a day or twelve hours a night. They justified their policy by the claim that it helped "the poor North Carolina cracker to get away from starvation and ignorance on his little one-horse farm." So complete was their domination that the public had no voice. It was almost impossible to get off a rail-

road train in any cotton-mill village without the risk of arrest for trespass on corporation property.

It was a situation which no doubt every intelligent cotton manufacturer in the South now wishes to have forgotten. In fact, many of them in recent years have made vigorous attempts to raise the standards of employment and have been active in the promotion of better health and education for all employ  s. But at that time the prevailing system was sacrosanct: anyone who ventured to criticize was anathema, and Dr. McKelway, as the Southern representative of the committee, was naturally the target of misrepresentation, abuse and threats. The campaign waged against him by Caldwell, the inspired spokesman for the cotton manufacturers and editor of their daily Bible, was a disgrace to American journalism.

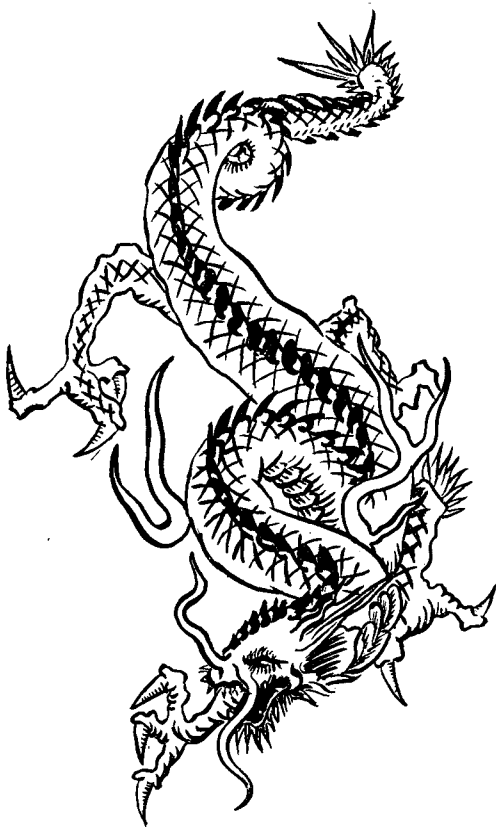
After all these years to have Dr. McKelway, the courageous, straightforward and devoted friend of the children of his own State, dismissed as "the dubious McKelway" is an error which I believe the intelligent people of the South will resent.

New York City OWEN R. LOVEJOY

TATTOOED ROYALTY

CAN Mr. Albert Parry, who wrote "Magic in American Tattooing", in the May issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, tell me whether or not it is true that King George of England has a dragon tattooed on his back? In a second-hand bookstore in Boston recently I found a copy of the *Harmsworth Magazine* (one of the early Northcliffe publications) for November, 1898, and was amazed by an article therein entitled "Tattooed Royalty" and by the illustrations that accompanied it. I enclose a sketch of one of them, which purported to be "Remarkable Design Tattooed on

H.R.H. the Duke of York." That, of course, was his present Majesty's title at the time; he became Prince of Wales in 1902. Another illustration showed a frog



chasing a fly; this, said the *Harmsworth Magazine*, was tattooed on Prince Francis of Teck, by whom, I suppose was meant his late Highness, Francis, Duke of Teck, the father of Her Majesty the Queen.

The fact that such intimate revelations could be made in a respectable British magazine of unimpeachable loyalty is a striking commentary on the high status that tattooing enjoyed in the 90's. Has the King had this ornament removed, or does he still wear it in remembrance of the days when, as the popular Sailor Prince, he served in the Royal Navy?

San Diego

G. E. TODD

LIFE IN MAJORCA

THE par of the Spanish peseta is approximately five to the dollar. When we came to Majorca a year ago we received twelve or twelve and a half. Now, because of the devaluation of the dollar, we receive only eight or eight and a half. This has caused much discontent among the American residents and maybe some hardship, but obviously the Spanish nation is in no way to blame.

The cost of living in the Balearic Islands at the present time is not one half of what it is in the United States. At Formentor there is a new and commodious hotel. Its tariff is thirty-five pesetas a day, including excellent meals; this is somewhere between \$4 and \$5. I know of no hotel in the United States where you can get better value for your money. At Palma the best hotels run from seventeen pesetas a day to fifty, including meals—say from \$2.50 to \$6.50. The *pension* prices are very much lower.

I came here because it was cheap, and I am quite certain that 99% of the other visitors came for the same reason. As a rough rule, one peseta does the work of a dollar. The people are kindly, polite and obliging.

Last Summer my wife and I spent over three months at the port of Alcudia. The beach there is most attractive and extends for miles. The old walled city of Alcudia is only a mile distant, and the Roman and parts of the Moorish walls are intact. A short distance from the town an ancient Greek theatre exists, and near it many Roman remains—fragments of statues, lamps, pavements, baths etc.—have been found.

Much of the fertility of the region depends on irrigation, and sustenance is found for a very dense population, when it is realized that more than one-half of

the land is mountainous and barren, that it is a land of large families and they all live well. All the children and women work in the fields and vineyards. The usual wage for a laborer is from five to seven pesetas a day. He has to solve the problem of keeping house on that sum, and he has solved it successfully. They live on the produce of the land and very rarely buy anything outside of what can be raised on their holding. They seem happy and contented and very hard working and well behaved.

The natural beauty of the island appeals to every one. The houses are built to exclude both heat and cold, tile floors are almost invariable, and as much of the islander's time is spent out of doors he does not trouble with much furniture. If any visitor will accept the life of the people, and make his approach to them in a kindly, sympathetic spirit he will find a ready response and a desire to be agreeable not very common amongst the working men and women of other European nationalities.

In spite of the depreciation of the dollar I know of no place where a man of limited means can do as well as he can in Palma.

Villa Marcedes,
Son Ametler,
Majorca

T. E. PATTESON

THE HIGHER LEARNING

I HAVE lately got through my four years at Yale, and am now looking for a job. The thought I carry away from New Haven is that I'd have been much happier while there if the statutes of the university allowed students to blow spitballs at the professors. My cousin, who is in his last year at Princeton, says that he'd agree with me if I said dead cats.

New York ARTIUM BACCALAUREUS

THE MAN AND THE HOUR

ONE of the popular beliefs of the human race is that in great emergencies the need always produces the man. How often has it really done so in the history of the modern world? Perhaps half a dozen times: no more. One thinks of Washington, Cavour, Bismarck, Bolivar, Toussaint l'Ouverture, and Mussolini—and then one begins to run out of names. Was Robert E. Lee an example? If so, then Napoleon III and Ludendorff were two more. Was Lincoln? The answer must involve a good deal of hedging. Considered as a god, Abe looks as perfect as any other god, but considered as a man he shows a great many defects. There is no sound evidence that he ever looked much further ahead than the next battle, whether political or military. If the Civil War on the Northern side was actually lit up by a vision, then it was surely not his. And not even the writers of the school history-books have ever been fools enough to see any greatness in the men who actually had it.

New York

B. S. D.

CROATS AND SERBS

I WISH to say to Mr. Whit Burnett, author of "Hunting Headlines in the Balkans" in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for September, that the Croats are *not* a mixture of Slavic Austrian and Hungarians. I also wish to say that the Serbs and Croatians are *not* "as different as two races can be."

The Croatians are as pure a branch of the Slavic race as they can be, or as any other branch is. The Serbs are not a race, but they are also a branch of the great Slavic family. The Serbian and the Croatian languages vary so little that the difference is imperceptible. Most Croatians can read the Cyrillic characters used in Serbia. The only difference between Croatians and

Serbians is that the Croatians are Roman Catholics and the Serbs are Orthodox. The Croatians and Serbs inhabiting Croatia and Bosnia used to get on splendidly most of the time. Today they are fighting Belgrade together, not because they want to dissolve Yugoslavia but because of the oppression and prosecutions that issue from the dictatorship of King Alexander.

McKeesport, Pa.

PETER SPRAJCAR

LETTER-WRITING IN
THE REPUBLIC

MEN are better letter-writers than women, and they are at their best when writing to women, especially to women not their wives. When writing to other men, even if they be intimate and old friends, they tend to be offish. It is only when addressing women friends (wives, in this respect, are in the same class as men friends) that they are inclined to give full vent to their glorious talent for romantic gabble.

Unfortunately, most of the States have laws which make such letters admissible as evidence in breach of promise suits and other such forms of blackmail. This fact cramps the style of a man in high spirits who feels like writing things to some woman, things he would not dream of writing to a man. The thing to do is to abolish all the laws which make tender notes admissible as evidence in breach of promise cases. The freedom let loose thereby would greatly improve American literature and help considerably to remedy the dissatisfaction American women have with their men.

I know, of course, that these laws will never be abolished, but I felt like writing about the matter. Men readers of this note will understand very well what I am talking about.

Los Angeles

GRACCHUS III

QUERIES

62. S. T. COLERIDGE.—I believe I have read all the biographies of Coleridge in English, but in not one of them have I found a plausible explanation of why he left his wife. Does the monograph literature on him shed any light on the matter? And while I'm on the subject of Coleridge I'd like to ask another question: Was he or was he not in love with Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister? I'm certain that he was, but I can't prove it.
Lake Mahopac, N. Y. FLECKNOE, JR.

63. GEORGE V.—What does it cost the English people to keep up King George V, his family, his slaves, his horses, and the rest of his *impedimenta*? I have heard that it runs to about \$5,000,000 a year. Whatever the figure is, I think it is a waste of money.
Dartmouth, N. S. D. R. K.

64. NATHALIA CRANE.—What has become of this girl poet who was a prodigy some eight years ago? I have not seen her name mentioned for at least four years.
Brooklyn X.

65. GRITS.—On a recent visit to Nova Scotia I noticed that Liberals are frequently referred to in the local newspapers as *grits*. Are they so called in the rest of Canada, and what is the origin of the expression?
Newark, N. J. CATILINE

66. NAPOLEON'S RELIGION.—Recently I went through Napoleon's Journals and several of the diaries of his remarks kept by his friends, particularly his friends at St. Helena. I noted that in some places he said that he was not an atheist, and in others that he was a faithful Catholic. He did not, however, waver in his hostility toward the Pope, all churches, and all priests. Is there any definite evidence of his religion, if he had any? My own belief is that he was at least an agnostic, and that if he had been Emperor another ten years he would have crushed the Catholic Church.
New York City GEORGETOWN '29

67. GREEN LIGHTS.—All police stations have green lights on the outside. I can understand the lights, but why the green?
Milwaukee A. L. D.

REPLIES

30. STAMMERING.—There are two forms of stammering, benign and malignant. The former begins at about the onset of puberty. If it continues uncorrected and uninterrupted until the sufferer is past twenty-four, it becomes malignant and little can be done about it. I am convinced that the same method of correction will not work for everyone. In my own case, I began stammering at about fourteen, and worked out my own correction. I learned a few simple chords on the piano and a few simple melodies in the key of G, 4/4 time. In this way I learned to speak, read, and write with a certain rhythm. I always read aloud, beating time with my foot, and with my voice pitched as when I sang. Now, after twenty years, I still quite unconsciously beat time with one foot whenever I read or talk. But this little habit, which sometimes amuses other people, is certainly less objectionable than stammering. My father has told me that he effected his own cure by getting out into the woods and yelling—first monosyllables, then sentences, etc. Certainly his method was effective with him, as I have never in my life heard him stammer.
Crisfield, Md. CRESTON COLLINS

40. THE DEEP END.—Mr. E. L. M. Burns, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September, appears to me to miss the point of this metaphor. English indoor public swimming-baths are very shallow at one end and about ten feet deep at the other. They are much used by small boys whose first ambition is to learn to swim well enough to "go in off the deep end." Occasionally, a non-swimmer, through ignorance or over-confidence, dives in off the deep end, gets into difficulties, and has to be helped out. Parents have heard this phrase used so often by their children, either as criticism or boast, that its first use as a metaphor is thoroughly understood and imitated. Mr. Burns's examples are ill-chosen. Here's one: As soon as Franklin D. Roosevelt became President he went in off the deep end.
San Salvador, W. F. GILLINGHAM
Salvador

49. NEGRO POPE.—Pope Clement VII (Giulio de Medici), who reigned from 1523 to 1534, had at least one son, Alessandro, by

a Negro woman. Alessandro was for a time Duke of Florence.
Yakima, Wash.

IRA D. CARDIFF

55. THE POTENCY OF BEER.—The approximate alcoholic contents of various beers may be found listed in textbooks on industrial chemistry, *e.g.*, Thorp's "Outline of Industrial Chemistry," and Roger's "Industrial Chemistry." Both contain bibliographies which will further aid the seeker.
New York

HENRY N. SACHS

THERE is a good deal of vagueness in the public mind regarding the alcohol content of beverages. In the United States such content has always been expressed legally in terms of percentage of absolute alcohol by volume. In Canada and Great Britain it is usually expressed in terms of proof spirit—which is one-half the strength of absolute alcohol.

When expressed in terms of absolute alcohol, one can use either the volume percentage or the weight percentage, which differ materially, alcohol percentage by volume being higher than alcohol percentage by weight. The following alcoholometric table from 1% to 9% by volume will give some idea of the differences between percentage by volume and percentage by weight:

<i>Alcohol by volume</i>		<i>Alcohol by weight</i>
1%	=	0.795%
2%	=	1.593%
3%	=	2.392%
4%	=	3.194%
5%	=	3.998%
6%	=	4.804%
7%	=	5.612%
8%	=	6.422%
9%	=	7.234%

The well-known American lager beers of pre-Volstead time usually carried between 3.75 and 4.50% absolute alcohol by volume, and under the requirements of the National Food and Drugs Act the alcohol content by volume had to be declared on the label.

In the House of Representatives on June 29, 1917, Congressman Jacob E. Meeker of Missouri spoke on some by-products of Prohibition.

He extended his remarks and in the published speech there was given an enormous amount of statistical data regarding alcohol, not only in commercial beverages, but also in patent medicines. Mr. Meeker got the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to furnish him with a list of beverages and the respective quantities of alcohol contained in each. While the list is much too long to give here in full, the following figures dealing only with beer are of interest in the present case. The figures are in percentage of alcohol by volume.

	<i>Alcohol by volume</i>
Malt and corn beer.....	4.05%
Malt and rice beer.....	4.15%
Austrian beer.....	4.20%
All-malt beer.....	4.32%
Munich beer.....	5.10%
English stout and porter.....	7.50%
English ale.....	8.30%

Chicago

ARTHUR J. CRAMP

MR. KENNY will get all the information he is looking for in Bulletin No. 493, published by the United States Department of Agriculture on March 21, 1917. It is entitled "A Study of American Beers and Ales," by L. M. Tolman and J. Garfield Riley. Their conclusions with regard to beer follow:

Beers made at the present time have a much lower percentage of alcohol and are made from a wort containing a much lower percentage of solids than beers made a generation ago. The average of twenty-eight samples examined and reported in 1887 . . . showed an average alcohol content of 4.63% by weight and solids in the original wort of 14.79%, while the average of seventy-two beers representing the products now on the market showed an average of 3.52% by weight of alcohol and solids in the original wort of 12.50%. This is a reduction of 1.11% by weight of alcohol and 2.29% of solids in the original wort.

This should shut up those who maintain that the current 3.2% beer is measurably inferior to the "real" beer of pre-Prohibition beer. I mean, of course, the 3.2% beer that really is 3.2%, and not 1.8% or 1.5%, which some of the brews now on the market probably are.

Salt Lake City

PH. D., JR.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Science vs. Religion

WHERE IS SCIENCE GOING? by Max Planck. \$2.75. 5¼ x 8¼; 221 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company*.

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE, by James Jeans. \$2.50. 5¼ x 7⅞; 301 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

THE LOGIC OF SCIENCE, by William G. Ballantine. \$2. 4⅞ x 7⅞; 230 pp. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*.

THE UNIVERSE & LIFE, by H. S. Jennings. \$1.50. 5¼ x 8; 94 pp. New Haven: *The Yale University Press*.

SCIENTIFIC THEORY & RELIGION, by Ernest William Barnes. \$4. 6 x 9¼; 685 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

THE NATURAL SCIENCES, by Bernhard Bavink. \$7.50. 5⅞ x 9⅞; 683 pp. New York: *The Century Company*.

THE VOTING here is heavily against Sir James Jeans and his mathematical God, by Euclid out of Genesis. All the other authors save Bishop Barnes and the Rev. Dr. Ballantine reject all gods whatsoever, and neither of these two is willing to accept the Jeansian adding-machine as a substitute for what Dr. Ballantine describes as "an infinite Personality, purposive, beauty-loving, righteous." The firmest and most disconcerting refusal comes from Dr. Planck. As everyone knows, the whole of Jeans's structure of speculation is based upon Planck's quantum theory, which, in brief, tells us that the flow of energy from a radiant body is not continuous, but proceeds by spurts. On this fact Jeans grounds his doctrine that causality has been abolished from the universe, and that all that remains is a series of statistical averages. But Planck

denies it vehemently, and in his denial he is supported eloquently by a disciple far more distinguished than Jeans, to wit, Albert Einstein.

"I firmly believe," says Planck, "in company with most physicists, that the quantum hypothesis will eventually find its exact expression in certain equations which will be *a more exact formulation of the law of causality*." In other words, the quanta seem to leap arbitrarily simply because physicists have yet to discover the order of their skipping, and the natural causes thereof. Thus the vast edifice of theological and metaphysical rumble-bumble that Jeans has erected upon their apparent wantonness crumbles, and he is returned to his astronomical observatory to resume his studies of curved space and exploding universes.

Einstein, who contributes a brief introduction to the Planck book and also appears as end-man in a sort of Socratic minstrel-show following the main text, does not hesitate to hint broadly that Jeans has succumbed to his popular audience, and is guilty of performing what, in a scientific man, can only be described as monkeyshines. When the interlocutor outlines the so-called ideas of Jeans and Edington, Einstein replies:

No physicist believes that. Otherwise he wouldn't be a physicist. Neither do the physicists you have mentioned. You must distinguish between what is a literary fashion and what is a scientific pronouncement. In England there are scientific writers who are illogical and romantic in their popular books, but in their scientific work they are acute logical reasoners.

I wonder what the schoolma'ams who have been swallowing Jeans will say to that. As for me, I feel easy about it, for I was saying precisely what I have just quoted Planck as saying so long ago as January, 1931, and in this place. Even a book-reviewer occasionally has his luck.

The present Jeans book is not likely to have the success of its predecessors, for there are some mathematical formulae in it, and they are always terrifying. In Bishop Barnes's book they fairly bristle. The bishop is very learned for an ecclesiastic, and shows a laudable absence of theological fury, but after nearly 700 pages of neat exposition, in which he reduces the dogmas of his fellow divines to nonsense, he succumbs in the end to his gaiters, and insists that he believes in personal immortality, and on the following absurd ground:

The Ruler [of the universe] would be untrue to His nature were He to create values, or allow His creatures to manifest them, and then allow them to perish. Such action would render his activity purposeless: God's universe would, in fact, be meaningless.

What these values are is stated on the same page: they are goodness, beauty and truth. Alas, the argument proves far too much. If the possession of goodness is actually a sufficient guarantee of immortality, then the charming and arduous mother-love of a female chimpanzee must lead us to conclude that she will dwell in the New Jerusalem on precisely the same terms as a bishop. And if beauty cannot perish, then every daisy in the dell will be resurrected to adorn the celestial pastures. Dr. Ballantine falls into much the same sophistry. After writing one of the best short treatises on logic that I have ever encountered, and coming to the conclusion that "faith that cannot give reasons is

irrational, and the reasons given must be facts," he plunges into the gratuitous assumptions that I have quoted above.

In place of Dr. Ballantine's improbably benign God Dr. Bavink turns to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, who are the refuges likewise, I believe, of Planck and Einstein. Dr. Jennings studiously avoids god-making. He is convinced, as a biologist, that evolution still has a long way to go, and that in consequence it is absurd to think of man as its final product, "made in God's image." Thus the only God imaginable is one so remote from humanity that it is useless to try to think about Him. As a biologist again, Dr. Jennings rejects immortality. "Life," he says, "consists not of indefinitely continuing individuals but of successive ones. . . . We are compelled to conclude that the individuals who have disappeared exist no more than they did before they began life, no more than they did before the species to which they belong had been produced in evolution."

Dr. Jennings' book is brief but very well done. His professional studies have been chiefly in the lower forms of life, and in that field he has done work of high importance. His present speculations show that this preoccupation has not prevented him grappling with biology as a whole, and that what he has thought about its major problems is shrewd and persuasive. In one place, however, it seems to me that he departs from strict logic and even from common sense. This is in a passage in which he is arguing against the mechanistic conception of life. He puts the mechanistic argument as follows:

The fact that I have some knowledge of biology has nothing to do with the fact that I give lectures on that subject; I would give exactly the same lectures if I had no such knowledge.

I think I'd be willing to risk a box of good five-cent cigars for the name and address of any mechanist who has ever argued such nonsense. As a matter of fact, what Dr. Jennings is here describing is not mechanism at all, but a kind of Christian Science. The true mechanist would argue that the main reason why Dr. Jennings lectures on biology is precisely the fact that he has "some knowledge of it"—indeed, a very large and valuable knowledge of it. If he lacked it, mechanism would doom him to some trade to which biology is useless, for example, office-holding, divinity, or psychiatry.

Notes on Wagner

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER; Vol. I (1813-1848), by Ernest Newman. \$5. 6¼ x 9¾; 543 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

WAGNER, by W. J. Turner. 75 cents. 4¾ x 7¼; 143 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"It MIGHT truthfully be said, I believe," says Mr. Turner, "that Wagner was the most completely successful man who has ever lived." As for me, I can think of no candidate to run against him, save perhaps Martin Luther. This is not saying, of course, that his life was a bed of roses; far from it, indeed. He had a somewhat meagre boyhood, and until he was thirty he dodged around from one bad job to another, and no one save a few nobodies took any interest in his music. Even after the success of "Rienzi," followed soon afterward by that of "Tannhäuser," he had to face an ocean of troubles, including years of exile from his native land. There were times when he was so close to despair that suicide was only around the corner, and at no time until he was at the end of his forties did he ever feel really secure.

But then, of a sudden, all his chickens came home to roost, bearing bays in one claw and gold in the other. A King became his treasurer, and the world fell at his feet. From 1854 onward he was rich, happy and at ease. Masterworks poured from his studio, and each was received with a kind of enthusiasm approaching religious exaltation. After 1876, when the Bayreuth orgies began, he was not only the undisputed first of living composers, but also a public character of the highest eminence, ranking only after Bismarck at home. Certainly no other musician has ever come within miles of his triumph, and no other artist of any sort, and few other men. When he died in 1883 he was a sort of monstrous combination of Charlie Chaplin, Henry Ford, Hitler, Einstein and Tolstoy, with overtones of both Beelzebub and the Pope.

How this unparalleled Cinderella story came to be enacted is something that the psychologists will be investigating some day, if, when and as psychology ever becomes an actual science. Maybe Mr. Newman will go into it in his later volumes: in the present one he stops with 1848. It is easy enough to say that Wagner's music conquered the world for him, but that is only begging the question, for one may still ask why it should have had so vast a potency. As a matter of fact, it remains caviare to the general to this day, and even among persons educated in music there are many who do not like it, or like it only in small doses. Mr. Turner himself is among the former. He follows the recusant Nietzsche, who turned against it after whooping for it for ten years, in holding that there is some "fundamental weakness" in it, and he expresses the belief, plainly supported by an earnest hope, that "we of the Twentieth Century are witnessing its gorgeous fabric crumbling

into dust." I doubt seriously that its case is really so parlous, but everyone must see that Wagner has been going downhill of late, and that his rank is now definitely below the three B's. Yet during the thirty years between his meeting with King Ludwig and his death he walked such heights as none of them ever attained. How? Why? Wherefor?

His merits, I believe, were mainly on the technical side. Though he was always, judged by conservatory standards, an amateur, with only the most sketchy training in the elements of his craft, he became in the end the most stupendous musical technician who ever lived. There is in his scores an almost appalling virtuosity. So great, indeed, was his skill that he disdained most of the tricks that other composers resort to. His harmony was colorful and pungent but essentially orthodox, and there is no sign in it of the sensational cacophony that has since become the rage. His melody was almost as undistinguished, and he seems to have picked up from Beethoven the notion that very little of it was enough for an ingenious man. As for his instrumentation, though there was a considerable boldness in it, and it made extraordinarily heavy demands upon the performers, it still fell short of the bizarre inventions of Berlioz, the one composer among his contemporaries whom he seems to have respected.

But with these meagre, and often downright austere materials, he yet managed to achieve astounding effects. Consider, for example, the prelude to "Lohengrin." It sounds banal enough today, and in melody and harmony there was surely nothing very novel about it, even in 1850, but when it was first heard even the retired *Hofräte* of Weimar must have gathered that something extraordinary was before them. Its virtue lies in its sheer virtuosity;

it is the work of a man who is the complete master of his materials, and can do things with them, naturally and easily, that are quite impossible to other men. To compare it to the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony would be, of course, to flatter it, but nevertheless the two works belong roughly to the same class: both are the products of musicians who were so superbly competent that they could throw all the ordinary devices of their craft overboard, and perform miracles in a sort of vacuum. The leap from Weber to "Lohengrin" was enormous, and yet there was nothing in "Lohengrin" that was not implicit in Weber—nothing, that is, save the hard, ever-ready, overwhelming brilliance of a man who was as far beyond Weber, technically speaking, as Weber was beyond a rustic *Stadt-pfeiffer*.

This brilliance, of course, carried its own penalties. Wagner, an egoist undiluted, was intensely aware of it, and trusted it to get him round every difficulty. In fact, he trusted it so fully that it led him to disdain all the more homely and less exhilarating devices of a practising composer—for example, the laborious polishing of melodies *à la* Beethoven. Wagner's melodies, only too often, are obvious and ineffective, and sometimes they are almost idiotic; he knew that he could erect gorgeous structures upon them, however bad they were to begin with, and so he did not bother to perfect them. This over-confidence, for all his skill, sometimes got him into difficulties, as anyone may discover by sitting through the Ring. It is magnificent, but there are times when it leaves the hearer cold and bored. The ear longs for simple beauty, for honest, innocent emotion, such as one finds in all of Schubert, and in most of Brahms. The thing sounds more like oratory than like music,

and the fact that the orchestra is meanwhile giving a fine show only makes one wish that the so-called singers would shut down altogether and let the fiddlers and horn-players have their way.

This lack may be responsible for the "crumbling" of the Wagnerian edifice that Mr. Turner thinks he observes. The music of the master is being played more than ever before, but not in the opera-house: even in Germany there has been a flight toward the simpler lyricism of Verdi. It may be childish, but it is a relief from the rhetoric of sopranos and tenors who are seldom permitted to sing, even when they *can* sing, which is surely not always. To be sure, some incomparable moments remain, and the second act of "Tristan und Isolde" suggests itself at once. But even the second act of "Tristan und Isolde" would probably be surer of life if it were a double concerto for violin and cello, as, indeed, it may become on some near tomorrow. In the concert-hall Wagner's music is still immensely effective; none other, new or old, can match its brilliance at its high points, which may be isolated there very conveniently and effectively. But in the opera-house it has to carry a heavy burden of puerile folk-lore, brummagem patriotism, and bilge-water Christianity, and another and even heavier burden of choppy and gargling singing. No wonder it begins to stagger.

Mr. Turner's conviction that it is doomed altogether would be more impressive if he could rid himself of certain highly dubious ideas—for example, that "Der Fliegende Holländer" is "in many ways the best of it." Mr. Newman, in his present volume, does not go into the matter at all; perhaps he will undertake it in his third and last. No man now extant in the world, whether in or out of Germany,

is a more learned Wagnerologist; his learning in his chosen field is enormous. Nevertheless, he must begin his three volumes with an unanswered question: was Wagner the son of his mother's husband, the honest police actuary, Carl Friedrich Wagner, or of her lover, the second-rate actor, Ludwig Geyer? He can only reply that some say one thing and some another. Wagner himself apparently vacillated between the two: apparently it never occurred to him, as it has never occurred to Mr. Newman, that Frau Wagner may have had more than one lover.

Mr. Newman's biography promises to be much more than a mere biography. It is also a history of German music, in its practical aspects, since the first days of the last century. The chapters describing the bad orchestras and worse singers that Wagner had to deal with at Magdeburg, Riga, Königsberg and Dresden are among the most interesting in the first volume. Mr. Newman has unearthed a great deal of unfamiliar matter, and he presents it, as always, very effectively. His analysis of Wagner's character is frank, penetrating and amusing. In the ordinary sense there never lived a more immoral man. If he was not a rascal then there is no record of a rascal in the modern world. But under all his villainies, most of them petty but some of them atrocious, there lay as high and noble a purpose as any man has ever served, and we must look to it for his excuse. If he made his friends its victims, then he was its chief victim himself. No man has ever labored more valiantly for an ideal. Contemplating his ultimate triumph, the world is only too apt to forget what it cost him. Not many men have the resolution to pay what he paid for it, or the intelligence to see that it was worth the paying.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

WHIT BURNETT, *with his wife, Martha Foley, edits Story.*

JAMES M. CAIN *is an old newspaper man, now living in California.*

ARTHUR J. CRAMP, M.D., *is chief of the American Medical Association's department for the investigation of quacks and quackery. He is the author of numerous medical monographs.*

H. L. DAVIS *is at present living in Mexico, where he is writing a book on American folk-lore.*

CLARITA DE FORCEVILLE *was born in Paris, and is the daughter of a former President of Ecuador, the family name being Seminario. She was educated by governesses save for two years of school in Germany, and traveled a great deal in her early years. She spoke five languages when she was nine years old. Her interest in cookery awoke early, and has been cultivated ever since. She served as a nurse during the war at the American Military Hospital in Paris, and came to America in 1923. She is now engaged in business in New York. She is the wife of Count Philippe de Forceville.*

LANGSTON HUGHES *is the author of "Not Without Laughter," a novel. He has also written two books of poems.*

LAWRENCE LEE *is a graduate of the Uni-*

versity of Virginia. He will publish a book of poems December 1.

JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD *was born at Sandwich, Mass., where he still lives, and is a descendant of some of the earliest settlers of Cape Cod. His books include "Men of Maracaibo" (reviewed in The Library, July, 1933), "The Tragedy of Henry Ford," "Crusaders of Chemistry," and a life of Charles P. Steinmetz. He is a graduate of Harvard.*

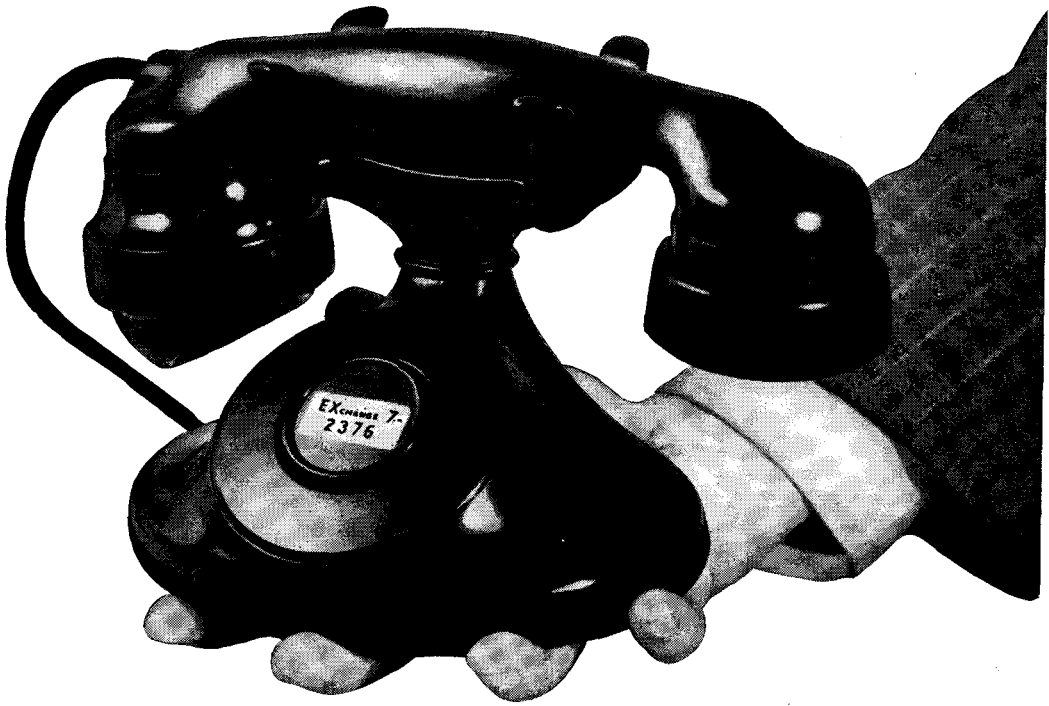
ROBERT LITTELL *was educated at Harvard. He has served as dramatic critic for the New York World and the New York Evening Post, and as a member of the staff of the New Republic. He is the author of "Read America First."*

EDWARD ROBINSON *was an editor of the defunct Musical Fortnightly Review. He teaches piano and contributes to the reviews. He is a graduate of Columbia.*

DOROTHY THOMAS'S *first book, "Ma Jetter's Girls," was published last Spring.*

JAMES A. TOBEY *is the author or co-author of a number of books on public health. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he received his bachelor's degree in biology and public health in 1916, and, in 1927, the first doctorate of public health given by that institution.*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv*

RACE, CLASS, & PARTY.

By Paul Lewinson.

The Oxford University Press
\$3.75 5¾ x 9; 302 pp. *New York*

Dr. Lewinson has here written an excellent history of Negro suffrage and white politics in the South. It is, indeed, the most comprehensive and judicious account of the subject in print. The Negro, he says, has been "the common enemy, the red herring across all political trails" below the Potomac. Politically and sociologically the South is really no more "solid" than the North; it is only the Negro question which makes it appear so. As to the progress of the potential Negro electorate, Dr. Lewinson presents a mass of useful statistics, but he is very cautious in his generalizations. He says: "The South of 1930 was not 'solid,' although its political machinery operated under a single trade mark. As to Negro voters, there were many fewer than an Abolitionist might hope, but rather more than even Southerners suspected." There are many statistical and bibliographical notes, and also an index.

HISTORY & DESTINY OF THE JEWS.

By Josef Kastein. *The Viking Press*
\$3.50 5½ x 8¾; 464 pp. *New York*

This is not a history of the Jews in the strict sense of the term; rather it is a series of impassioned essays about them throughout their 3000 years of existence. The facts, in the main, are accurate, and they are ably organized. Herr Kastein, who is a German Jew, is particularly happy in his discussion of the Roman, Greek and Spanish periods, but when he comes to more modern times he is somewhat too lyrical. The Zionist movement has a great appeal to him. He says: "The Zionist ideology . . . paved the way for an intellectual attitude which freed the independent achievements of the Jewish people and their mission in the world from all attacks and criticisms of the Gentile world. Thanks to it, the foundation has been laid for fresh productivity on the part of Judaism." The translation is by Huntley Paterson.

AS OTHERS SEE CHICAGO. *Impressions of Visitors, 1673-1933.*

Compiled by Bessie Louise Pierce.
\$3 *The University of Chicago Press*
6¼ x 9¼; 540 pp. *Chicago*

About fifty American and foreign authors are represented in this collection. Among the latter are

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English, French, Scottish, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Hindoo, German, and Hungarian visitors. With few exceptions their remarks are very favorable to Chicago, and thus the book may reasonably be charged with having a booster tendency. There is also another criticism to be made: most of the authors quoted from are now forgotten, and those who are still living are of small authority. Altogether, a volume of slight value. There are two bibliographies, and also an index. Dr. Pierce is associate professor of American history at the University of Chicago.

THE LIFE OF CAESAR.

By Guglielmo Ferrero. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$5 5¾ x 8½; 525 pp. *New York*

This book was first published as Volumes I and II of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," which first appeared in five volumes in 1907. "The present edition," says Professor Ferrero, "only differs from the original in that certain abridgments have been made and the copious notes of the first edition have been omitted." His central thesis is that Caesar did not destroy the Republic or create the Empire, and that his greatness lay in his conquest of Gaul, which marked the beginning of European civilization. There is an index.

FOOD & DRINK

QUIET DRINKING.

By Virginia Elliott. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$1 4½ x 7½; 112 pp. *New York*

Cocktails do not appear until p. 43 of this instructive little volume; the first eleven pages are devoted to "Beer and How to Drink It", and after them come twenty-nine pages on the victuals suitable for serving with it. A pleasant sign of the times! Mrs. Elliott's advice about the handling of beer, whether in bottles or in the keg, is excellent, but she greatly understates the heroic fact when she says that "a party of ten or fifteen beer-drinkers can easily consume a quarter barrel in an evening". In her list of cheeses she forgets the admirable American Liederkrantz and the somewhat unearthly but fascinating Norwegian Gyedser. There is a chapter at the end on wines. It may seem premature, but it will be of considerable help very soon.

Continued on page xx

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H - S T . L O U I S

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

AMERICAN WINES & HOW TO MAKE THEM.

By Philip M. Wagner.

Alfred A. Knopf

\$2 5½ x 7½; 310 pp. New York

Mr. Wagner says that "the United States is the greatest natural grape-growing region in the world", and he believes that, if proper skill be applied to the business, it should be able to produce wines equal to all save the very best of Europe. Here he gives detailed directions to the amateur who wants to try, some of them gathered out of the literature of the subject and others born of his own extensive experience. There are, in general, two kinds of grapes in this country—the native varieties, and the European varieties domiciled in California. Both have their points. At the end of the book is a chapter on the care of wines, and another on the treatment of those that fall sick. A good bibliography follows, with an index. Two of the chapters, in somewhat abbreviated form, were first printed in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for March and June, 1933.

THE SCIENCES

FISHES: *Their Journeys & Migrations.*

By Louis Roule.

W. W. Norton & Company

\$3.75 5¾ x 9¼; 270 pp. New York

M. Roule is attached with the rank of professor, to the Museum of Natural History at Paris, and is well known as an ichthyologist. His specialty is the migration of fishes, and in the present volume he puts what is known about the subject into simple language for the general reader. As he shows, all of the movements of fishes are purely automatic reactions to changes in temperature, salinity, light, etc. If they look wilful to fishermen, it is only because fishermen everywhere are ignorant folk. M. Roule writes very clearly, and his book is adequately translated by Conrad Elphinstone. There is a brief and pointless introduction by William Beebe. An index is missing.

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT.

By William Bragg.

The Macmillan Company

\$3.50 5¾ x 8½; 283 pp. New York

The author of this volume, one of the most eminent of living English physicists, received the Nobel Prize in 1915 for his development of the x-ray spectrometer. Here, addressing a lay audience, he avoids the intricacies of the new physics, and devotes himself to explaining the more familiar phenomena of light. There are chapters on the human eye, on color, on polarization, and on the x-rays.

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The exposition is extremely lucid, and it is helped by twenty-six plates, including two in full color, not to mention a large number of small drawings in the text, done by the author's daughter, Mrs. Caroe. Altogether, the volume has unusual merit, and should be of especial interest to readers who tire of physical theories and are eager for a dose of plain facts. There is an index.

LIFE IN THE MAKING.

By Alan Frank Guttmacher.

The Viking Press

\$2.75 5½ x 8½; 297 pp. New York

Dr. Guttmacher's subtitle is "The Story of Human Procreation," but his book is not to be mistaken for one of the Guides to the Connubial Chamber that now seem to be so popular. Instead, it is a scientific account, addressed to the general reader but still very carefully done, of the essential facts about reproduction in *Homo sapiens*, beginning with a miniature treatise on embryology, and ending with a discussion of the causes of sterility and an extraordinarily interesting chapter on twins. There are eight illustrations, and at the end is a brief bibliography, followed by a good index. The volume is of unusual merit.

ECONOMICS

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS.

By R. F. Harrod.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$1.25 5½ x 7½; 211 pp. New York

This is the latest addition to the excellent Cambridge Economic Handbooks, of which John Maynard Keynes is general editor. Mr. Harrod is concerned only with "the simple arithmetic of international economics." His treatment is based on "the doctrines of the classical writers," because "the main classical position in this sphere seems inexpugnable." Among the topics he discusses are the international division of labor, the law of comparative costs, the price level of international goods, the gold standard, the balance of trade, and tariffs. He writes simply and clearly, and he makes even the complicated equations of international economics intelligible. There is an index.

DOLLARS & SENSE.

By Irving Brant.

The John Day Company

\$1.50 5½ x 8½; 172 pp. New York

Mr. Brant is editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Star and Times*. In the present book, by means of the questions and answers method, he expounds twenty-five important subjects in the fields

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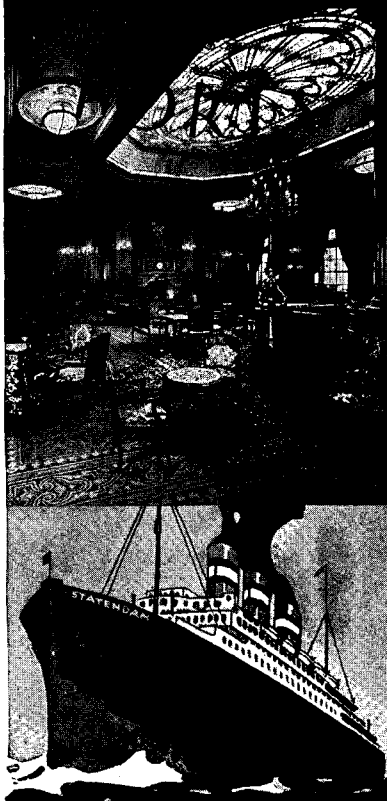
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Continued from page xx

of economics and finance. Among them are the gold standard, inflation, money, hoarding, public works, the public debt, mortgage moratoriums, free silver, the balance of trade, the war debt, the tariff wall, farm relief, and taxation. He writes very clearly and plainly knows his stuff, and his volume should be of great value to the general reader.

LAW

TRIAL BY PREJUDICE.

By *Arthur Garfield Hays*. *Covici-Friede*
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 369 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hays has had a great deal of experience in the courts fighting unpopular causes. Here he confines himself mainly to cases in which he has had little if any part personally—the Scottsboro case, the Mooney case, the Leo Frank case, the Centralia and Gastonia cases, and so on. He is familiar with the records of all of them, and sets forth the essential facts very vividly and with no little eloquence. In his preface he attempts to put down the common impression that he is a radical. He is, in fact, simply a lawyer who believes in the Bill of Rights, and is willing to devote a large part of his time to defending it. "I am not enamoured," he says, "with the results of our legal processes, but I can offer no pat formula for improvement." At the end of his book he records vividly six cases in which popular prejudice has run for the prisoner instead of against him. There are twelve illustrations and an index.

AIRCRAFT & THE LAW.

By *Harold Lincoln Brown*. *Robert O. Ballou*
\$3 5½ x 8½; 359 pp. *New York*

The sub-title of this book gives a fair idea of its scope: "A Survey of the Rights, Duties and Liabilities of All Persons Connected with Aircraft Operation, and the interest of the General Public in Connection Therewith." Mr. Brown is a lawyer and has traveled by air, both in America and in Europe, for many years. He writes very well, and his book is an interesting and useful contribution to its subject. Among the many topics he takes up are the following: air-space sovereignty and ownership, the contractual elements of air travel, negligence in the air and other torts, criminal activities in airspace, liabilities of aircraft carriers, and insurance as affected by air travel. At the end are a list of authorities cited, a long list of cases, and an index.

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TRAVEL

THREE KINGDOMS OF INDO-CHINA.

By *Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., & Theodore Roosevelt*.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3 5½ x 8½; 331 pp. *New York*

At the end of 1928 Mr. Coolidge went to the mountainous northern part of Indo-China at the head of an expedition organized to gather specimens, especially of the larger mammals, for the Field Museum of Chicago. Somewhat later Col. Roosevelt, who had been hunting in China, crossed the border of the colony to pursue the same aims in the southern part. The scientific fruits of the two journeys seem to have been somewhat meagre, but both parties suffered hardships in the unhealthy country. One member of the Coolidge party, Russell W. Hendee, died of malaria on the way, and Col. Roosevelt returned to Saigon on the coast suffering from the same disease. Most of the present volume is devoted to Mr. Coolidge's narrative, which describes at length the difficulties of travel in that remote corner of the world. Col. Roosevelt deals with his own trip more briefly. The scientific results have been described elsewhere. The book is illustrated.

AN ITALIAN WINTER.

By *Charles S. Brooks*. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 6 x 9; 350 pp. *New York*

This is Mr. Brooks's tenth book of travel. Recently he spent a Winter in Italy, visiting the familiar places: Lake Como, Taormina, Sorrento, Naples, Amalfi, Ravello, Rome, and Venice. He is not a Doughty nor a Lawrence, and often he sinks into stuff like the following: "Vesuvius smokes a lazy pipe upon his mountain. Capri wades knee-deep toward the headlands of Sorrento. . . . The Western ocean stretches into night." But most of the time, though he is never brilliant, he is readable. At least, he is better than a guide-book. There is no index.

LITERATURE

ISAAC D'ISRAELI'S CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Edited by *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*.
The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3 5½ x 8½; 312 pp. *New York*

Isaac D'Israeli, the father of the more celebrated Benjamin, was born in Middlesex in 1766, and died at the age of eighty-two. He wrote many poor poems and histories, but he achieved a considerable

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fame as a booklover. The reading room of the British Museum was his favorite haunt nearly all his life, and he probably read as many of the books there as any other human being known to the public. He was especially interested in the more personal aspects of authorship and book-making, and he collected an enormous amount of information about them. He brought it together in a six volume work, "Curiosities of Literature," published between 1791 and 1834. His son Benjamin edited a new edition in 1849, one year after his father's death. In the present volume Mr. Mitchell has picked out the more fascinating sections of the 1849 edition. There are many illustrations, and also an index.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE.

By Logan Pearsall Smith.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$1.50 5 x 7½; 191 pp. *New York*

This is a sort of miniature encyclopedia of Shakespeare. Mr. Smith is confessedly only a minor scholar of the poet, but that has made him all the more appreciative of the needs and problems of the general reader. He writes interestingly of the mystery of Shakespeare's life, of the greater mystery of his fifteen years of authorship (1592-1607), and of the greatest mystery of all: what he did in the silent last ten years of his existence. He also discusses the questions of disputed texts, the contemporary reception of the plays and the sonnets, and the history of Shakespearean criticism down the centuries and in all languages. At the end is a section on recent books about the poet. He pays high tribute to Frank Harris's "The Man Shakespeare." There is an index. A useful volume.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE NEW ART OF WRITING AND SPEAKING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By Sherwin Cody. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$4 4 x 5½; 6 vols.; 124 + 128 +
126 + 125 + 126 + 127 pp. *New York*

This set of handbooks began in 1903 as four volumes. Its continued success is sufficient proof of its usefulness. Mr. Cody writes clearly, his grammatical and stylistic preferences are based upon common sense, and long experience has taught him what areas of speech are most fertile in errors, and how best to put them down. One of his little books is devoted to grammar, a second to etymology, pronunciation and punctuation, a third to rhetoric, and a fourth to the more common errors. The remaining two deal with business English and with story and article writing respectively, and are full of shrewd

Continued on page xxiv

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advice. The six volumes are printed clearly and bound in cloth. Their small size makes them suitable for carrying in the pocket.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.
Vol. X.

Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman & Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company
\$7.50 7½ x 10¾; 652 New York

This volume runs from Ma to Mo, and includes articles on marriage by Robert H. Lowie, on the Manchurian problem by Nathaniel Pfeffer, on Masonry by Frank H. Hankins, on the history of medicine by Karl Sudhoff, on mental hygiene by Bernard Glueck, on money by T. E. Gregory, on monopoly by John Maurice Clark, and on morals by Horace M. Kallen. Other contributors are Harold J. Laski, Sheldon Glueck, Frank W. Taussig, Ernst Freund, Sidney B. Fay, Jacob H. Hollander, Sidney Hook, H. N. Brailsford, G. D. H. Cole, Morris R. Cohen, Joseph Jastrow, Leland H. Jenks, and Elbridge Colby. The clear writing and competent editing of the earlier volumes are maintained.

SOCIOLOGY

THUG, or, *A Million Murders.*

By James L. Sleeman.
Sampson Low, Marston & Company
8/6 5¾ x 8¾; 246 pp. London

Readers of "Following the Equator" will recall how Thuggee fascinated Mark Twain. It was a religion rather than a kind of crime, and its followers were all devotees of the bloody goddess Bhowani. It flourished in India for several centuries, and took hundreds, and perhaps even thousands of victims every year. The Thugs would ingratiate themselves with travelers, follow them to some lonely place, and then strangle them according to the ritual of the order. This pestiferous cult was put down a century ago by a young officer of the Indian Army, William Sleeman, whose grandson is the author of the present book. Captain (later General) Sleeman was a superb policeman. He broke up Thuggee by setting one Thug against another, and kept half a dozen hangmen busy. In ten years he had hanged most of the leading Thugs and destroyed the cult. Colonel Sleeman's book was undertaken as a work of filial piety, and is based mainly on his grandfather's memoranda. There are eleven illustrations.

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INSECURITY: *A Challenge to America.*

By Abraham Epstein. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$4 6 x 8¾; 680 pp. New York

Mr. Epstein is executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security, and formerly was director of the Pennsylvania Commission to Investigate Old Age Pensions. His present book is the most comprehensive analysis of all forms of social insurance—health, accident, unemployment, and old age—that has yet been written in the United States. He ranges all over the civilized world, from Belgium to New Zealand, and from Finland to Spain. "American workers," he says, "are today among the most helpless and economically unprotected in the whole industrial world." If we had some form of social insurance, as in Great Britain, he adds, our present plight would be far less severe. "This side of revolution, social insurance is the only known method of alleviating the problem of under-consumption." Frances Perkins, United States Secretary of Labor, contributes a foreword. There is an index.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE.

By George R. Geiger. The Macmillan Company
\$3 6¾ x 9¾; 581 pp. New York

Dr. Geiger, who is associate professor of philosophy in the University of North Dakota, begins with a brief biographical sketch of the founder of the Single Tax movement, and then plunges into a minute and careful analysis of his economic, ethical, and political ideas. His book is heavily documented and ably put together. He is plainly an admirer of Henry George and his economic principles, but he steers clear of any show of flagrant partisanship. He correlates the Single Tax with Socialism and Communism, and he tells in detail the long story of the violent animosity that raged for years between Herbert Spencer and George. Karl Marx and George also knew of each other's works, and charged each other with gross ignorance of nearly everything. There is an index.

POETRY

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

By Clive Turnbull. The Transition Press
5/ 6 x 9¾; 38 pp. Melbourne

Mr. Turnbull's verse somehow suggests "The Waste Land", but it is more vigorous and pungent than anything that Mr. Eliot has done. The derisive defiance of the enlightened colonial are in it: it is superficially English, but there is a flavor that is

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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altogether Australian. The present collection is too small to be satisfying; it would be a pleasure to hear from the author at greater length. The volume appears in an edition of but 150 copies, the typographical design (Modernist in tendency) being by C. Altson Pearl.

MERIDIAN.

By *Bernice Kenyon.* Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2 6¼ x 9¼; 67 pp. New York

This is the first collection of Miss Kenyon's poems that has appeared since 1923, when "Songs of Unrest" was published. Her work is familiar to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, for a number of the poems in the present volume first appeared in its pages. They are marked by a kind of technical skill that is rare in these days, and show a great many charming and effective phrases. Some of them have already got into the anthologies. There are five sonnets and a number of other poems reflecting the author's life in the sandhills of North Carolina. The pieces are mainly lyrics, and the longest of them covers scarcely two pages.

THE ARTS

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN: ARTIST & MAN.

By *Sidney Dark & P. G. Konody.*
The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$6 5¾ x 9; 288 pp. Philadelphia

Orpen, like Sargent, was a master of paint, but like Sargent again he somehow missed being a really first-rate painter. His best portraits show a superb virtuosity, but only too often their chief virtue is the virtue of a colored photograph. In more imaginative fields he did better, and his war pictures, in particular, are boldly designed and beautifully executed. In the present handsome volume Mr. Dark tells the story of his all too brief life, and Mr. Konody says everything that may be said for him as a painter. There are sixty-four full-page plates, some of them in color, and five reproductions from sketches in Orpen's letters. He was a charming man, and despite his shyness had a wide circle of friends, so the story of his life is also, to a great extent, the story of painting in the England of his time. The book is beautifully printed, and at the end there is a chronological list of Orpen's paintings.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH PAINTING. Volume IV.

By *Chandler Rathfon Post.*
The Harvard University Press
\$15 a set 6¾ x 9¾; 2 parts; 692 pp. Cambridge

Dr. Post is professor of fine arts at Harvard. In the present volume, which continues his monumental his-

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tory of Spanish painting, he considers the Hispano-Flemish style in Northwestern Spain, which began roughly with the union of Castile and Leon under Ferdinand and Isabella near the end of the Fifteenth Century. He opens his discussion with a chapter on "The Historical and Cultural Setting of Gothic Painting in Spain in the Second Half of the Fifteenth Century," and then takes up in detail such masters as Jorge Inglés, Fernando Gallego, Francisco Chacón, and Pedro Díaz. At the end there is a chapter on "Galician and Asturian Frescoes." About half of Part II of the present volume is made up of additions to Volumes I-III, dealing with the most recent discoveries and speculations about the subjects considered therein. There is also an additional bibliography for the first three volumes. It is followed by an index of names of artists, and one of places. The two parts are profusely and excellently illustrated.

THE CARPENTER'S TOOL CHEST.

By Thomas Hibben. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$2 6½ x 8¼; 209 pp. Philadelphia

This book on the carpenter's trade is designed for young boys, and is written in the manner of M. Ilin's celebrated "New Russia's Primer" and "Black on White." Mr. Hibben discusses the evolution of all of the carpenter's tools, including the hammer, the saw, the ax, the drill, the adz, the scraper, the plane, the chisel, the clamp, and the square. He takes in all history and nearly all lands, and the story he tells is simply and effectively written. There are 200 excellent illustrations in black and white by the author, who is an architect by profession.

CRITICISM

SWINBURNE'S LITERARY CAREER & FAME.

By Clyde Kenneth Hyder.
\$3.50 *The Duke University Press*
6 x 9¼; 388 pp. Durham, N. C.

This is a detailed study of Swinburne's critical reputation in England and the United States from about 1860 down to the present. It will be useful to students of the poet and of English literature in general. Next to Keats, he suffered more from the stupidity and ignorance of his critics than any other poet in the language. The vituperative criticisms of John Morley, Edmund Gosse, James Russell Lowell, and Emerson now seem almost incredible. Dr. Hyder attempts little criticism of his own, and that little is more safe than discerning. He says: "As a great lyric

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poet, in spite of singular limitations, Swinburne is sure of that immortality destined for those shining ones whose names are cherished for their creation of beauty." There are many extensive notes, a long bibliography, and an index.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By J. W. Cunliffe. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3 5½ x 8½; 341 pp. New York

After a brief account of the three "Victorian survivors", Hardy, Kipling and Barrie, Mr. Cunliffe plunges into a discussion of George Bernard Shaw, whose career, he believes, is far from ended. There follow chapters on the chief figures of the Irish Renaissance (with two pages and a half for George Moore), on Joseph Conrad, on Wells, on Galsworthy, on Bennett, and on the lesser novelists. Separate chapters are also given to the essayists and journalists, to Lytton Strachey, and to the Georgian poets, with John Masefield heading the latter. It is rather curious to note that more than half of the writers discussed are already dead. There are bibliographies at the end of each chapter, and there is a good index. American writers are not dealt with.

FICTION

NO MORE TRUMPETS.

By George Milburn. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 5 x 7½; 314 pp. New York

Mr. Milburn's excellent short-stories are well known to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY: of the eighteen in the present collection, nine were first printed in this magazine. The most remarkable thing about them is their variety. Nearly all of them deal with people of the simpler sort, but there is no sameness in either plot or characterization, and every one shows an extraordinary freshness of approach. They have been very successful. They have been reprinted in England, translated into German, and included in most of the current volumes of "best" short-stories. Among the magazines from which they come, aside from THE AMERICAN MERCURY, are *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *New Yorker*, *Real America* and *Story*.

THE LOVELY LADY.

By D. H. Lawrence. *The Viking Press*
\$2 4¾ x 7½; 185 pp. New York

A collection of seven stories, among the last that Lawrence wrote, containing one really arresting study

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of a little boy—"The Rocking-Horse Winner"—who tries to make money and pull his mother out of debt. "The Lovely Lady" and "Mother and Daughter" describe that unhealthy conflict between parent and child which Lawrence could never quite banish from his mind, but they and the other stories in the volume are somewhat feeble and not particularly well done.

DOCTORS CARRY THE KEYS.

By *Rhoda Truax*. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.50 5 x 7½; 282 pp. New York

Miss Truax here surpasses the brilliance of her first novel "Hospital", published last year. "Doctors Carry the Keys" is the story of an ambitious young intern, George Evanson, and his wife Ellen, a nurse. They spend a year in a sanitarium for wealthy neurasthenics in order to pay the debts which have accumulated during their student years. Glenhaven in the north, where the sanitarium is situated, is a typical small American community, with its engulfing social life, its love affairs among the married couples, its endless conniving and rivalry. The Evansons escape it finally and return to the work in a New York hospital that they have cut out for themselves. Miss Truax sees her doctors and her quacks, her hospitals and her cures, with great clarity; her book, in addition, is written with high competence.

IMITATION OF LIFE.

By *Fannie Hurst*. Harper & Brothers
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 352 pp. New York

This story of a big business woman who makes her fortune in chain restaurants serving waffles but loses her lover to her daughter is reminiscent of Miss Hurst's "Stardust". But it is a fairly interesting piece of work, and contains at least one good character in Delilah, the Negro mammy who really founds the business, and whose broad black shining face is its trademark.

MISS DELICIA ALLEN.

By *Mary Johnston*. Little, Brown & Company
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. Boston

The background of this story, the plantations and the mountains of Virginia, is excellently drawn, but somehow Miss Johnston fails to make her characters come to life. Even the charming Miss Delicia Allen, who lives through the climactic changes of the Civil War, and once, in England, where she goes to visit

her aunt, has a poet for a lover, is not convincing and rather wooden.

MISCELLANEOUS

NO NICE GIRL SWEARS.

By *Alice-Leone Moats*. Alfred A. Knopf
\$2 7½ x 5; 185 pp. New York

Nice girls, says Miss Moats, do not swear, though they do smoke and they may drink after they have been out two years. Nice girls write bread and butter notes. Nice girls may make up: "the only sin against society seems to be make-up badly applied". Nice girls have jobs, though they may not accept invitations to meals from their bosses. Nice girls make dates over the telephone, though when they "ask him in" they set the time limit at midnight. Nice girls may not have press agents, though "a woman who is too busy to attend to the details of her daughter's coming-out party, or one who lacks the social backing to do so, can turn to a social agency for assistance." An amusing and thoroughly practical book. Miss Moats even includes a chapter at the end on "Our Plastered Friends." "When our mothers came out," she says, "learning to handle a drunk was not an essential part of a debutante's education. Now every girl has to be capable not only of shifting for herself, but, more often than not, of looking out for her escort as well."

BOTTOMS UP.

Edited by *Clifford Leach*. The Paull-Pioneer Music Corporation
35 cents 6 x 9; paper; 129 pp. New York

Mr. Leach obviously has in mind the return of beer, that immemorial prime mover of the *Männerchor*. He opens his collection with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and proceeds to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "Auld Lang Syne," "Forty-nine Bottles," "Lydia Pinkham," "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "Im tiefen Keller." Rather curiously, "Sweet Adeline" is missing, and "Down Where the Würzburger Flows" appears without the music, but as a makeweight there are many less familiar songs that are full of choral possibilities—among them, "Bye, Bye, Volstead," "Who is Tending Bar Tonight?," "The Beer Garden Blues" and "What! No Pretzels?" The accompaniments are simple piano arrangements, and most of them also show the ukulele chords. The book is clearly printed, and the cover appears to be beer-proof.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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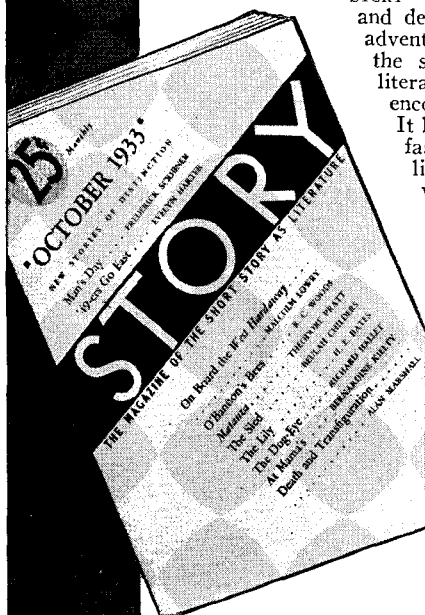
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